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LEAVES FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH—IN PUBLIC LIFE—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

MY memory goes back for more than eighty years. I recall distinctly when about five years old my mother took me to the school of Mrs. Westbrook, wife of the well-known pastor of the Dutch Reformed church, who had a school in her house, within a few doors. The lady was a highly educated woman, and her husband, Doctor Westbrook, a man of letters as well as a preacher. He specialized in ancient history, and the interest he aroused in Roman and Greek culture and achievements has continued with me ever since.

The village of Peekskill at that time had between two and three thousand inhabitants. Its people were nearly all Revolutionary families who had settled there in colonial times. There had been very little immigration either from other States or abroad; acquaintance was universal, and in the activities of the churches there was general co-operation among the members. Church attendance was so unanimous that people, young or old, who failed to be in their accustomed places on Sunday felt the disapproval of the community.

Social activities of the village were very simple, but very delightful and healthful. There were no very rich nor very poor. Nearly every family owned its own house or was on the way to acquire one. Misfortune of any kind aroused common interest and sympathy. A helping hand of neighborliness was always extended to those in trouble or distress. Peekskill was a happy community, and presented conditions of life and living of common interest and sympathy not possible in these days of restless crowds and fierce competition.

The Peekskill Academy was the dominant educational institution, and drew students not only from the village but from a distance. It fitted them for college, and I was a student there for about twelve years. The academy was a character-making institution, though it lacked the thoroughness of the New England preparatory schools. Its graduates entering into the professions or business had an unusual record of success in life. I do not mean that they accumulated great fortunes, but they acquired independence and were prominent and useful citizens in all localities where they settled.

I graduated from the Peekskill Academy in 1852. I find on the programme of the exercises of that day, which some old student preserved, that I was down for several original speeches, while the other boys had mainly recitations. Apparently my teachers had decided to develop any oratorical talent I might possess.

I entered Yale in 1852 and graduated in 1856. The college of that period was very primitive compared with the university to which it has grown. Our class of ninety-seven was regarded as unu-

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sually large. The classics and mathematics, Greek and Latin were the dominant features of instruction. Athletics had not yet appeared, though rowing and boat-racing came in during my term. The outstanding feature of the institution was the literary societies: the Linonia and the Brothers of Unity. The debates at the weekly meetings were kept up and maintained upon a high and efficient plane. Both societies were practically deliberative bodies and discussed with vigor the current questions of the day. Under this training Yale sent out an unusual number of men who became eloquent preachers, distinguished physicians, and famous lawyers. While the majority of students now on leaving college enter business or professions like engineering, which is allied to business, at that time nearly every young man was destined for the ministry, law, or medicine. My own class furnished two of the nine judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and a large majority of those who were admitted to the bar attained judicial honors. It is a singular commentary on the education of that time that the students who won the highest honors and carried off the college prizes, which could only be done by excelling in Latin, Greek, and mathematics, were far outstripped in after-life by their classmates who fell below their high standard of collegiate scholarship but were distinguished for an all-around interest in subjects not features in the college curriculum.

My classmates Justice David J. Brewer and Justice Henry B. Brown were both eminent members of the Supreme Court of the United States. Brewer was distinguished for the wide range of his learning and illuminating addresses on public occasions. He was bicentennial orator of the college and a most acceptable one. Wayne MacVeagh, afterwards attorney-general of the United States, one of the leaders of the bar, also one of the most brilliant orators of his time, was in college with me, though not a classmate. Andrew D. White, whose genius, scholarship, and organization enabled Ezra Cornell to found Cornell University, was another of my college mates. He became one of the most famous of our diplomats and the author of many books of permanent value. My friendship with MacVeagh and White continued during their lives, that is, for nearly sixty years. MacVeagh was one of the readiest and most attractive of speakers I ever knew. He had a very sharp and caustic wit, which made him exceedingly popular as an after-dinner speaker and as a host in his own house. He made every evening when he entertained, for those who were fortunate enough to be his guests, an occasion memorable in their experience.

John Mason Brown, of Kentucky, became afterwards the leader of the bar in his State, and was about to receive from President Harrison an appointment as justice of the Supreme Court when he died suddenly. If he had been appointed it would have been a remarkable circumstance that three out of nine judges of the greatest of courts, an honor which is sought by every one of the hundreds of thousands of lawyers in the United States, should have been from the same college and the same class.

The faculty lingers in my memory, and I have the same reverence and affection for its members, though sixty-five years out of college, that I had the day I graduated. Our president, Theodore D. Woolsey, was a wonderful scholar and a most inspiring teacher. Yale has always been fortunate in her presidents, and peculiarly so in Professor Woolsey. He had personal distinction, and there was about him an air of authority and reserved power which awed the most radical and rebellious student, and at the same time he had the respect and affection of all. In his historical lectures he had a standard joke on the Chinese, the narration of which amused him the more with each repetition. It was that when a Chinese army was beleaguered and besieged in a fortress their provisions gave out and they decided to escape. They selected a very dark night, threw open the gates, and as they marched out each soldier carried a lighted lantern.

In the faculty were several professors of remarkable force and originality. The professor of Greek, Mr. Hadley, father of the distinguished ex-president of Yale, was more than his colleagues in the

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thought and talk of the undergraduates. His learning and pre-eminence in his department were universally admitted. He had a caustic wit and his sayings were the current talk of the campus. He maintained discipline, which was quite lax in those days, by the exercise of this ability. Some of the boys once drove a calf into the recitation-room. Professor Hadley quietly remarked: "You will take out that animal. We will get along to-day with our usual number." It is needless to say that no such experiment was ever repeated.

At one time there was brought up in the faculty meeting a report that one of the secret societies was about to bore an artesian well in the cellar of their club-house. It was suggested that such an extraordinary expense should be prohibited. Professor Hadley closed the discussion and laughed out the subject by saying from what he knew of the society, if it would hold a few sessions over the place where the artesian well was projected, the boring would be accomplished without cost. The professor was a sympathetic and very wise adviser to the students. If any one was in trouble he would always go to him and give most helpful relief.

Professor Larned inspired among the students a discriminating taste for the best English literature and an ardent love for its classics. Professor Thacher was one of the most robust and vigorous thinkers and teachers of his period. He was a born leader of men, and generation after generation of students who graduated carried into after-life the effects of his teaching and personality. We all loved Professor Olmstead, though we were not vitally interested in his department of physics and biology. He was a purist in his department, and so confident of his principles that he thought it unnecessary to submit them to practical tests. One of the students, whose room was immediately over that of the professor, took up a plank from the flooring, and by boring a very small hole in the ceiling found that he could read the examination papers on the professor's desk. The information of this reaching the faculty, the professor was asked if he had examined the ceiling. He said that was unnecessary, because he had measured the distance between the ceiling and the surface of his desk and found that the line of vision connected so far above that nothing could be read on the desk.

Timothy Dwight, afterwards president, was then a tutor. Learning, common sense, magnetism, and all-around good-fellowship were wonderfully united in President Dwight. He was the most popular instructor and best loved by the boys. He had a remarkable talent for organization, which made him an ideal president. He possessed the rare faculty of commanding and convincing not only the students but his associates in the faculty and the members of the corporation when discussing and deciding upon business propositions and questions of policy.

The final examinations over, commencement day arrived. The literary exercises and the conferring of degrees took place in the old Center Church. I was one of the speakers and selected for my subject "The Hudson River and Its Traditions." I was saturated from early association and close investigation and reading with the crises of the Revolutionary War, which were successfully decided on the patriots' side on the banks of the Hudson. I lived near Washington Irving, and his works I knew by heart, especially the tales which gave to the Hudson a romance like the Rhine's. The subject was new for an academic stage, and the speech made a hit. Nevertheless, it was the saddest and most regretful day of my life when I left Yale.

My education, according to the standard of the time, was completed, and my diploma was its evidence. It has been a very interesting question with me how much the academy and the college contributed to that education. Their discipline was necessary and their training essential. Four years of association with the faculty, learned, finely equipped, and sympathetic, was a wonderful help. The free associations of the secret and debating societies, the campus, and the sports were invaluable, and the friendships formed with congenial spirits added immensely to the pleasures and compensations of a long life.

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In connection with this I may add that, as it has been my lot in the peculiar position which I have occupied for more than half a century as counsel and adviser for a great corporation and its creators and the many successful men of business who have surrounded them, I have learned to know how men who have been denied in their youth the opportunities for education feel when they are in possession of fortunes, and the world seems at their feet. Then they painfully recognize their limitations, then they know their weakness, then they understand that there are things which money cannot buy, and that there are gratifications and triumphs which no fortune can secure. The one lament of all those men has been: "Oh, if I had been educated! I would sacrifice all that I have to obtain the opportunities of the college, to be able to sustain not only conversation and discussion with the educated men with whom I come in contact, but competent also to enjoy what I see is a delight to them beyond anything which I know."

But I recall gratefully other influences quite as important to one's education. My father was a typical business man, one of the pioneers of river transportation between our village and New York, and also a farmer and a merchant. He was a stern man, devoted to his family, and, while a strict disciplinarian, very fond of his children.

My mother was a woman of unusual intellect bordering upon genius. There were no means of higher education at that period, but her father, who was an eminent lawyer, and her grandfather, a judge, finding her so receptive, educated her with the care that was given to boys who were intended for a professional life. She was well versed in the literature of the time of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne, and, with a retentive memory, knew by heart many of the English classics. She wrote well, but never for publication. Added to these accomplishments were rare good sense and prophetic vision. The foundation and much of the superstructure of all that I have and all that I am were her work. She was a rigid Calvinist, and one of her many lessons has been of inestimable comfort to me. Several times in my life I have met with heavy misfortunes and what seemed irreparable losses. I have returned home to find my mother with wise advice and suggestions ready to devote herself to the reconstruction of my fortune, and to brace me up. She always said what she thoroughly believed: "My son, this which you think so great a calamity is really divine discipline. The Lord has sent it to you for your own good, because in His infinite wisdom He saw that you needed it. I am absolutely certain that if you submit instead of repining and protesting, if you will ask with faith and proper spirit for guidance and help, they both will come to you and with greater blessings than you ever had before." That faith of my mother inspired and intensified my efforts and in every instance her predictions proved true.

Every community has a public-spirited citizen who unselfishly devotes himself or herself to the public good. That citizen of Peekskill in those early days was Doctor James Brewer. He had accumulated a modest competence sufficient for his simple needs as bachelor. He was either the promoter or among the leaders of all the movements for betterment of the town. He established a circulating library upon most liberal terms, and it became an educational institution of benefit. The books were admirably selected, and the doctor's advice to readers was always available. His taste ran to the English classics, and he had all the standard authors in poetry, history, fiction, and essay.

No pleasure derived in reading in after-years gave me such delight as the Waverley Novels. I think I read through that library and some of it several times over.

The excitement as the novels of Dickens and Thackeray began to appear equalled almost the enthusiasm of a political campaign. Each one of those authors had ardent admirers and partisans. The characters of Dickens became household companions. Every one was looking for the counterpart of Macawber or Sam Weller, Pecksniff or David Copperfield, and had little trouble in finding them either in the family circle or among the neighbors.

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Dickens's lectures in New York, which consisted of readings from his novels, were an event which has rarely been duplicated for interest. With high dramatic ability he brought out before the audience the characters from his novels with whom all were familiar. Every one in the crowd had an idealistic picture in his mind of the actors of the story. It was curious to note that the presentation which the author gave coincided with the idea of the majority of his audience. I was fresh from the country but had with me that evening a rather ultrafashionable young lady. She said she was not interested in the lecture because it represented the sort of people she did not know and never expected to meet; they were a very common lot. In her subsequent career in this country and abroad she had to her credit three matrimonial adventures and two divorces, but none of her husbands were of the common lot.

Speaking of Dickens, one picture remains indelibly pressed upon my memory. It was the banquet given him at which Horace Greeley presided. Everybody was as familiar with Mr. Pickwick and his portrait by Cruikshank in Dickens's works as with one's father. When Mr. Greeley arose to make the opening speech and introduce the guest of the evening, his likeness to this portrait of Pickwick was so remarkable that the whole audience, including Mr. Dickens, shouted their delight in greeting an old and well-beloved friend.

Another educational opportunity came in my way because one of my uncles was postmaster of the village. Through his post-office came several high-class magazines and foreign reviews. There was no rural delivery in those days, and the mail could only be had on personal application, and the result was that the subscribers of these periodicals frequently left them a long time before they were called for. I was an omnivorous reader of everything available, and as a result these publications, especially the foreign reviews, became a fascinating source of information and culture. They gave from the first minds of the century criticisms of current literature and expositions of political movements and public men which became of infinite value in after-years.

Another unincorporated and yet valuable school was the frequent sessions at the drug-store of the elder statesmen of the village. On certain evenings these men, representing most of the activities of the village, would avail themselves of the hospitable chairs about the stove and discuss not only local matters but the general conditions of the country, some of them revolving about the constitutionality of various measures which had been proposed and enacted into laws. They nearly all related to slavery, the compromise measures, the introduction of slaves into new territories, the fugitive-slave law, and were discussed with much intelligence and information. The boys heard them talked about in their homes and were eager listeners on the outskirts of this village congress. Such institutions are not possible except in the universal acquaintance, fellowship, and confidences of village and country life. They were the most important factors in forming that public opinion, especially among the young, which supported Mr. Lincoln in his successful efforts to save the Union at whatever cost.

A few days after returning home from Yale I entered the office of Edward Wells, a lawyer of the village, as a student. Mr. Wells had attained high rank in his profession, was a profound student of the law, and had a number of young men, fitting them for the bar under his direction.

I was admitted to the bar in 1858, and immediately opened an office in the village. My first client was a prosperous farmer who wanted an opinion on a rather complicated question. I prepared the case with great care. He asked me what my fee was, and I told him five dollars. He said: "A dollar and seventy-five is enough for a young lawyer like you." Subsequently he submitted the case to one of the most eminent lawyers in New York, who came to the same conclusion and charged him five hundred dollars. On account of this gentleman's national reputation the farmer thought that fee was very reasonable. In subsequent years I have received several very large retainers, but none of them gave

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so much satisfaction as that dollar and seventy-five cents, which I had actually earned after having been so long dependent on my father.

After some years of private practice Commodore Vanderbilt sent for me and offered the attorneyship for the New York and Harlem Railroad. I had just been nominated and confirmed United States minister to Japan. The appointment was a complete surprise to me, as I was not an applicant for any federal position. The salary was seven thousand five hundred dollars and an outfit of nine thousand. The commodore's offer of the attorneyship for the Harlem Railroad, which was his first venture in railroading, was far less than the salary as minister. When I said this to the commodore, he remarked: "Railroads are the career for a young man; there is nothing in politics. Don't be a damned fool." That decided me, and on the 1st of January, 1921, I rounded out fifty-five years in the railway service of this corporation and its allied lines.

Nothing has impressed me more than little things, and apparently immaterial ones, which have influenced the careers of many people. My father and his brothers, all active business men, were also deeply interested in politics, not on the practical side, but in policies and governmental measures. They were uncompromising Democrats of the most conservative type; they believed that interference with slavery of any kind imperilled the union of the States, and that the union of the States was the sole salvation of the perpetuity of the republic and its liberties. I went to Yale saturated with these ideas. Yale was a favorite college for Southern people. There was a large element from the slaveholding States among the students. It was so considerable that these Southerners withdrew from the great debating societies of the college and formed a society of their own, which they called the Calliopean. Outside of these Southerners there were very few Democrats among the students, and I came very near being drawn into the Calliopean, but happily escaped.

The slavery question in all its phases of fugitive-slave law and its enforcement, the extension of slavery into the new territories, or its prohibition, and of the abolition of the institution by purchase or confiscation were subjects of discussion on the campus, in the literary societies, and in frequent lectures in the halls in New Haven by the most prominent and gifted speakers and advocates.

That was a period when even in the most liberal churches the pulpit was not permitted to preach politics, and slavery was pre-eminently politics. But according to an old New England custom, the pastor was given a free hand on Thanksgiving Day to unburden his mind of everything which had been bubbling and seething there for a year. One of the most eminent and eloquent of New England preachers was the Reverend Doctor Bacon, of Center Church, New Haven. His Thanksgiving sermon was an event eagerly anticipated by the whole college community. He was violently antislavery. His sermons were not only intently listened to but widely read, and their effect in promoting antislavery sentiment was very great.

The result of several years of these associations and discussions converted me, and I became a Republican on the principles enunciated in the first platform of the party in 1856. When I came home from Yale the situation in the family became very painful, because my father was an intense partisan. He had for his party both faith and love, and was shocked and grieved at his son's change of principles. He could not avoid constantly discussing the question, and was equally hurt either by opposition or silence.

IN PUBLIC LIFE

THE campaign of 1856 created an excitement in our village which had never been known since the Revolutionary War. The old families who had been settled there since colonial days were mainly proslavery and Democratic, while the Republican party was recruited very largely from New England men and in a minority.

Several times in our national political campaigns there has been one orator who drew audiences and received public attention and reports in the newspapers beyond all other speakers. On the Democratic side during that period Horatio

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Seymour was pre-eminent. On the Republican side in the State of New York the attractive figure was George William Curtis. His books were very popular, his charming personality, the culture and the elevation of his speeches put him in a class by himself.

The Republicans of the village were highly elated when they had secured the promise of Mr. Curtis to speak at their most important mass-meeting. The occasion drew together the largest audience the village had known, composed not only of residents but many from a distance. The committee of arrangements finally reported to the waiting audience that the last train had arrived, but Mr. Curtis had not come.

It suddenly occurred to the committee that it would be a good thing to call a young recruit from a well-known Democratic family and publicly commit him. First came the invitation, then the shouting, and when I arose they cried "platform," and I was escorted to the platform, but had no idea of making a speech. My experience for years at college and at home had saturated me with the questions at issue in all their aspects. From a full heart, and a sore one, I poured out a confession of faith. I thought I had spoken only a few minutes, but found afterwards that it was over an hour. The local committee wrote to the State committee about the meeting, and in a few days I received a letter from the chairman of the State committee inviting me to fill a series of engagements covering the whole State of New York.

The campaign of 1856 differed from all others in memory of men then living. The issues between the parties appealed on the Republican side to the young. There had grown up among the young voters an intense hostility to slavery. The moral force of the arguments against the institution captured them. They had no hostility to the South, nor to the Southern slaveholders; they regarded their position as an inheritance, and were willing to help on the lines of Mr. Lincoln's original idea of purchasing the slaves and freeing them. But the suggestion had no friends among the slaveholders. These young men believed that any extension or strengthening of the institution would be disastrous to the country. The threatened dissolution of the Union, secession, or rebellion did not frighten them.

I was elected to the assembly, the popular branch of the New York Legislature, in 1861. I was nominated during an absence from the State, without being a candidate or knowing of it until my return. Of course I could expect nothing from my father, and my own earnings were not large, so I had to rely upon a personal canvass of a district which had been largely spoiled by rich candidates running against each other and spending large amounts of money. I made a hot canvass, speaking every day, and with an investment of less than one hundred dollars for travel and other expenses I was triumphantly elected.

By far the most interesting member of the legislature was the speaker, Henry J. Raymond. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever met. During the session I became intimate with him, and the better I knew him the more I became impressed with his genius, the variety of his attainments, the perfection of his equipment, and his ready command of all his powers and resources. Raymond was then editor of the New York *Times* and contributed a leading article every day. He was the best debater we had and the most convincing. I have seen him often, when some other member was in the chair of the committee of the whole and we were discussing a critical question, take his seat on the floor and commence writing editorial. As the debate progressed, he would rise and participate. When he had made his point, which he always did with directness and lucidity, he would resume writing his editorial. The debate would usually end with Mr. Raymond carrying his point and also finishing his editorial, an example which seems to refute the statement of metaphysicians that two parts of the mind cannot work at the same time.

In 1862 I was candidate for re-election to the assembly. Political conditions had so changed that they were almost reversed. The enthusiasm of the war which had carried the Republicans into power the year before had been succeeded by general unrest. Our armies had been defeated, and industrial and commercial depression was general.

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The election had reversed the overwhelming Republican majority in the legislature of the year before by making the assembly a tie. I was re-elected, but by reduced majority.

The Democrats of the assembly and also of the State were determined that Mr. Callicot should not enjoy the speakership. They started investigations in the House and movements in the courts to prevent him from taking his seat. The result was that I became acting speaker and continued as such until Mr. Callicot had defeated his enemies and taken his place as speaker in the latter part of the session.

I was also chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means and the leader of the House.

The political situation, which had been so desperate for the national administration, changed rapidly for the better with the victory at Gettysburg, which forced General Lee out of Pennsylvania and back into Virginia, and also by General Grant's wonderful series of victories at Vicksburg and other places which liberated the Mississippi River.

Under these favorable conditions the Republicans entered upon the canvass in the fall of 1863 to reverse, if possible, the Democratic victory the year before. The Republican State ticket was:

Secretary of State	Chauncey M. Depew.
Comptroller	Lucius Robinson.
Canal Commissioner	Benjamin F. Bruce.
Treasurer	George W. Schuyler.
State Engineer	William B. Taylor.
Prison Inspector	James K. Bates.
Judge of the Court of Appeals	Henry S. Selden.
Attorney-General	John Cochran.

The canvass was one of the most interesting of political campaigns. The president was unusually active, and his series of letters were remarkable documents. He had the ear of the public, he commanded the front page of the press, and he defended his administration and its acts and replied to his enemies with skill, tact, and extreme moderation.

Public opinion was peculiar. Military disasters and increasing taxation had made the position of the administration very critical, but the victories which came during the summer changed the situation. I have never known in any canvass any one incident which had greater effect than Sheridan's victory in the Shenandoah Valley, and never an adventure which so captured the popular imagination as his ride from Washington to the front; his rallying the retreating and routed troops, reforming them and turning defeat into victory. The poem "Sheridan's Ride" was recited in every audience, from every platform, and from the stage in many theatres, and created the wildest enthusiasm.

When I returned to New York (having campaigned for several weeks in Pennsylvania with Governor Curtin) to enter upon my own canvass, the State and national committees imposed upon me a heavy burden. Speakers of State reputation were few, while the people were clamoring for meetings. Fortunately I had learned how to protect my voice. In the course of the campaign every one who spoke with me lost his voice and had to return home for treatment. When I was a student at Yale the professor in elocution was an eccentric old gentleman named North. The boys paid little attention to him and were disposed to ridicule his peculiarities. He saw that I was specially anxious to learn and said: "The principal thing about oratory is to use your diaphragm instead of your throat." His lesson on that subject has been of infinite benefit to me all my life.

The programme laid out called upon me to speak on an average between six and seven hours a day. The speeches were from ten to thirty minutes at different railway-stations, and wound up with at least two meetings at some important towns in the evening, and each meeting demanded about an hour. These meetings were so arranged that they covered the whole State. It took about four weeks, but the result of the campaign, due to the efforts of the orators and other favorable conditions, ended in the reversal of the Democratic victory of the year before, a Republican majority of thirty thousand, and the control of the legislature.

When my term was about expiring with the year 1865 I decided to leave public life and resume the practice of my

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profession. I was at the crossroads of a political or a professional career. So, while there was a general assent to my renomination, I emphatically stated the conclusion at which I had arrived.

In our country public life is a most uncertain career for a young man. Its duties and activities remove him from his profession or business and impose habits of work and thought which unfit him for ordinary pursuits, especially if he remains long in public service. With a change of administration or of party popularity, he may be at any time dropped and left hopelessly stranded. On the other hand, if his party is in power he has in it a position of influence and popularity. He has a host of friends, with many people dependent upon him for their own places, and it is no easy thing for him to retire.

When I had decided not to remain any longer in public life and return home, the convention of my old district, which I had represented in the legislature, renominated me for the old position with such earnestness and affection that it was very difficult to refuse and to persuade them that it was absolutely necessary for me to resume actively my profession.

Our village of Peekskill, which has since grown into the largest village in the State, with many manufacturing and other interests, was then comparatively small. A large number of people gathered at the post-office every morning. On one occasion when I arrived I found them studying a large envelope addressed to me, which the postmaster had passed around. It was a letter from William H. Seward, secretary of state, announcing that the president had appointed me United States minister to Japan, and that the appointment had been sent to the Senate and confirmed by that body, and directing that I appear at the earliest possible moment at his office to receive instructions and go to my post. A few days afterwards I received a beautiful letter from Henry J. Raymond, then in Congress, urging my acceptance.

On arriving in Washington I went to see Mr. Seward, who said to me: "I have special reasons for securing your appointment from the president. He is rewarding friends of his by putting them in diplomatic positions for which they are wholly unfit. I regard the opening of Japan to commerce and our relations to that new and promising country so important, that I asked the privilege to select one whom I thought fitted for the position. Your youth, familiarity with public life, and ability seem to me ideal for this position, and I have no doubt you will accept."

I stated to him how necessary it was that after long neglect in public life of my private affairs that I should return to my profession, if I was to make a career, but Mr. Seward brushed that aside by reciting his own success, notwithstanding his long service in our State and in Washington. "However," he continued, "I feared that this might be your attitude, so I have made an appointment for you to see Mr. Burlingame, who has been our minister to China, and is now here at the head of a mission from China to the different nations of the world."

Anson Burlingame's career had been most picturesque and had attracted the attention not only of the United States but of Europe. As a member of the House of Representatives he had accepted the challenge of a "fire-eater," who had sent it under the general view that no Northern man would fight. As minister to China he had so gained the confidence of the Chinese Government that he persuaded them to open diplomatic relations with the Western world, and at their request he had resigned his position from the United States and accepted the place of ambassador to the Great Powers, and was at the head of a large delegation, composed of the most important, influential, and representative mandarins of the old empire.

When I sent up my card to his room at the hotel his answer was: "Come up immediately." He was shaving and had on the minimum of clothes permissible to receive a visitor. He was expecting me and started in at once with an eloquent description of the attractions and importance of the mission to Japan. With the shaving-brush in one hand and the razor in the other he delivered an oration. In order to emphasize it and have time to think and enforce a new idea, he would apply the brush and the razor vigorously, then pause and resume. I cannot re-

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member his exact words, but have a keen recollection of the general trend of his argument.

He said: "I am surprised that a young man like you, unmarried, and with no social obligations, should hesitate for a moment to accept this most important and attractive position. If you think these people are barbarians, I can assure you that they had a civilization and a highly developed literature when our forefathers were painted savages. The western nations of Europe, in order to secure advantages in this newly opened country for commerce, have sent their ablest representatives. You will meet there with the diplomats of all the great western nations, and your intimacy with them will be a university of the largest opportunity. You will come in contact with the best minds of Europe. You can make a great reputation in the keen rivalry of this situation by securing the best of the trade of Japan for your own country to its western coasts over the waters of the Pacific. You will be welcomed by the Japanese Government, and the minister of foreign affairs will assign you a palace to live in, with a garden attached so perfectly appointed and kept as to have been the envy of Shenstone. You will be attended by hundreds of beautiful and accomplished Japanese maidens."

When I repeated to a large body of waiting office-seekers who had assembled in my room what Mr. Burlingame had said, they all became applicants for the place which eventually I decided not to accept.

President Andrew Johnson differed radically from any President of the United States whom it has been my good fortune to know. This refers to all from and including Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Harding. A great deal must be forgiven and a great deal taken by way of explanation when we consider his early environment and opportunities.

In the interviews I had with him he impressed me as a man of vigorous mentality, of obstinate wilfulness and overwhelming confidence in his own judgment and the courage of his convictions. His weakness was alcoholism. He made an exhibition of himself at the time of his inauguration and during the presidency, and especially during his famous trip "around the circle" he was in a bad way.

He was of humble origin and, in fact, very poor. It is said of him that he could neither read nor write until his wife taught him. He made a great career both as a member of the House of Representatives and a senator, and was of unquestionable influence in each branch. With reckless disregard for his life, he kept east Tennessee in the Union during the Civil War.

General Grant told me a story of his own experience with him. Johnson, he said, had always been treated with such contempt and ignored socially by the members of the old families and slave aristocracy of the South that his resentment against them was vindictive, and so after the surrender at Appomattox he was constantly proclaiming "Treason is odious and must be punished." He also wanted and, in fact, insisted upon ignoring Grant's parole to the Confederate officers, in order that they might be tried for treason. On this question of maintaining his parole and his military honor General Grant was inflexible, and said he would appeal not only to Congress but to the country.

One day a delegation, consisting of the most eminent, politically, socially, and in family descent, of the Southern leaders, went to the White House. They said: "Mr. President, we have never recognized you, as you belong to an entirely different class from ourselves, but it is the rule of all countries and in all ages that supreme power vested in the individual raises him, no matter what his origin, to supreme leadership. You are now President of the United States, and by virtue of your office our leader, and we recognize you as such." Then followed attention from these people whom he admired and envied, as well as hated, of hospitality and deference, of which they were past masters. It captivated him and changed his whole attitude towards them.

He sent for General Grant and said to him: "The war is over and there should be forgiveness and reconciliation. I propose to call upon all of the States recently in rebellion to send to Washington their United States senators and members of the House, the same as they did before the war. If the present Congress will not

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Department of State
Washington 11th Dec 1865

My dear Sir:

I have received your letter of the 4th instant, in which you make known to me your purpose to decline the appointment of Minister to Japan which the President has been pleased to tender you. In reply, I have to inform you that it is with sincere regret that I learn that you have determined to deprive the government of the advantage it would derive from your services in that country, and I beg that you will accept my grateful acknowledgments for the kind expressions of your regard.

With my best wishes for your happiness and success

I am, My dear Sir,
Very faithfully yours

Wm H Seward

The Honorable
Chauncey M Depew
Secretary of State Albany, N.Y.

Facsimile of a letter from William H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, to Mr. Depew.

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admit them, a Congress can be formed of these Southern senators and members of the House and of such Northern senators and representatives as will believe that I am right and acting under the Constitution. As President of the United States, I will recognize that Congress and communicate with them as such. As general of the army I want your support." General Grant replied: "That will create civil war, because the North will undoubtedly recognize the Congress as it now exists, and that Congress will assert itself in every way possible." "In that case," said the president, "I want the army to support the constitutional Congress which I am recognizing." General Grant said: "On the contrary, so far as my authority goes, the army will support the Congress as it is now and disperse the other." President Johnson then ordered General Grant to Mexico on a mission, and as he had no power to send a general of the army out of the United States, Grant refused to go.

Shortly afterwards Grant received a very confidential communication from General Sherman, stating that he had been ordered to Washington to take command of the army, and wanted to know what it meant. General Grant explained the situation, whereupon General Sherman announced to the president that he would take exactly the same position as General Grant had. The president then dropped the whole subject.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE secretaryship of the State of New York is a very delightful office. Its varied duties are agreeable, and the incumbent is brought in close contact with the State administration, the legislature, and the people.

We had in the secretary of state's office at the time I held the office, about fifty-eight years ago, very interesting archives. The office had been the repository of these documents since the organization of the government. Many years afterwards they were removed to the State Library. Among these documents were ten volumes of autograph letters from General Washington to Governor Clinton and others, covering the campaign on the Hudson in the effort by the enemy to capture West Point, the treason of Arnold, and nearly the whole of the Revolutionary War. In the course of years before these papers were removed to the State Library, a large part of them disappeared. It was not the fault of the administration succeeding me, but it was because the legislature, in its effort to economize, refused to make appropriation for the proper care of these invaluable historic papers. Most of Washington's letters were written entirely in his own hand, and one wonders at the phenomenal industry which enabled him to do so much writing while continuously and laboriously engaged in active campaigning.

In view of the approaching presidential election, the legislature passed a law, which was signed by the governor, providing machinery for the soldiers' vote. New York had at that time between three and four hundred thousand soldiers in the field, who were scattered in companies, regiments, brigades, and divisions all over the South. This law made it the duty of the secretary of state to provide ballots, to see that they reached every unit of a company, to gather the votes and transmit them to the home of each soldier. The State government had no machinery by which this work could be done. I applied to the express companies, but all refused on the ground that they were not equipped. I then sent for old John Butterfield, who was the founder of the express business but had retired and was living on his farm near Utica. He was intensely patriotic and ashamed of the lack of enterprise shown by the express companies. He said to me: "If they cannot do this work they ought to retire." He at once organized what was practically an express company, taking in all those in existence and adding many new features for the sole purpose of distributing the ballots and gathering the soldiers' votes. It was a gigantic task and successfully executed by this patriotic old gentleman.

Of course, the first thing was to find out where the New York troops were, and for that purpose I went to Washington, remaining there for several months before the War Department would give me the information. The secretary of war was Edwin M. Stanton. It was perhaps fortunate that the secretary of war should not only possess extraordinary

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executive ability, but be also practically devoid of human weakness; that he should be a rigid disciplinarian and administer justice without mercy. It was thought at the time that these qualities were necessary to counteract, as far as possible, the tender-heartedness of President Lincoln. If the boy condemned to be shot, or his mother or father, could reach the president in time, he was never executed. The military authorities thought that this was a mistaken charity and weakened discipline. I was at a dinner after the war with a number of generals who had been in command of armies. The question was asked one of the most famous of these generals: "How did you carry out the sentences of your court martials and escape Lincoln's pardons?" The grim old warrior answered: "I shot them first."

I took my weary way every day to the War Department, but could get no results. The interviews were brief and disagreeable and the secretary of war very brusque. The time was getting short. I said to the secretary: "If the ballots are to be distributed in time, I must have information at once." He very angrily refused and said: "New York troops are in every army, all over the enemy's territory. To state their location would be to give invaluable information to the enemy. How do I know if that information would be so safeguarded as not to get out?"

As I was walking down the long corridor, which was full of hurrying officers and soldiers returning from the field or departing for it, I met Elihu B. Washburne, who was a congressman from Illinois and an intimate friend of the president. He stopped me and said:

"Hello, Mr. Secretary, you seem very much troubled. Can I help you?" I told him my story.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. I answered: "To protect myself I must report to the people of New York that the provision for the soldiers' voting cannot be carried out because the administration refuses to give information where the New York soldiers are located."

"Why," said Mr. Washburne, "that would beat Mr. Lincoln. You don't know him. While he is a great statesman, he is also the keenest of politicians alive. If it could be done in no other way, the president would take a carpet-bag and go around and collect those votes himself. You remain here until you hear from me. I will go at once and see the president."

In about an hour a staff officer stepped up to me and asked: "Are you the secretary of state of New York?" I answered "Yes." "The secretary of war wishes to see you at once," he said. I found the secretary most cordial and charming.

"Mr. Secretary, what do you desire?" he asked. I stated the case as I had many times before, and he gave a peremptory order to one of his staff that I should receive the documents in time for me to leave Washington on the midnight train.

The magical transformation was the result of a personal visit of President Lincoln to the secretary of war. Mr. Lincoln carried the State of New York by a majority of only 6,749, and it was a soldiers' vote that gave him the Empire State.

The compensations of my long delay in Washington trying to move the War Department were the opportunity it gave me to see Mr. Lincoln, to meet the members of the Cabinet, to become intimate with the New York delegation in Congress, and to hear the wonderful adventures and stories so numerous in Washington.

The White House at that time had no executive offices as now, and the machinery for executive business was very primitive. The east half of the second story had one large reception-room, in which the president could always be found, and a few rooms adjoining for his secretaries and clerks. The president had very little protection or seclusion. In the reception-room, which was always crowded at certain hours, could be found members of Congress, office-seekers, and an anxious company of fathers and mothers seeking pardons for their sons condemned for military offenses, or asking permission to go to the front, where a soldier boy was wounded or sick. Every one wanted something and wanted it very bad. The patient president, wearied as he was with cares of state, with the situation on several hostile fronts, with

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the exigencies in Congress and jealousies in his Cabinet, patiently and sympathetically listened to these tales of want and woe. My position was unique. I was the only one in Washington who personally did not want anything, my mission being purely in the public interest.

I was a devoted follower of Mr. Seward, the secretary of state, and through the intimacies with officers in his department I learned from day to day the troubles in the Cabinet, so graphically described in the diary of Postmaster-General Gideon Welles.

The antagonism between Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase, the secretary of the treasury, though rarely breaking out in the open, was nevertheless acute. Mr. Seward was devoted to the president and made every possible effort to secure his renomination and election. Mr. Chase was doing his best to prevent Mr. Lincoln's renomination and secure it for himself.

No president ever had a Cabinet of which the members were so independent, had so large individual followings, and were so inharmonious. The president's sole ambition was to secure the ablest men in the country for the departments which he assigned to them without regard to their loyalty to himself. One of Mr. Seward's secretaries would frequently report to me the acts of disloyalty or personal hostility on the part of Mr. Chase with the lament: "The old man—meaning Lincoln—knows all about it and will not do a thing."

I had a long and memorable interview with the president. As I stepped from the crowd in his reception-room, he said to me: "What do you want?" I answered: "Nothing, Mr. President, I only came to pay my respects and bid you good-by, as I am leaving Washington." "It is such a luxury," he then remarked, "to find a man who does not want anything. I wish you would wait until I get rid of this crowd."

When we were alone he threw himself wearily on a lounge and was evidently greatly exhausted. Then he indulged, rocking backward and forward, in a reminiscent review of different crises in his administration, and how he had met them. In nearly every instance he had carried his point, and either captured or beaten his adversaries by a story so apt, so on all fours, and with such complete answers that the controversy was over. I remember eleven of these stories, each of which was a victory.

In regard to this story-telling, he said: "I am accused of telling a great many stories. They say that it lowers the dignity of the presidential office, but I have found that plain people (repeating with emphasis plain people), take them as you find them, are more easily influenced by a broad and humorous illustration than in any other way, and what the hypecritical few may think, I don't care."

In speaking Mr. Lincoln had a peculiar cadence in his voice, caused by laying emphasis upon the key-word of the sentence. In answer to the question how he knew so many anecdotes, he answered: "I never invented a story, but I have a good memory and, I think, tell one tolerably well. My early life was passed among pioneers who had the courage and enterprise to break away from civilization and settle in the wilderness. The things which happened to these original people and among themselves in their primitive conditions were far more dramatic than anything invented by the professional story-tellers. For many years I travelled the circuit as a lawyer, and usually there was only one hotel in the county towns where court was held. The judge, the grand and petit juries, the lawyers, the clients, and witnesses would pass the night telling exciting or amusing occurrences, and these were of infinite variety and interest." He was always eager for a new story to add to his magazine of ammunition and weapons.

One night when there was a reception at the executive mansion Rufus C. Andrews, surveyor of the port of New York, and I went there together. Andrews was a good lawyer and had been a correspondent in New York of Mr. Lincoln, while he was active at the bar in Illinois. He was a confidential adviser of the president on New York matters and frequently at the executive mansion. As the procession moved past the president he stopped Andrews and, leaning over, spoke very confidentially to him. The

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conversation delayed the procession for some time. When Andrews and I returned to the hotel, our rooms were crowded with newspaper men and politicians wanting to know what the confidential conversation was about. Andrews made a great mystery of it and so did the press. He explained to me when we were alone that during his visit to the president the night before he told the president a new story. The president delayed him at the reception, saying: "Andrews, I forgot the point of that story you told me last night; repeat it now."

The first national convention I ever attended was held in Baltimore in 1864, when Mr. Lincoln was renominated. I have since been four times a delegate at large, representing the whole State, and many times a delegate representing a congressional district. Judge W. H. Robertson, of Westchester County, and I went to the convention together. We thought we would go by sea, but our ship had a collision, and we were rescued by a pilot-boat. Returning to New York, we decided to accept the security of the railroad. Judge Robertson was one of the shrewdest and ablest of the Republican politicians in the State of New York. He had been repeatedly elected county judge, State senator, and member of Congress, and always overcoming a hostile Democratic majority.

We went to Washington to see Mr. Seward first, had an interview with him at his office, and dined with him in the evening. To dine with Secretary Seward was an event which no one, and especially a young politician, ever forgot. He was the most charming of hosts and his conversation a liberal education.

There was no division as to the renomination of Mr. Lincoln, but it was generally conceded that the vice-president should be a war Democrat. The candidacy of Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, had been so ably managed that he was far and away the favorite. He had been all his life, up to the breaking out of the Civil War, one of the most pronounced extreme and radical Democrats in the State of New York. Mr. Seward took Judge Robertson and me into his confidence. He was hostile to the nomination of Mr. Dickinson, and said that the situation demanded the nomination for vice-president of a representative from the border States, whose loyalty had been demonstrated during the war. He eulogized Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, and gave a glowing description of the courage and patriotism with which Johnson, at the risk of his life, had advocated the cause of the Union and kept his State partially loyal. He said to us: "You can quote me to the delegates, and they will believe I express the opinion of the president. While the president wishes to take no part in the nomination for vice-president, yet he favors Mr. Johnson."

When we arrived at the convention this interview with Mr. Seward made us a centre of absorbing interest and at once changed the current of opinion, which before that had been almost unanimously for Mr. Dickinson. It was finally left to the New York delegation.

The meeting of the delegates from New York was a stormy one and lasted until nearly morning. Mr. Dickinson had many warm friends, especially among those of previous Democratic affiliation, and the State pride to have a vice-president was in his favor. Upon the final vote Andrew Johnson had one majority. The decision of New York was accepted by the convention and he was nominated for vice-president.

This is an instance of which I have met many in my life, where the course of history was changed on a very narrow margin. Political histories and the newspapers' discussions of the time assigned the success of Mr. Johnson to the efforts of several well-known delegates, but really it was largely, if not wholly, due to the message of Mr. Seward, which was carried by Judge Robertson and myself to the delegates.

The delays in the prosecution of the war had created a sentiment early in 1864 that the re-election of Mr. Lincoln was impossible. The leaders of both the conservative and the radical elements in the Republican party, Mr. Weed on the one hand, and Mr. Greeley on the other, frankly told the president that he could not be re-elected, and his intimate friend, Congressman Elihu B. Washburne, after

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a canvass of the country, gave him the same information.

Then came the spectacular victory of Farragut at Mobile and the triumphant march of Sherman through Georgia, and the sentiment of the country entirely changed. There was an active movement on foot in the interest of the secretary of the treasury, Chase, and fostered by him, to hold an independent convention before the regular Republican convention as a protest against the renomination of Mr. Lincoln. It was supported by some of the most eminent and powerful members of the party who threw into the effort their means and influence. After these victories the effort was abandoned and Mr. Lincoln was nominated by acclamation. I recall as one of the excitements and pleasures of a lifetime the enthusiastic confidence of that convention when they acclaimed Lincoln their nominee.

Governor Seymour, who was the idol of his party, headed the New York delegation to the national Democratic convention to nominate the president, and his journey to that convention was a triumphal march. There is no doubt that at the time he had with him not only the enthusiastic support of his own party but the confidence of the advocates of peace. His own nomination and election seemed inevitable. However, in deference to the war sentiment, General McClellan was nominated instead, and here occurred one of those little things which so often in our country have turned the tide.

The platform committee, and the convention afterwards permitted to go into the platform a phrase proposed by Clement C. Vallandigham, of Ohio, the phrase being, "The war is a failure." Soon after the adjournment of the convention, to the victories of Farragut and Sherman was added the spectacular campaign and victory of Sheridan in the valley of Shenandoah. The campaign at once took on a new phase. It was the opportunity for the orator.

It is difficult now to recreate the scenes of that campaign. The people had been greatly disheartened. Every family was in bereavement, with a son lost and others still in the service. Taxes were onerous, and economic and business conditions very bad. Then came this reaction, which seemed to promise an early victory for the Union. The orator naturally picked up the phrase, "The war is a failure"; then he pictured Farragut tied to the shrouds of his flag-ship; then he portrayed Sherman marching through Georgia, and the glee-club sang the well-known song "Marching Through Georgia"; then he pictured Sheridan leaving the War Department hearing of the battle in the Shenandoah Valley, riding down and rallying his defeated troops, reforming and leading them to one of the most important victories of the war; then would be recited the famous poem "Sheridan Twenty Miles Away." Every occasion was the opportunity of the descriptive and imaginative orator.

Mr. Lincoln's election under the conditions and circumstances was probably more due to that unfortunate phrase in the Democratic platform than to any other cause.

The tragedy of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln was followed by the most pathetic incident of American life—his funeral. After the ceremony at Washington the funeral-train stopped at Philadelphia, New York, and Albany. In each of these cities was an opportunity for the people to view the remains.

I had charge in my official capacity as secretary of state of the train after it left Albany. It was late in the evening when we started, and the train was running all night through central and western New York. Its schedule was well known along the route. Wherever the highway crossed the railway-track the whole population of the neighborhood was assembled on the highway and in the fields. Huge bonfires lighted up the scene. Pastors of the local churches of all denominations had united in leading their congregations for greeting and farewell for their beloved president. As we would reach a crossing there sometimes would be hundreds and at others thousands of men, women, and children on their knees, praying and singing hymns.

This continuous service of prayer and song and supplication lasted over the three hundred miles between Albany and Buffalo, from midnight until dawn.

(To be continued.)

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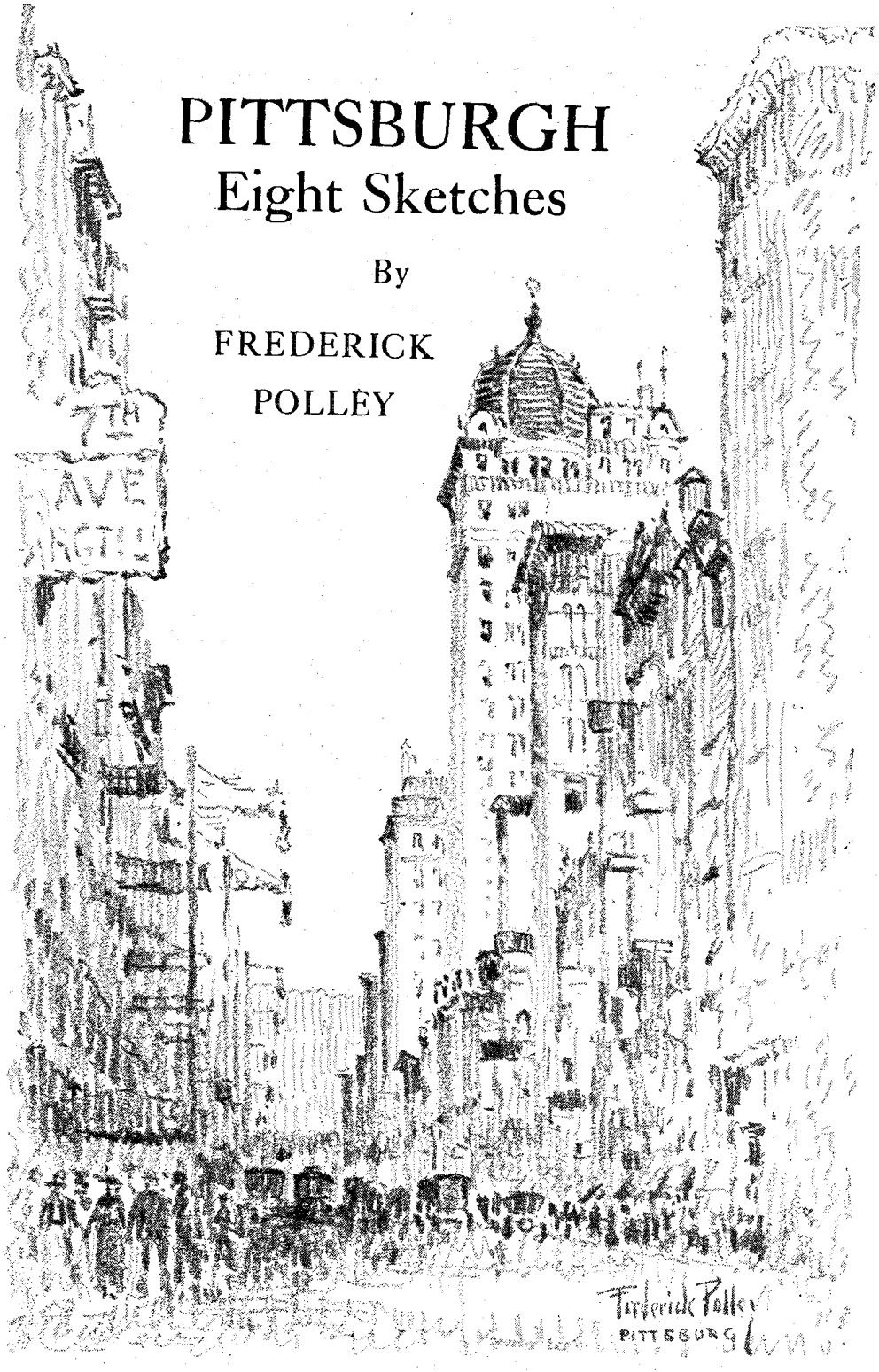
PITTSBURGH
Eight Sketches

By

FREDERICK POLLEY



Liberty Avenue and the dome of the Keenan Building.

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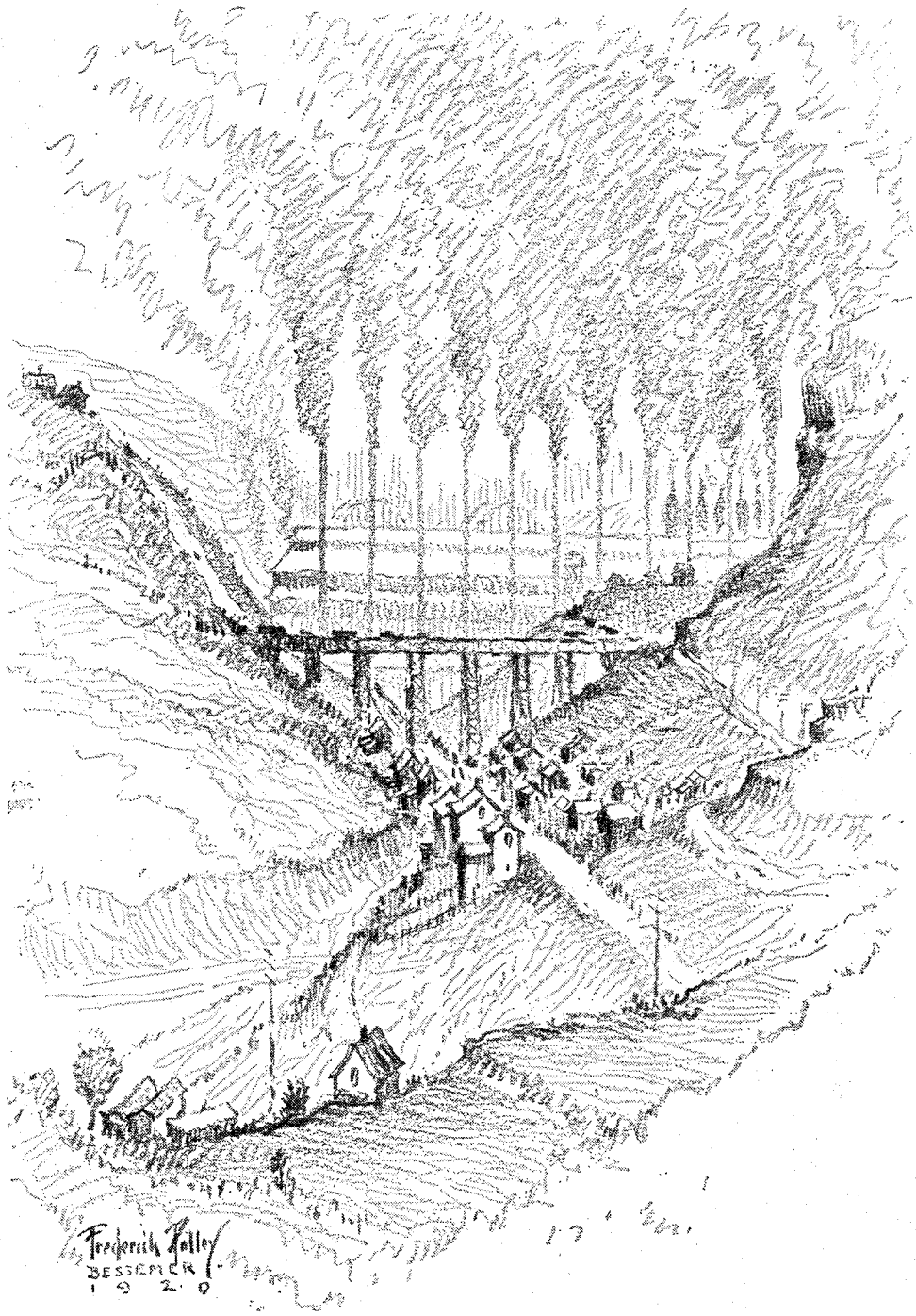

Bessemer the beautiful, with its stacks, trestle supports, and the ascending smoke.

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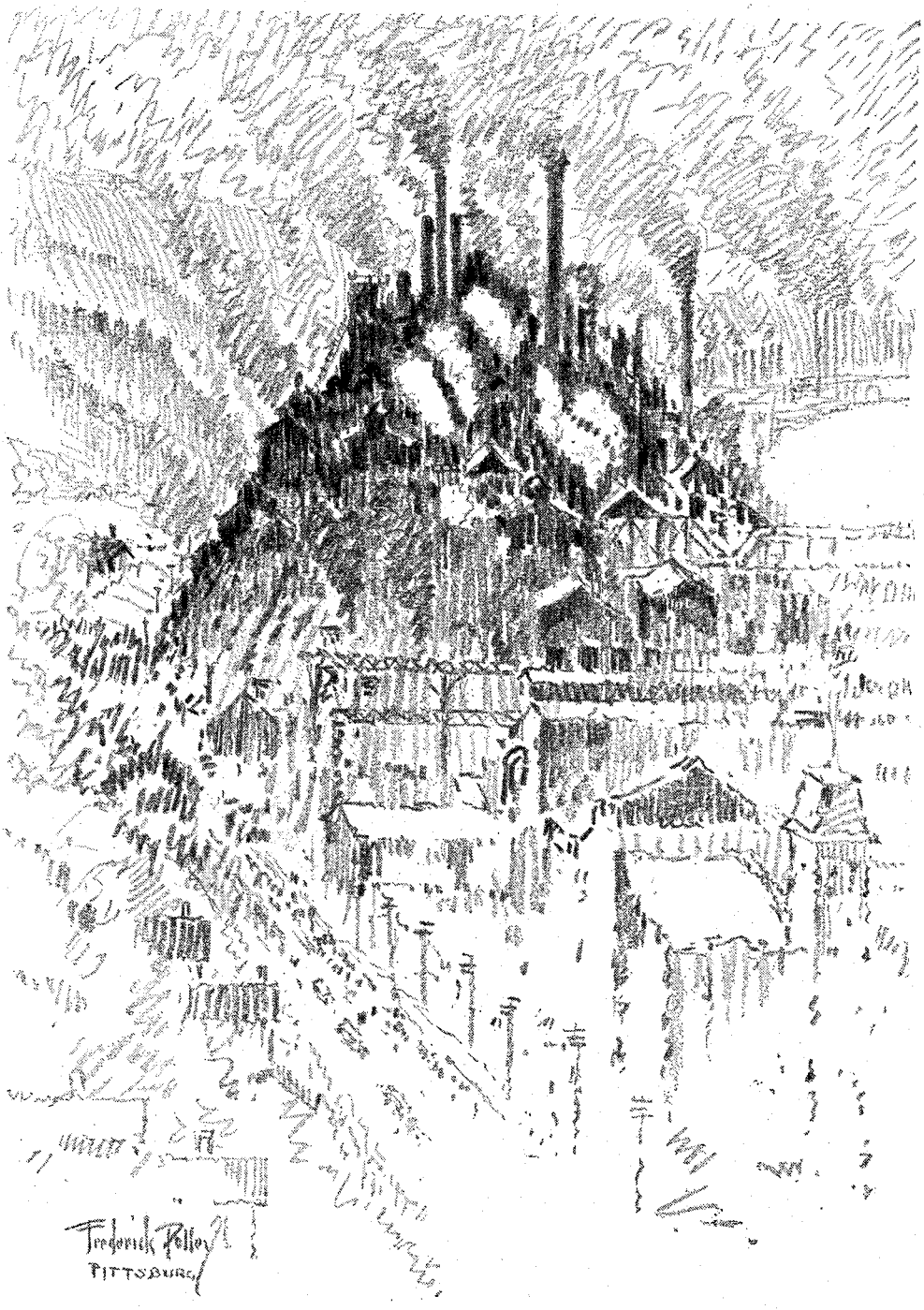

A city of wonderful hills. Pittsburgh's streets follow terraces and inclines around the sides to the tops of the hills. From the summits of these elevations one may look down upon the sky-scrapers, the rivers, and the mills.

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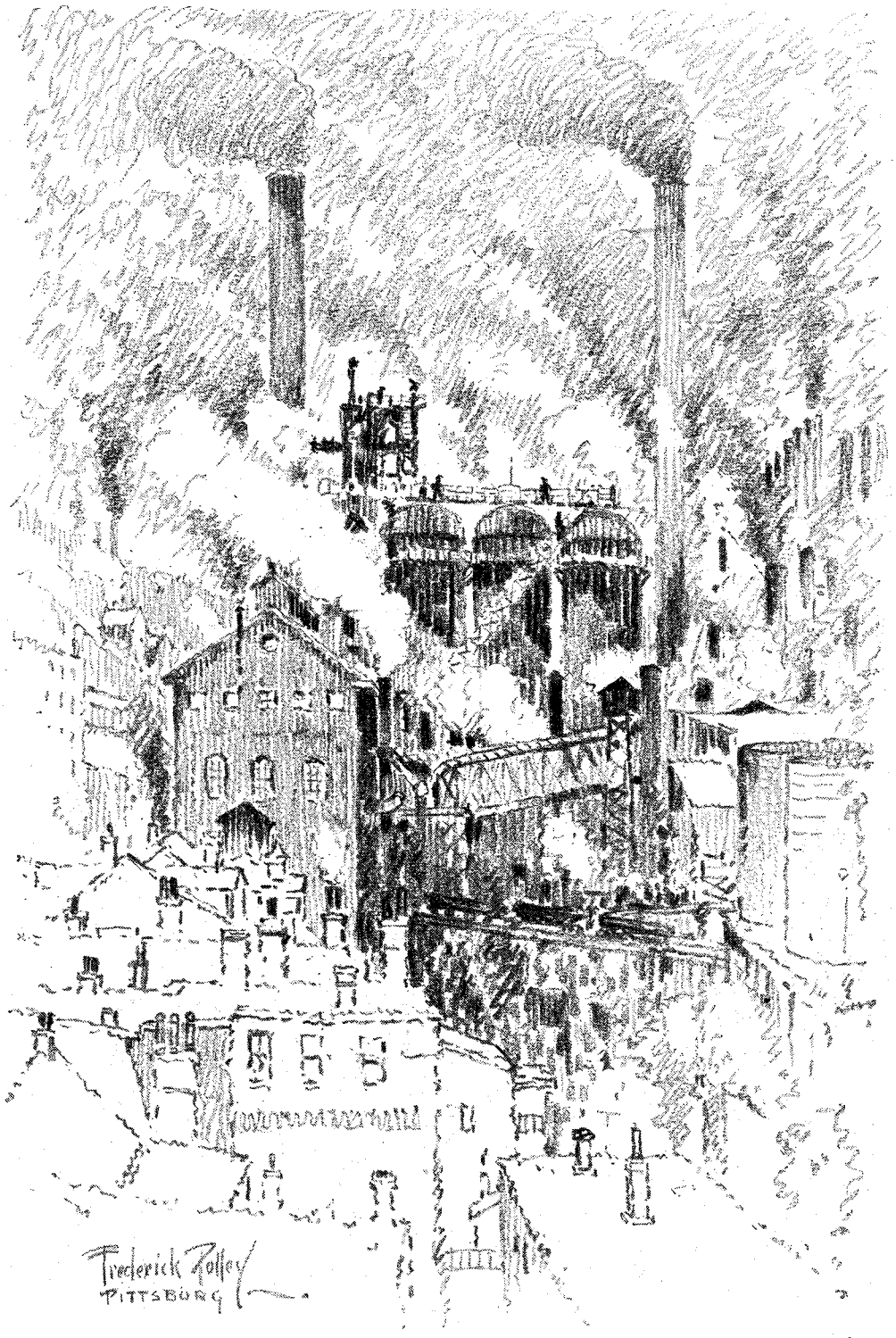

The wonderful blast furnaces, massive forms set against tertiary backgrounds of smoke and steam. This drawing was made from the Twenty-second Street bridge over the Monongahela River, only a few blocks removed from the business section of Pittsburgh.

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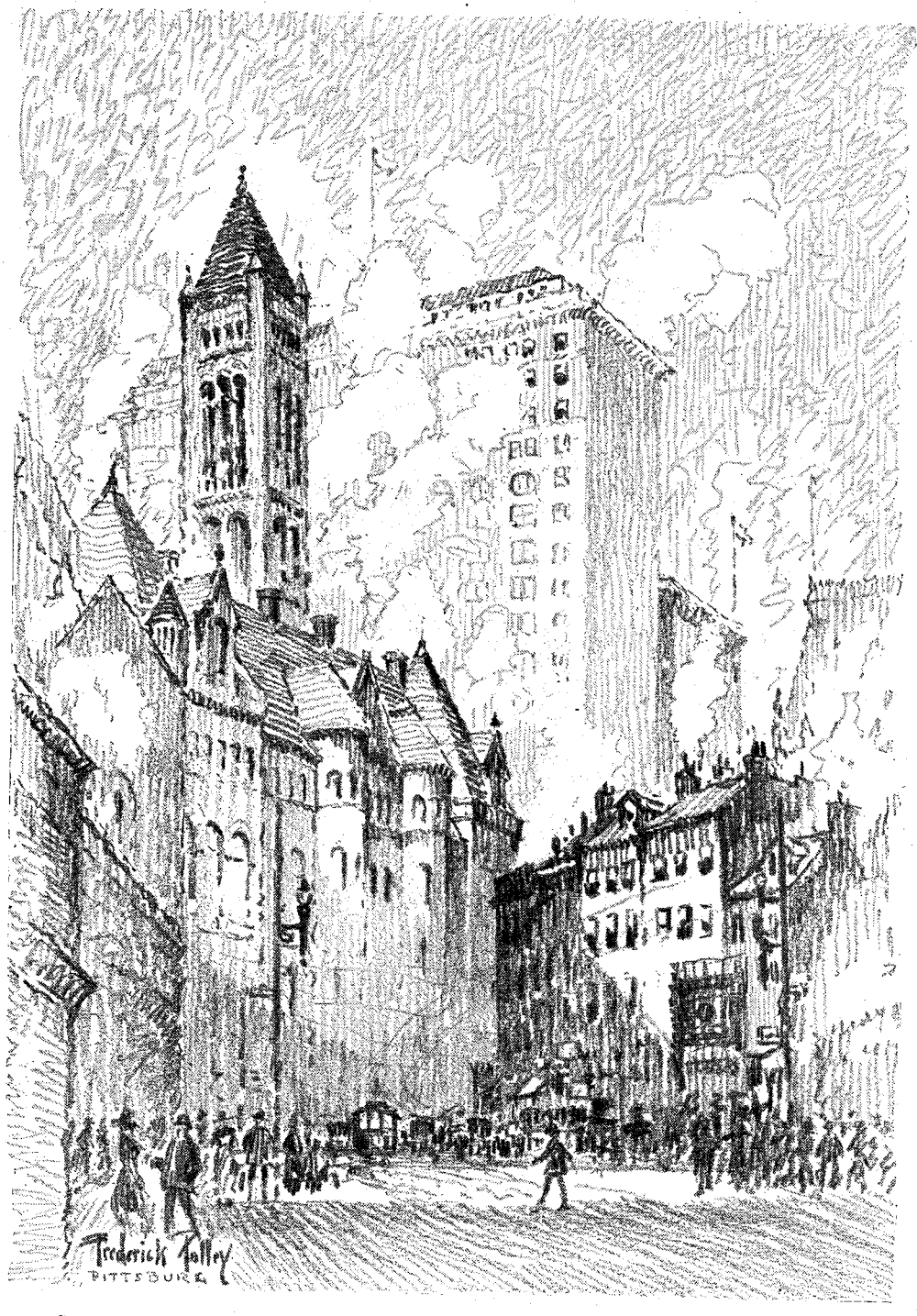

Corner of Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Fifth Avenue swerves and crosses Sixth Avenue almost at right angles. The stone towers and turrets of the County Court are strongly set out against the gray background of the Frick Building,

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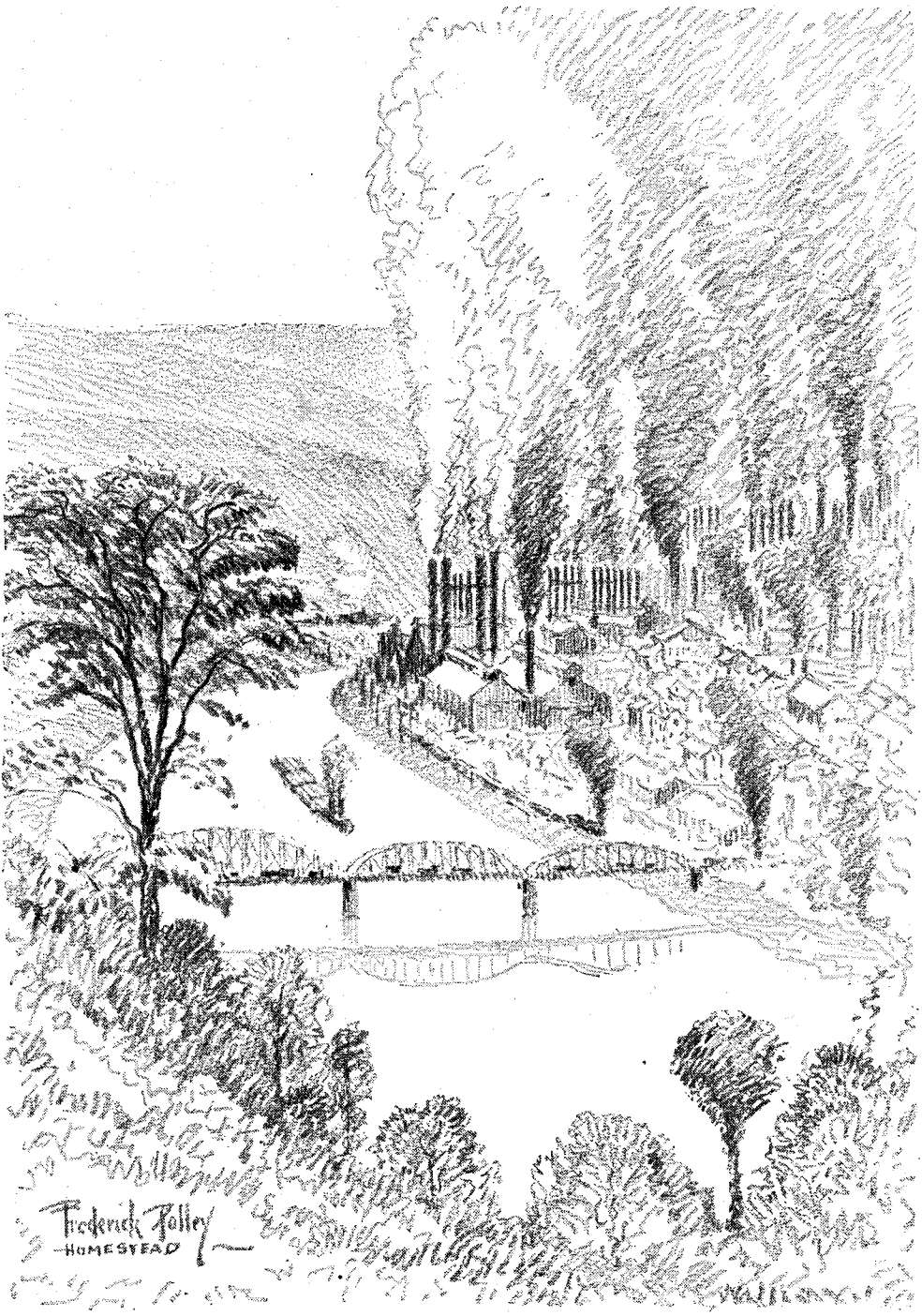

Homestead, near Pittsburgh, with the graceful curves of the Monongahela. The largest unit of the Carnegie Steel Works is located here.

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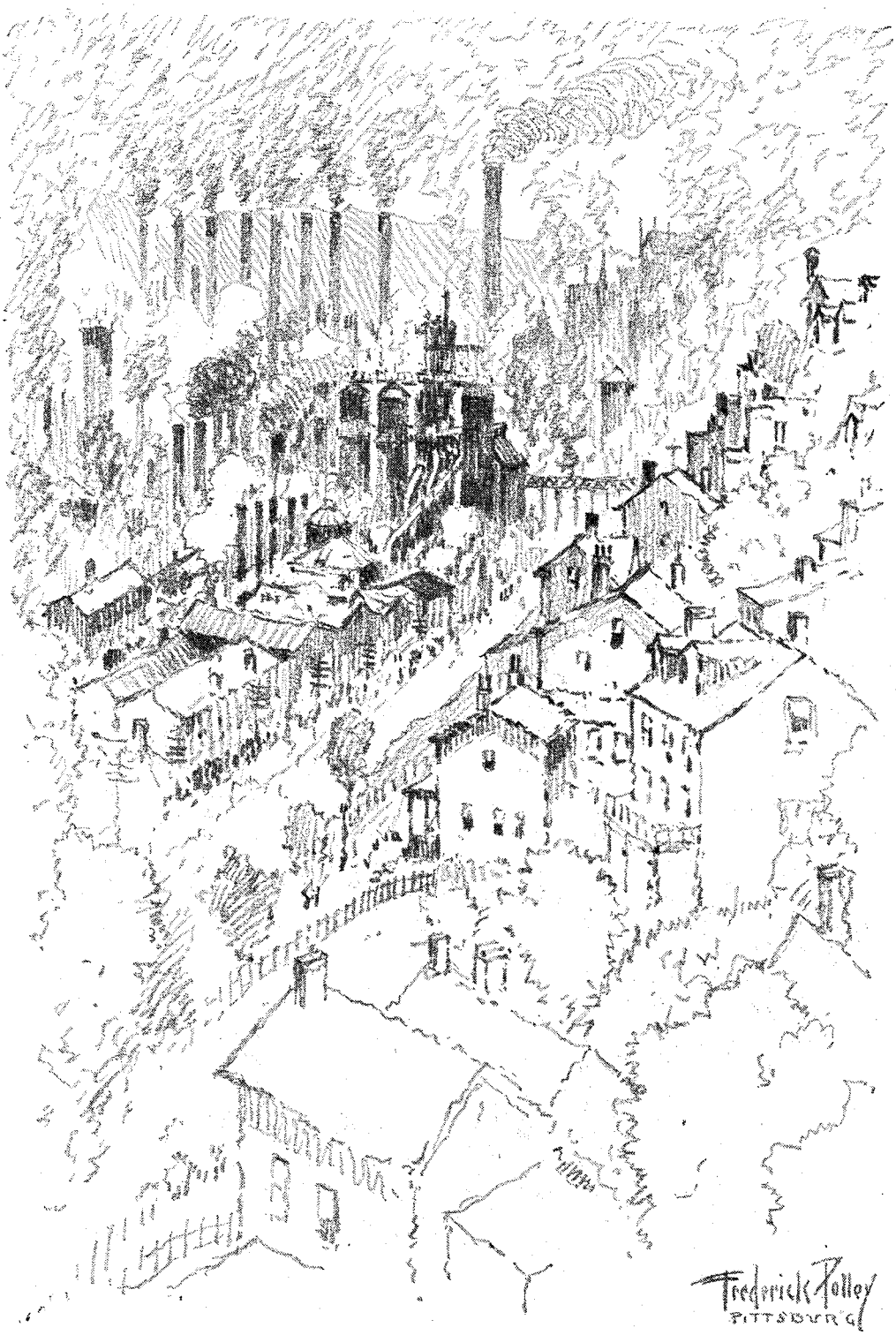

Miles and miles of mammoth mills. From the hills and from the bridges one may get such views as this, not one only but hundreds. This drawing shows a portion of the giant plant of the National Tube Works.

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Sixth Avenue from Wood Street, with the beautiful Gothic spires of Trinity Episcopal Church and the First Presbyterian Church, surrounded by tall buildings—the Oliver, McCreery's, and others.

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BOUGAINVILLEA

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES REYNOLDS

UNTIL the night when Joan Maxson stood before Kingsley, convicted without trial of the crime he would have stigmatized as the lowest lapse in his code for humankind, she had never revealed to the world through which she moved her potentiality in romantic drama. People should have known, of course, that the years of her marriage to Maxson must have been filled with events beyond the ordinary ken of her kind, but they were so accustomed to picturing her in the background of the Carlin millions that nothing but Kingsley's calcium could have picked out the blazing reds of adventure and purples of passion which she hid beneath the gray garment of poor relationship. To the men with whom she danced and the women with whom she lunched she was Mrs. Martin Carlin's niece, brought from some hinterland of the north, married to an Englishman, widowed or divorced—no one seemed to know or care whether or not Maxson was dead—and returned to the Carlins, apparently unchanged, taking up her life exactly where she had set it down on the day when she had come down the aisle of the Fourth Presbyterian to the thunders of the usual recessional. Few of them even knew that she had lived in Egypt. No one, until she stood forth to combat Kingsley's bitter revelations, had any notion of how she had lived in the old land where East and West meet and never mingle.

Blane, who had known Mrs. Carlin in her girlhood, was the only one who had opportunity to see how Joan Bailey dovetailed her past into her future when she came to Chicago. He had seen her early girlhood in the raw town on the copper range where her father worked in some obscure way for the Carlin Company. She had been restless, chafing at the chains of economic and social restrictions which their poverty forced upon her, hating the bleak ugliness of the place, yearning for beauty and breadth of experience, despising the treadmill of her life. Blane, though, was never subtle, and to him the sullen moods of the girl went when her father died. For Mrs. Carlin, moved perhaps by some belated sense of responsibility, packed her, shoddy bag and shabby baggage, from the little cottage on the copper range to the Georgian mansion outposting the sands beyond Lincoln Park and overlooking the waters of the lake.

Joan Bailey might have been expected to enjoy her coming into Canaan, but, for all Blane's idea that she was floating in a languorous mental ease, she didn't, any more than had Mrs. Carlin, and with both of them a journey around the world must have been part of their quest for a farther land of promise. Somewhere in its course she met Maxson. When they came back Mrs. Carlin announced the engagement, informing the society editors that the wedding would take place when Maxson would arrive in Chicago in October. She also told them that Maxson was a younger son of Sir Henry Maxson, K.B., who had an estate in Somersetshire, a shooting-box in Scotland, a yacht at Cowes, and a town house in Park Lane. Mrs. Carlin was that kind of woman. Just as thoroughly and as successfully did she strive to conceal the fact that Joan Bailey had gone to work.

Blane stumbled on the girl when she was taking dictation in Melvin's office. For the moment the remembrance of how he had seen her, dozens of times, at the same task in her old home town dulled his possible surprise, until the thought that she was supposed to be the fluttering fiancée in what the newspapers were calling an international romance pierced through his outer consciousness. He must have looked his amazement, for Joan Bailey signalled him into silence.

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That night she telephoned him a request to call upon her. He asked her to luncheon, and the next day, in a crowded restaurant, she flung at him the statement that she didn't believe she'd marry Maxson. "I feel that I hardly know him," she said.

"You know him as well as you did when you promised," Blane, who had his moments of perception, told her.

"It was different there." Her eyes flashed as if in recollection of the occasion. "I hate to hurt him," she went on. "You don't know how nice he seems, really, but he's different from any one else I've ever known, and sometimes I'm frightened. I hate to hurt Aunt Laura, too, and she's so keen on this. I suppose that, if I don't marry him, I'll have to go out on my own. That's why I'm working now. I want to remember just what I'll have to go back to. You're the only one, except Aunt Laura, who knew me before I came here. You know just what life was with me back home."

"But you don't have to go back to it," Blane said, "if you don't marry this man. And, if you don't love him——"

"I don't know whether I do or not," she said. "I thought I did over there, but it was Cairo, and Cairo might change one's sense of values."

"Wait till he comes here," Blane advised.

"But that would hardly be fair," she protested.

"If you think you might love him, wouldn't it be the only fair way?"

"Perhaps you're right," she said.

She kept on working, however, until Maxson came. He was one of those dark, blazing-eyed Britons who try to hide their capacity for sentiment back of a mask of saturnine silence. There was something rather wistfully pathetic about him, for all the resoundingness of his family connection as it rolled off Mrs. Carlin's tongue. His gaze followed Joan Bailey as if she were the sun, moon, and stars of his world. Blane, a little sorry for Maxson because he seemed so distressedly alien from the crowd with whom Mrs. Carlin had surrounded him, went out of his way to draw him into conversation. The effort ran into failure. Maxson told him that he was one of the engineers engaged on the building of the Assouan Dam, but he seemed to fear lest interest in his work might be regarded as part of a personal revelation, and after a desultory discussion of the variability of American weather, they parted. If it had not been for the sight of Maxson's face, as he turned from the chancel on the day he married Joan, Blane would have set him down as a little stolid; but the memory of that look of visioning, that gaze of a man upon the Grail of his dreams, came back to him even when he had forgotten Joan Bailey's white wonderment.

For three years no one heard more of the Maxsons than Mrs. Carlin's gossip, although, in the beginning, there was plenty of that. They had been entertained in Somersetshire by Sir Henry and Lady Maxson. They had spent a romantic fortnight at the shooting-box in the Trossachs. They had been guests at a dinner in the Park Lane house, where the roster read like cream skimmed from Burke's Peerage. The Maxson yacht had borne them to Egypt. They were living in Cairo, in a fascinating house near the Sharia-el-Dawaween, that white street of the ministries. "Just too sweet," Joan's aunt characterized her ménage after her return from her one visit to it. "It's like living in a Hichens novel." Afterward, with less ostentation, she told Blane that the Maxsons had moved out of the city, so that Clive might be more conveniently located to his work at Assouan. Then the ways of the Maxsons ceased to be social coinage until Joan came back.

She returned with Mrs. Carlin, who had gone abroad following Carlin's death. Both of them wore mourning, and people rather took it for granted that Maxson had died, perhaps because Joan bore the look of one who has been stricken by sudden bereavement. Almost too quietly she slipped back into the semi-obscure niche she had occupied before she had met Maxson. Even when Mrs. Carlin came out of mourning Joan held to the unobtrusiveness of her own manner of existence. If her eyes, brooding or blazing, sometimes betrayed volcanic flames beneath the dull lava of her surfaced aspect, she managed to veil them at most times with the mist of casual in-

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difference. Blane, who knew that Clive Maxson was not dead, fell into thinking that the marriage had failed for the single and vital reason that Joan had not loved her husband. He thought about the circumstances of her marriage so little, in fact, that it was he who brought Kingsley to Mrs. Carlin's, knowing, even then, that the engineer had been one of the builders of the Assouan. He was probably the one who told Kingsley that Joan had been Maxson's wife, for the man had not seen her in Egypt, and there was nothing in her personality or her words to lead him to the connection of identity on that night when he met her at the dinner to which Mrs. Carlin had bidden him.

Kingsley, tall and rangy, hawk-nosed and keen-eyed, was one of those men who could make it evident that, for all his deferential manner toward them, he did not like women. Mrs. Crosman, whom he had taken in, accustomed to the adulation of a Southern bellehood, bridled under his lack of real interest and turned to the man on her other side. Adele Winship, having known Blane's tame-cat conversation from her cradle, shifted to Kingsley, amused a little by his survey of the group around the table. She, like Mrs. Crosman, caught the undercurrent of his attitude, but, unlike the other woman, did not care. "What are you going to do to make us over?" she taunted him.

"I don't know that I'd care to," he said.

"From another man," she countered, "that might imply a tribute. From you it means, doesn't it, that you think we aren't worth the effort of revision?"

"I didn't say that."

"You're looking it. You've been staring at Joan Maxson as if she were a snag in the stream that must be blown up before progress can be reported. What did she ever do to you?"

"Then she *is* Joan Maxson?"

"Why not?"

"I thought she'd be different."

"Worse?"

"No," he said, "but different."

"More exotic?"

"That's it. How did you know?"

"Oh, every one expects that of people who have lived in unusual places. I expected it of you."

"Because I've worked back of Suez?"

"Of course."

"But why?"

"Well, living back of beyond from your own choice presupposes some unusual quality. Don't you know remarkable men—or women," she threw the tiny stone against his armor, "who've made life more brilliant on the banks of the Nile?"

"Pharoah's daughter. And there was Asenath. And Cleopatra."

"Spectacle stuff," she gibed. "What about the real people of to-day, living real dramas of real courage?"

"Courage? And women?" His eyes went back to Joan Maxson. "I know a tale of cowardice and a woman, but I'm not so sure that I should tell it."

"Oh, then, you must. I won't let you off." She leaned forward toward the roses and orchids massed over the table. "This man knows a story of Egypt he won't tell," she called to Mrs. Carlin. "Can't you make him?"

Mrs. Carlin, radiating the inclusive smile of a hostess who doesn't know the question, nodded to Kingsley. Mrs. Crosman turned her shoulder in bored resignation. Blane and a couple of older men looked up with interest, the younger ones flashed their annoyance at this assumption of stardom by one of their contemporaries, three or four girls gave to Kingsley appraisal which questioned if he would repay their attention, and Joan Maxson shrank a little into the shadows back of the candle glow.

"It's the story of a woman who ran away," Kingsley said. His eyes pierced through the golden mists above the roses to the girl.

"From what? A tiger? An elephant? A pasha?" The questions blazed up in laughter.

"She thought," Kingsley said, "that she was running away from her husband. I think that she was trying to run away from herself."

"Oh, then, it's real," said Adele Winship.

"Very real." His gaze lingered upon Joan. Slowly she raised her eyes and met his squarely, defiantly. "Shall I tell it?" he asked her. "As you please," she said, but her hand clenched above the

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flowers at her belt, and from the shadows she watched Kingsley with burning eyes.

"Was she an exotic person?" Adele Winship prompted him.

"No," he said. "She was a girl of the sort you'd know. She'd been brought up in ease, I suppose, and luxury. She was a nice girl, I'm sure, and, like most nice women who have lived as she did, she had no idea of the basic truths of existence, the brutal, cruel facts of every-day living. I think that if she had married a rich man she'd have gone on to the end without a care or a problem. But she didn't. She married a splendid, romantic dreamer, a man so accustomed to the ways of wealth that money meant nothing to him, even when he didn't have it. He didn't need gilt for decorating the gold of his spirit, and, because he loved her he thought she didn't, so he took her to live where his work called him. It was Egypt."

Into Mrs. Carlin's polite attention sprang a look of sudden alarm. Her narrowed eyes shot query from Kingsley to Joan, but the man wore an apparent unconsciousness of any personal effect in his preamble, and only the blaze of the girl's eyes betrayed her tension of interest. No one else noticed Joan except in the moment when one of the younger girls flung her a casual question: "You lived there, didn't you?"

"Yes," she said, "but it's a bigger country than they imagine, isn't it?" Her appeal went not to Kingsley but to Mrs. Carlin, and in the moment of waiting for him no one heeded her.

"Living in Egypt," he went on, "isn't exactly the affair that you imagine when you see 'Aida,' or read the blue-and-silver novels, or even what you think it is when you stay at Shepherd's or the Semiramis. Living anywhere, when it's close to the realities of existence, isn't particularly picturesque unless you carry the touchstone of romance in your own spirit. I suppose a village on the Nile, up near the Cataracts, wasn't the idea this girl had of what marriage was going to be, but she'd made her bargain, and she should have held to it. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," a half-dozen of them told him. "Not necessarily," said Adele Winship. "That depends," said Blane. And "Was it her bargain?" Mrs. Carlin asked, a little hostile flame leaping into her eyes as she watched the teller.

"Wasn't it?" he demanded. "Hadn't she said 'for worse' as well as 'for better'? And it wasn't really awful, only comparatively so. They had good living quarters there at Assouan."

"Are you sure?" Mrs. Carlin asked. In the shadow Joan's face shone whitely.

"Quite sure. I reached there the day after this girl went. I saw what she left. I pieced the story together out of what I found. In some ways it's almost too simple for the telling. She had failed, that was all. She couldn't stand the hardships of the place, although she knew, when she married the man, that he had a profession which entailed hardships upon him. And so she had left him brutally, cruelly, in utter cowardice of soul. And the queer part of it is that in leaving him she did something that I've never known another Western woman to do in Egypt. She went out of the settlement, set out toward Cairo in the night, missed her way, wandered into the desert, and was lost for five days. How she lived heaven knows. What she endured only those who have known the desert can imagine. What she escaped would have been more than the hell she deserved. She reached safety, they tell me, exhausted. People made quite a heroine of her for the exploit."

"Well, it was brave," Adele Winship declared.

"No, it wasn't," Kingsley banged. "If she'd done it for something fine, it would have been. The bravest man I ever knew is a little Canadian paper sales-manager who crossed the Andes in mid-winter, after the railroad had gone out of service on account of the snow. He walked it alone because his baby was sick in New York, and he had heard he could make a boat three weeks earlier back to the States if he could reach the port on the eastern side. He was battling back to a dying child and a grieving woman. This girl was running away from a dying husband."

"He wasn't dying!" Joan Maxson's voice rang out, a brazen trumpet of combat over the ordered field of a cloth of

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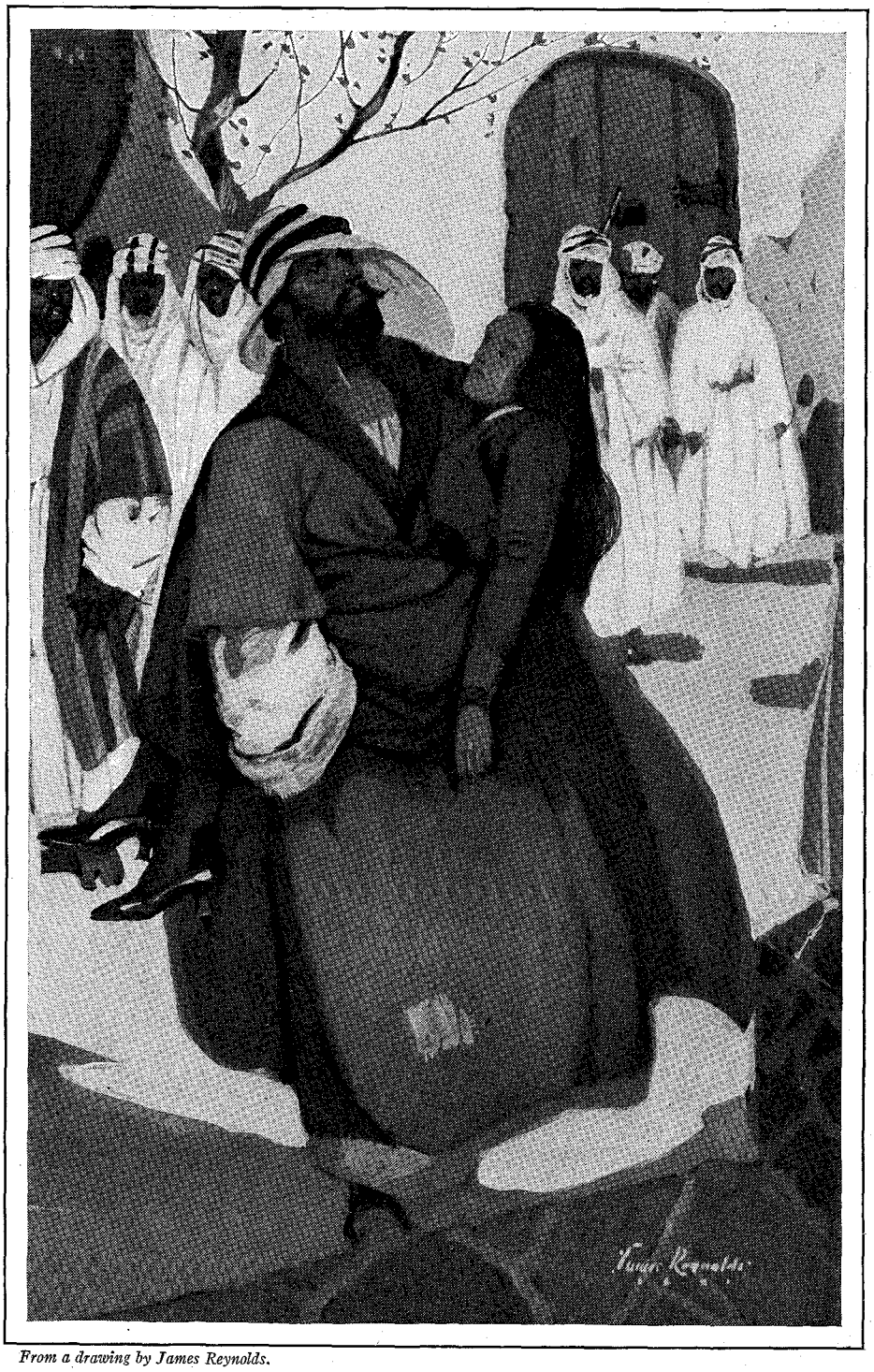

From a drawing by James Reynolds.

"What she endured only those who have known the desert can imagine."—Page 542.

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gold. She had risen from her place and was standing, her hands gripping the table, as she stared at Kingsley with blazing eyes. "You may think you're telling the truth about the rest of it, but that's a lie."

"Joan, Joan dear, please," Mrs. Carlin was pleading. All the rest of them, Blane and Mrs. Crosman and Adele Winship and the men and girls who were all the friends Joan Maxson had, were watching in the stricken dulness of people appalled by the catastrophe of self-revelation in a world built on repression. Only Joan and the man she faced seemed vital. "It's not a lie," Kingsley said. "I found him delirious with river fever when I went out there two nights afterward. I nursed him for eight weeks. You see, I had known him in India. He'd done the same for me there. I saved his life—and he's wondered ever since why I did."

"I didn't know," she said, the fire dying down in her eyes. "I didn't know. You believe that, don't you?" She had forgotten the others until Kingsley's glance included them. "To be sure I do," he said, but with no conviction. "I'm sorry that I told the story, Mrs. Maxson," he said. "I shouldn't have done it, but I thought I owed its telling to—to him. I thought that you and I need be the only ones who would understand. I'm desperately sorry," he repeated, as Mrs. Carlin marshalled the eyes of the women.

"It doesn't matter," Joan Maxson said. "It had to be known some time. Don't go, Aunt Laura"—she reached out to restrain Mrs. Carlin. "This man has told you what he thinks of what I did, what the people back there thought of it. Let me tell him my side of it. You heard him, all of you. Now you're going to hear me."

"But, Joan—" her aunt protested.

She sank into the chair, then leaned over the table until her face came within the radiance of the candles. From the mass of flowers she took an orchid, pulling at it with nervous fingers as she spoke. "I suppose that any woman who runs away from any issue is a coward," she said, "but I thought there were extenuating circumstances. Mr. Kingsley isn't quite right. I wasn't reared in luxury. I lived for twenty years of my life in shacks no better than those at Assouan. I was so poor that the only way I could enjoy life was in dreams of fairy-tale happenings. Why, I hardly knew what butter tasted like until I went to work and earned money to buy it. Then one fairy-tale came true. Aunt Laura brought me to this." Her glance went over the dining-room, that stately replica of one of the great halls of Florence. "I was still living in that dream when Clive Maxson led me to the portals of another.

"We met in Cairo. Most of you know what Cairo can be in the season—a big, gay bazaar that the East opens for the West, and where the West comes in bright clothes to buy and play. You know the wide shops, and the great houses, and the procession of carriages under the balconies, where women look as if they were just going to sing in some opera. You know the streets that lead nowhere and that always take you where you want to go. You know the Ezbekieh Gardens, and Napoleon's house, and Abdin, and Roda, and Marg, and the Tombs of the Mamelukes, and the Coptic church, and the Shwe Dagon. You know the river, with the feluccas and gyassas drifting up and down, their sails white in the sun and black in the shadows. You know the desert, always calling. You know the color of Cairo, the beauty of it, the lure of it. It's one of the places that gets into your blood. I used to feel, when I'd ride out to Ghizeh with Clive, or walk with him between the white and gold and red and blue and pink and green houses of the Mousky, or go out to the Turf Club, or loiter in the coffee-shops, or dance at the hotel, that I wasn't Joan Bailey. How could I be the girl who'd slaved in a miserable town up in the copper country? I was some one else, a girl who lived in beauty every waking moment. Cairo was built for the day, they say, and it lives for the day alone, but to me it was my day, and I lived it, every instant of it."

Her voice rang into exaltation as her look went above and beyond them all—over Mrs. Carlin, nervously biting her lips, over Blane, stricken by friendly remorse that he had precipitated the crisis where Joan Bailey was committing social suicide before their eyes, over Kingsley, rigid

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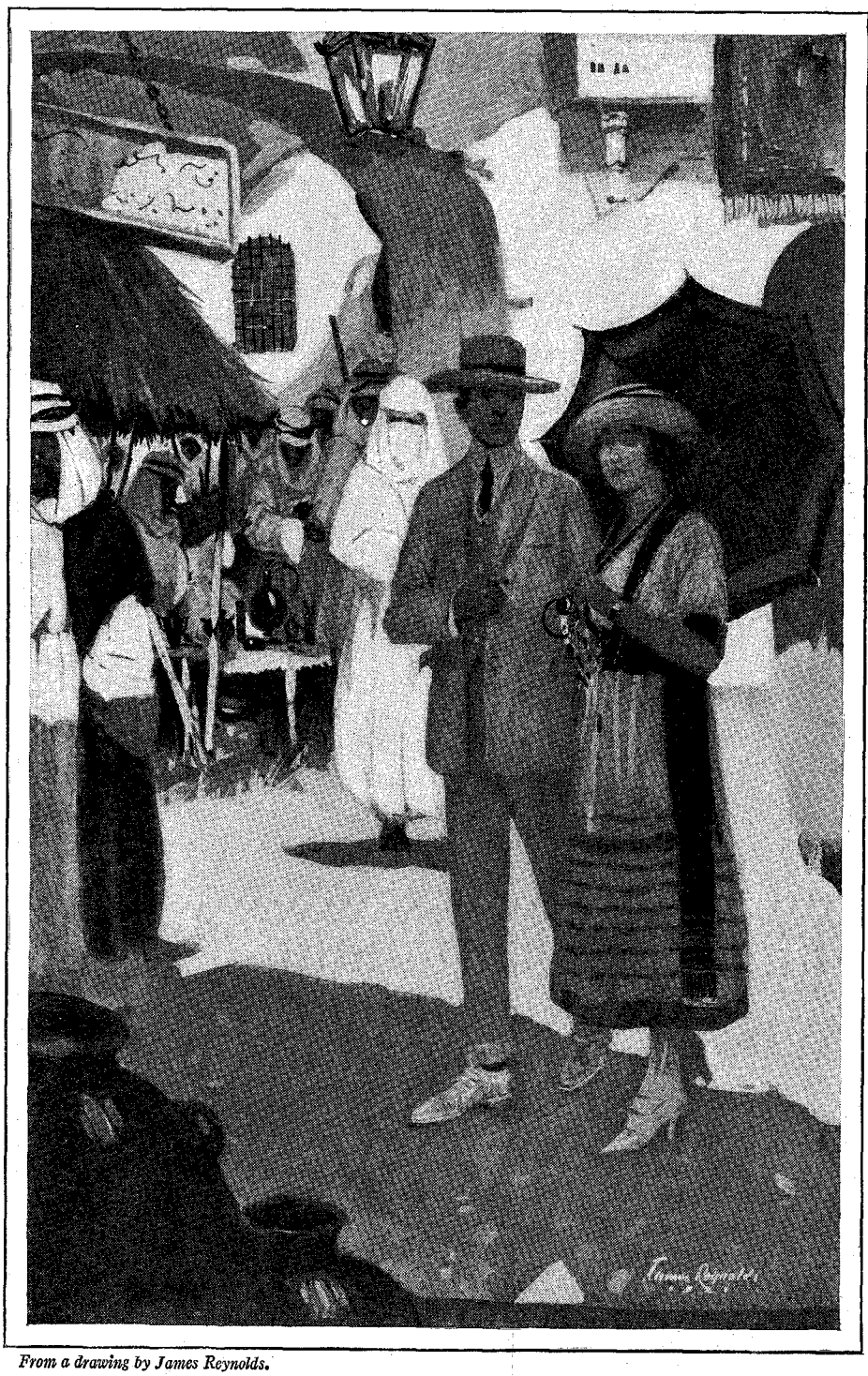

From a drawing by James Reynolds.

"How could I be the girl who'd slaved in a miserable town up in the copper country?"—Page 544.

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as the monuments to Memnon. It was as if she had cast them out from her consciousness and was pleading her cause with a justice higher than their opinions. They watched her with some realization of her apartness, some recognition of her possession of a quality not their own, as she went on.

"I thought I loved Clive. Wouldn't any girl, loving life and beauty and romance as I did, and there in that amber moonlight that draws the world into its yellow spell and makes it all gold with soft loveliness, think she loved a man like Clive? Why, it was part of the fairy-tale, and it was all part of Cairo, like the bougainvillea on the walls.

"When I came back I saw how my love for him had been part of the dream, not all of it. I was afraid to marry him then, for I thought it might have been just that to him, too. But when he came I knew that it wasn't that for him. I was the same to him out here beside the gray lake that I had been in the Levant. He isn't like us." Her gaze came down to Kingsley, as if to seek confirmation of her assertion. "He doesn't have to go seeking beauty. He makes it for himself. And, when I saw him again, I saw Cairo again. I wanted it, wanted my life to be part of that color and mist and sunshine and splendor. I called it love, because I thought that love was something for the decoration of life, something bright and picturesque and foreign and alluring, and unlike all the ordinary experiences of living. I suppose I imagined it was like the flowers, flaming and pervasive, and covering the cracks and the crannies of the every-day, with color of the East. That's what I thought I was getting when I married Clive.

"I got it, too, for a while. I lived on the top of the wave, first in expectation of Cairo and then in the reality. We went back to live in one of the tall white houses, where the days were like rainbows and the nights of gold or purple. I don't believe I was myself at all through that time. I was playing the part of the beggar maiden whom Cophetua had found there under that same cobalt sky. I never thought there would be an end to it. Even when"—she glanced down upon the lifted faces, then swung on as if she had decided to discount their presence in her communion with the truth in herself—"even when my baby came, it made no difference except to make the dream seem no dream at all, but the living reality of perfection. Then it changed.

"We went out to Assouan. Clive had to be near his work, he said. He'd spent, too, what money his father had given him. Even when he told me that it didn't seem to matter. I had him and the baby, I thought. But when I came out to where we were to live something in me snapped, and I saw that the dream was over. I was back in the life I had thought forever behind me. For, although it was Egypt, bright and vivid, and gorgeous yet in its sun and moon and skies and trees, it was just as crude, just as hard, just as squalid, as that town on the range had been. Clive couldn't see that. All he saw, all any of you builders of the Assouan saw"—she flung down at Kingsley—"was the result you were working for. But every day we women of the West whom you'd taken there saw the misery and the wretchedness and the futility of our lives there. We struggled with the natives. We fought against the poverty of our living conditions. We tried to keep up a brave front. Some of us did. I think that I might have done it, too, if—if my baby had lived. When he died I couldn't see the use of any effort. The place had killed him, I knew. It was killing me. Love had cheated me. It had led me into a desert. I had expected so much of love. It wasn't that I had expected it to give me luxury, too, but I'd seen so much misery, so much struggle in poverty, that I thought I knew that love couldn't live unless it had beautiful settings, sunlight and warmth and an atmosphere out of the ordinary. Bougainvillea, I had called it. It was that to me. It had grown like a weed upon the walls of the city. There, by the river, in the muck and the mud and the toiling thousands and the beating engines and the daily grinding of existence, it died.

"For months I tried to pretend that it was living. I used to laugh and talk with Clive as if I were simply an actress of the rôle I had created in the time that was past. I think that, if I had been back here where I could have found new inter-

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ests, I would have crossed the bridge. Most women do. But there, struggling day after day with the pettiness of living, I couldn't. One night I told him. He wouldn't believe me. He treated me as if I were a sick child. 'I hate you,' I told him. 'I hate all this place. I hate the ugliness of it. I hate poverty. How can you expect any woman's love to live through this endless purgatory of squalor?'

"He looked at me as if he didn't exactly know what I was talking about. 'Why, that's what love's for,' he said. 'It's the light that makes even purgatory the way to heaven. How can this matter when we have each other?'

"He wouldn't quarrel with me. He wouldn't talk to me about it at all after that. We kept on living side by side, but a million miles apart. I hated it all so terribly that I came to hate him. One night, after he'd come up from the concrete-mixer, and we were sitting on the tiny veranda, it came over me that I couldn't stay any longer. All life stretched out before me, if I stayed, as dull and listless as the flats beside the river below. I was the poorer because I had been so rich. I felt that I should go mad if I didn't leave it. I was sinking down in the mud of the misery that comes out of commonplace poverty. 'I'm going away, Clive,' I told him.

"He turned from looking out over the flat, and stared at me. I thought he was going to tell me again that I was ill, that all I needed was a run down to Cairo, that he loved me and that I loved him. I would have screamed if he had. But he didn't. He put down his pipe and looked at me so solemnly that I felt suddenly out of place, as if, somehow, I'd stumbled into some mosque of Islam, the only unbeliever. 'I don't believe that you can, Joan,' he said, 'but if you do you know that it's good-by.'

"'Do you think that I'd want to come back?' I cried to him.

"'Yes,' he said, 'you will. For love's the only thing in life that counts.'

"I laughed at him, and I went into the house. Some one called him back to the work. A shovel had broken, and they needed him to give an order for its repair. While he was gone I went away. Aunt Laura found me in the hospital at Tunis. And that is——"

"She was raving, poor child," Mrs. Carlin rushed in, too busily trying to gather up the shreds of Joan's life in an effort to shroud the girl's nakedness of soul. It was indecent, she felt, as they all seemed to realize but Kingsley, that any woman should bare her tragedies. Her eyes pleaded with Joan to pick up some rag of raiment, but the girl lifted not the dun cloth of remorse but the scarlet scarf of rage, as she bent over the table, staring into the faces of those who had thought they had known her best.

"Do you think I've told you this to entertain you?" she cried. "Or to justify myself?" She blazed at Kingsley. "I did rush into it. You baited me. It was so contemptible of you that I don't care for your opinion. What are your half-truths to me when I know all the truth now? No, it's because I've known ever since I came back that all of you are to blame, as much as I am, for my mistake that I'm telling you. Is there a single one of you"—her wrath smouldered over Adele Winship and Mrs. Crosman and the wide-eyed girls—"who doesn't believe love to be just what I believed it? Haven't we all, rich and poor, been trained into thinking that it's the frosting on the cake? Bougainvillea on the walls! Have our mothers and our fathers taught us that it is not the petty tinsel of a fairy-tale but the real gold of transmutation? It's a sacrament, that's what it is, not a plaything. But how are we going to know it until it's too late? I thought I could forget love, could put away the memory of all that had lured me and cheated me. But I couldn't. It's Nile water. If you drink of it, you will go back to Egypt. I drank of true love, and I'm dying without it, dying in my heart. Clive was right. I want to go back to him. I don't care where he is, or what he is, or what he has. That's my punishment. Do you suppose that what this man has said of me, that what you think of me, matters when I know that? No, I've lived a fool, the sort of fool that every one of you is yet, but when I go out of life I'll go in the knowledge of what love is. Perhaps that's enough to have lived for."

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She rose and stood looking down upon Mrs. Carlin's guests, her mouth stormily scornful but her eyes cloudy caverns of sorrow. Swiftly Mrs. Carlin lifted a signal to Adele Winship, and the women moved toward the doorway. Joan Maxson stepped back of them to where Kingsley stood. "Where is he?" she asked him.

"Up on the Tigris. But you——"

"Oh, yes, I can," she said. "You've told me all I needed to know to take me. You wouldn't hate me so if he didn't love me yet."

"He does," said Kingsley.

"He would," she said. "Love's not a reward to the deserving, is it?"

"I begin to think it may be," he told her.

He watched her move down the hall, passing the room from which came Mrs. Carlin's high, excited voice, and up the stairway. She looked back over the vista, not sacrificingly but with the look of one who has long before passed from its portals. He turned to find that Blane stood beside him, and that Blane's eyes shone as they followed Joan Maxson. "Cowardice?" he snapped at the other man. "You said it was going to be a story of cowardice. By God, I call it courage!"

"To fling down truth from the housetops?"

"No, to go back to him."

"That isn't courage," Kingsley told him. "It's something you and I don't know. Clive Maxson knows it, and she knows it now. It's love."

"But——"

"You learn in the East," the other man said, "that there are four roads to paradise."

For, ere she passed from his sight, he had seen in Joan Maxson's eyes the look of a pilgrim who glimpses the spires of his journey's end.

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE

By Lillian Mayfield Roberts

I SOMETIMES wish I were a common girl,
Of common people, moving through the dusk,
With packages piled high upon my arms,
And weary hat pushed back upon my head.
I sometimes even wish that I had wed
A common man, with simple common ways,
Who would not be ashamed to walk with me
Out in the moonlight on a starry night,
And tell me that he loved me, in the dusk;
Or sit beside me in some movie house,
Watching the simple ways of common folk,
Smiling or weeping for us, from the screen.

I can't imagine Braithwaite doing this,
Or reaching for my hand across the dark,
While I sniff-sniff in tearful sympathy.

I sometimes weary of the stupid round
Of stupid people quoting stupid books,
Which I was reared among and know by heart.
I sometimes wish all this—and yet I know,
If I should find myself among the crowd,
And married to some blundering, loving lout,
I should be very plainly miserable.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON, CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

THE BANK OF ENGLAND STOCK—THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES

By Eugene E. Prussing
Of the Chicago Bar

[SECOND PAPER]

THE marriage of Washington and the Widow Custis took place January 6, 1759, at her residence, the White House, in New Kent. The great house with its six chimneys, betokening the wealth of its owner, is no more—the record of the marriage is lost—and even its exact date rests on the casual remark of Washington said to have been made to Franklin's daughter on its anniversary in 1790, Franklin's birthday.

The honeymoon was spent in visiting in various great houses in the neighborhood. Besides a call at Fredericksburg, where Mother Washington and her daughter Betty dwelt, a week was spent at Chatham House, on the Rappahannock, the grand house of William Fitzhugh, built after plans of Sir Christopher Wren and named by the owner in honor of his schoolfellow, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. That house still stands, nearly one hundred and seventy years old, and perhaps the finest piece of colonial architecture of the Georgian period in Virginia.

Williamsburg, the little capital, where Colonel Washington must attend the House of Burgesses and the affairs connected with the settlement of his accounts with the army, was chosen for the winter residence and until adjournment sent the young couple to Mount Vernon in June.

The urgent affairs of the great estate of the late Colonel Custis promptly claimed the attention of the young Benedict, and we find that at Williamsburg, on May 1, 1759, he is writing to Robert Cary, the agent of the estate in London, thus:

SIR, WILLIAMSBURG, 1 May, 1759.

The enclosed is the clergyman's certificate of my marriage with Mrs. Martha Custis, properly, as I am told, authenticated. You will, therefore, for the future please to address all your letters, which relate to the affairs of the late Daniel Parke Custis, to me, as by marriage, I am entitled to a third part of that estate, and am invested likewise with the care of the other two thirds by a decree of our General Court, which I obtained in order to strengthen the power I before had in consequence of my wife's administration.

I have many letters of yours in my possession unanswered; but at present this serves only to advise you of the above change, and at the same time to acquaint you, that I shall continue to make you the same consignments of tobacco as usual, and will endeavor to increase them in proportion as I find myself and the estate benefited thereby.

The scarcity of the last year's crop, and the consequent high price of tobacco, would, in any other case, have induced me to sell the estate's crop in this country; but, for a present, and I hope small advantage only, I did not care to break the chain of correspondence, that has so long subsisted.

On the other side is an invoice of some goods, which I beg you to send me by the first ship, bound either to the Potomac or Rappahannoc, as I am in immediate want of them. Let them be insured, and, in case of accident, reshipped without delay. Direct for me at Mount Vernon, Potomac River, Virginia; the former is the name of my seat, the other of the river on which it is situated. I am, etc.

G°. WASHINGTON.

The tone and habit of command as well as the giving of regular, formal proof and documents in support of all statements of

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fact and claim of right which pervade this letter make it a model, and will indicate that the young planter and colonel was in full control of the subject and the situation.

And on June 12, 1759, he tells the same correspondent that he had written him on May 1, and adds:

"I shall expect also . . . to receive some account of the sales of the estate's tobacco sent you, and an account current. As the last is necessary for me to compare with my own account in order to satisfactory settlement with our General Court, I entreat you to be punctual in sending me one every spring and fall yearly. I shall keep the estate under the same direction as formerly, neither altering the managers, the kind of tobacco, nor the manner of treating it, unless you advise otherwise for our interest.

"And while I continue to pursue this method, I hope you will be able to render such sales as will not only justify the present consignments to you but encourage my enlarging them; for I shall be candid in telling you, that duty to the charge with which I am entrusted, as well as self-interest, will incline me to abide by those who give the greatest proof of their abilities in selling my own and the estate's tobacco, and purchasing goods of which I cannot otherwise judge than by the accounts that will be rendered." *

The French and Indian War was over in Virginia when Washington became successor to his wife as administrator of the estate of Daniel Parke Custis and guardian of her children, but in the rest of the world and especially on the high seas it still raged vigorously; and so Washington wrote, "I shall find occasion to write you fully by the fleet" which then, as later in 1917 and 1918, was convoyed across to England by men-of-war, and he said: "Till then I shall forbear to trouble you with particulars."

In September 1759 the fleet sailed and Washington wrote, as he said he would, fully:

MOUNT VERNON, September 20, 1759.

GENTLEMEN: This will make the fourth letter I have written you since my marriage to Mrs. Martha Custis. The first two served to cover invoices of such goods as I wanted and to advise you at the same time of the change in her affairs; and how necessary it would be to address, for the future, all your letters, which relate to the estate of the deceased Colonel Custis, to me. The last tended only to order insurance on fifteen hogsheads of tobacco, sent by the *Fair American*.

After remarking upon some difficulties experienced by the agents in fighting new import duties, he continues:

"I likewise observe the difficulties you have met with in settling for the interest of the bank stock; but I hope that this is now over, unless any part or the whole should require transferring (when a division of the estate is made) and timely notice will be given; but until this happens, it may be received and placed to the estate's credit in the usual manner.

"From this time it will be requisite that you should raise three accounts; one for me, another for the estate, and a third for Miss Patty Custis, or if you think it more eligible (and I believe it will be) make me debtor on my own account for John Parke Custis, and for Miss Martha Parke Custis, as each will have their part of the estate assigned them this fall, and the whole will remain under my management, whose particular care it shall be to distinguish always, either by letter or invoice, for whom tobaccos are shipped, and for whose use goods are imported, in order to prevent any mistakes arising. . . . It must appear very plain from my former letters, as well as from what is here said, how necessary it is to send regular accounts current, that, by comparing them with the books here, satisfactory settlements may from time to time be made to our General Court."

Under date of "28 May 1762," Washington wrote again to Robert Cary and Company, and regarding the bank stock said:

"My letter of the 25th of January will

* These cautious admonitions were probably not necessary; at any rate the friendship which ripened out of the acquaintance thus begun in 1759 continued for forty years, despite time, the changes of firm, the Revolution, the political independence of the United States, and the engrossment of Washington in larger affairs. Robert Cary and Company and Wakelin Welch, their successor, were the firm and faithful friends of Washington and of the United States throughout, and enjoyed the confidence and conspicuous consideration of the man who trusted them though he never saw them, or they him except in the fine portrait they sent Sharples in 1794 from London to paint for them.

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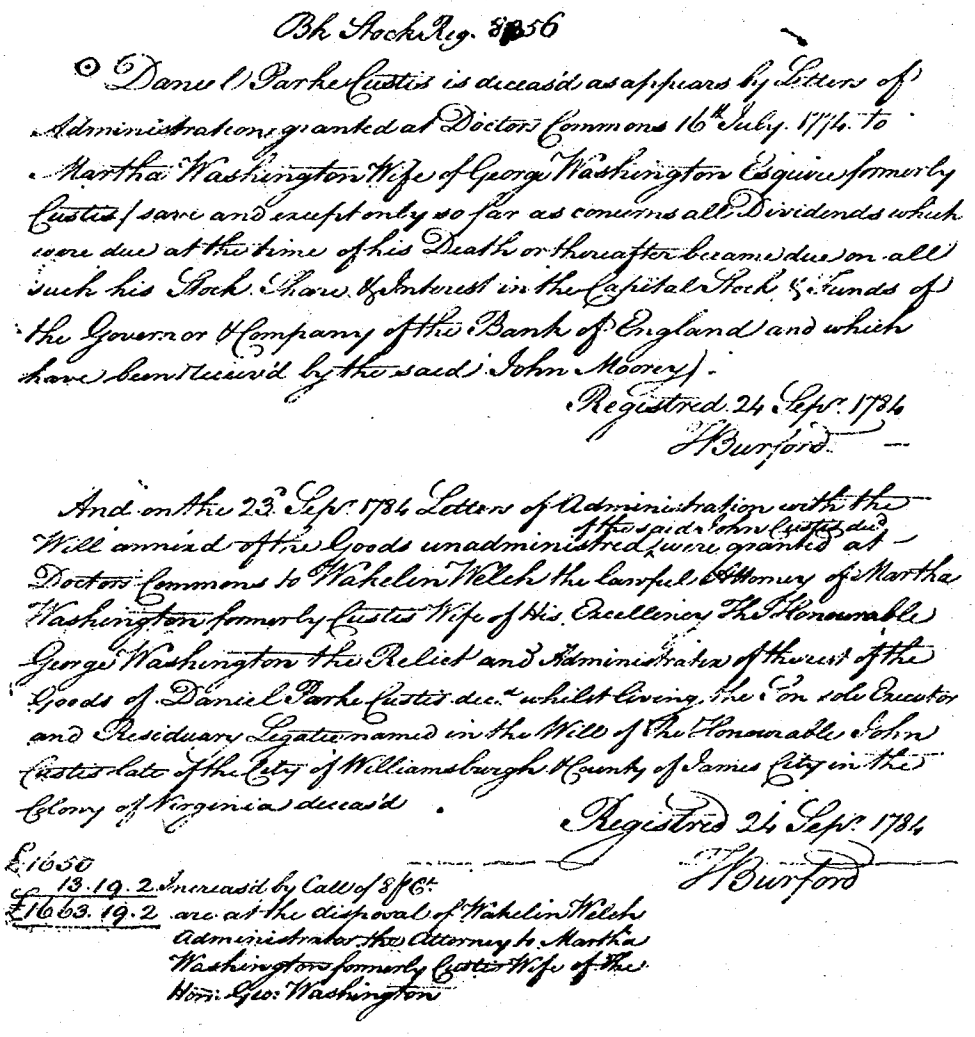

Bk Stock Reg. 8 56

Danl Parke Custis is deceasd as appears by Letters of Administration granted at Doctors Commons 16th July 1714. to Martha Washington Wife of George Washington Esquire formerly Custis / save and except only so far as concerns all Dividends which were due at the time of his Death or thereafter became due on all such his Stock Share & Interest in the Capital Stock & Funds of the Governor & Company of the Bank of England and which have been Received by the said John Mooney /.

Registred 24 Sept. 1784
J Burford

And on the 23d Sept. 1784 Letters of Administration with the Will annexed of the Goods unadministred were granted at Doctors Commons to Wakelin Welch the lawful Attorney of Martha Washington formerly Custis Wife of His Excellency The Honourable George Washington the Relict and Administratrix of the rest of the Goods of Daniel Parke Custis dec.d whilst living the Son sole Executor and Residuary Legatee named in the Will of The Honourable John Custis late of the City of Williamsburgh County of James City in the Colony of Virginia deceas'd.

Registred 24 Sept. 1784
J Burford

£1650
13.19.2 Increasd by Call of 8 p.C.
£1663.19.2 are at the disposal of Wakelin Welch Administrator the Attorney to Martha Washington formerly Custis Wife of the Hon.: Geo: Washington

Copy of record in books of the Bank of England relating to stock (£1650) owned by John Custis, bequeathed to Daniel Parke Custis and descended to Martha Custis (later wife of George Washington) and her children. By his marriage, Washington acquired one-third of this stock.

inform you how the interest of the bank stock is to be applied. As that fund was appropriated towards the payment of Miss Custis' fortune, I am informed that the stock ought to be transferred to her. You will please, therefore, to have it done accordingly, and whatever charges may arise, in so doing, place to her account. I hope Messrs. Hill & Co. will send the wine into this river, for I had rather have it in Madeira than at York."

The subject of the bank stock and Washington's relation to it, seems never to have excited any interest on the part of those who have written the story of his life and times.

In the summer of 1917 the writer of this article was in pursuit of a study of the business affairs of Washington. It occurred to him that these references to shares of stock in a bank could apply only to the Bank of England, and that if so, here lay the beginnings, perhaps, of a story of interest to the American and British public, at a moment filled with fraternal feeling.

England in 1917, was pretty deeply engaged in making history and the United States likewise. For several years we had been sending money, food, and munitions across the Atlantic and now were landing ships and men, to help ward off

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the white peril to democracy and civilization. Perhaps the play of "hands across the sea" made the time not unfavorable to rouse an interest in a long-forgotten business, the record of which must be found chiefly in the mother country.

At least it was worth while to take the chance and so this letter was sent to the Hon. Walter H. Page, ambassador of the United States, at London, with the kind assistance of the administration at Washington.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, August 27th, 1917.

DEAR SIR:

In preparing my book, "The Estate of George Washington, deceased," I discovered that the General, through his marriage with the widow of Daniel Parke Custis in 1759, became the owner of some shares in the Bank of England—concerning which some correspondence on his part is preserved here.

My purpose in writing to you is to ask your kind assistance in ascertaining from the Bank whether or not any records, documents, or letters to or from him, relating to the subject are preserved in its files and, if so, to obtain copies, photographic or otherwise, and such other information on the subject as the Bank may be able to give, with a view to my telling the story of his connection with the institution in some proper time and place.

. . . . . .

I appreciate, of course, that you and the Bank are both too busy to take up any merely speculative side issue of a curiosity hunting scribe, but as I wish to use the information only for historical purposes, I trust both you and the Bank will find this of sufficient importance to give it examination.

. . . . . .

In using the material, full credit to all concerned will follow as of course.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

EUGENE E. PRUSSING.

Hon. Walter Hines Page,
Ambassador of the U. S.
London, England.

In less than three months, despite the dreadful days of the autumn of 1917, on November 26, to be exact, the secretary of state transmitted to the writer a copy of the ambassador's despatch of November 2 (No. 7426), which acknowledged the receipt of my letter and covered the subject by enclosing the reply received from Lord Cunliffe, the governor of the Bank of England.

BANK OF ENGLAND

1st November, 1917.

SIR:

Referring to your letter of the 23rd ultimo, I have caused a search of the Bank records to be made in the matter of Mr. Prussing's enquiry, with the result that no account has been found in Bank Stock in the name of George Washington. The books have been searched from the year 1747 to 1798. There was however a sum of this stock standing in the year 1735, and subsequently, in the name of John Custis of the City of Williamsburgh, Virginia, of whom Daniel Parke Custis was registered as executor. Daniel Parke Custis died and Letters of Administration were granted in 1774 to Martha Washington, formerly Custis, wife of George Washington. In 1784 letters of administration with the Will annexed of the goods unadministered of the said John Custis were granted to Wakelin Welch, "the "lawful Attorney of Martha Washington, "wife of His Excellency the Honourable "George Washington the Relict and Ad-"ministratrix of the rest of the Goods of "Daniel Parke Custis dec$^{d.}$"

In connection with this account it is found that dividend instructions were given in November 1759, signed by George Washington and Martha Washington, and I enclose a photograph of this document and of the entry in the Bank Stock Register relating to the account, both of which may be of interest to Mr. Prussing in his investigations. [Pages 551 and 553.]

It will be seen that Martha Washington was registered on the account as Administratrix from 1778 to 1784, and it may be that the correspondence referred to in the enquiry relates to this holding, but the Bank cannot trace that the name of George Washington appears in con-

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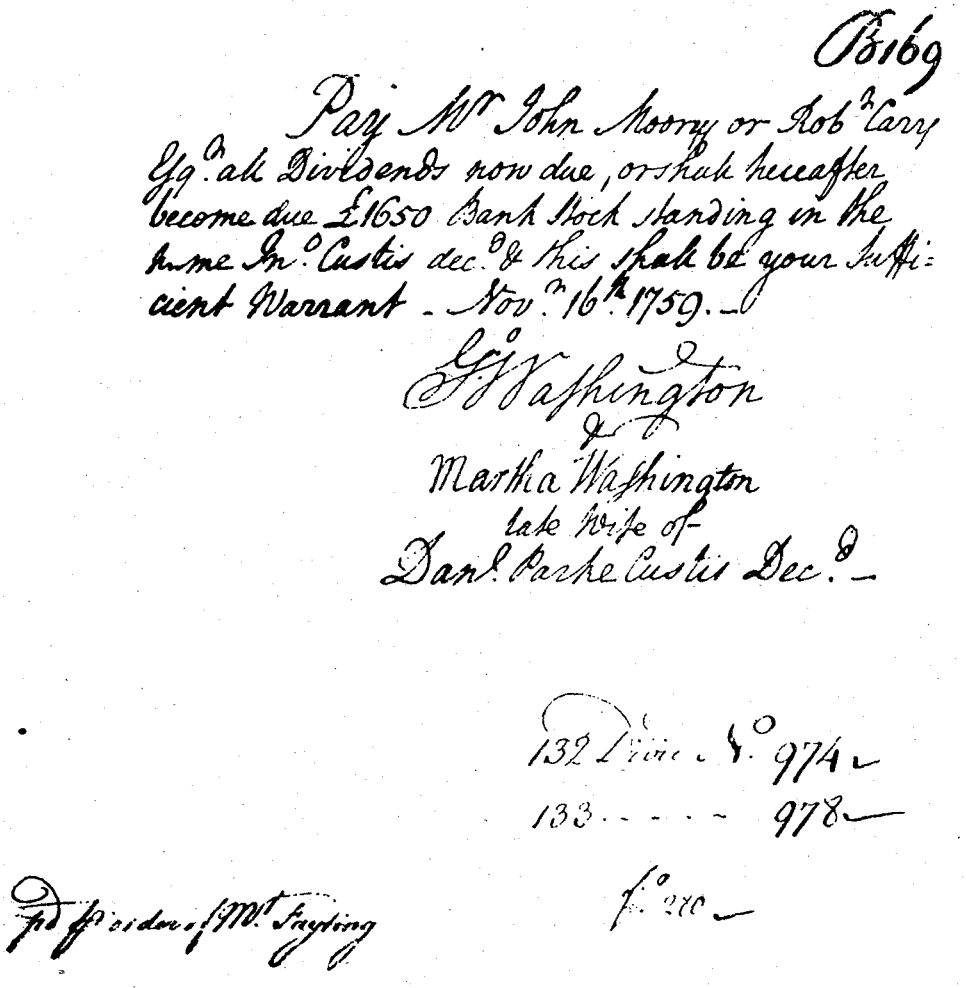

Original in possession of the Bank of England. Refers to shares of stock standing in the name of John Custis, of Virginia, father of Daniel Parke Custis, whose estate passed to his widow (Mrs. W.) and children. The shares were held until 1784 and then sold on Washington's order.

nection with any further documents or letters in their possession.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

CUNLIFFE.

S. L. Crosby, Esq.,
First Secretary,
Embassy of the United States of America.

The two documents enclosed in this letter are here reproduced.

The one above is all in the handwriting of Washington, except the signature of his wife and the clerk's notation at the bottom. It is the earliest document we now have evidencing the marriage of Washington. It is published for the first time.

The document on page 551 is a transcript from the bank's stock ledger and notes first the death of Colonel Custis and the grant of letters of administration upon his estate on July 16, 1774, in the Archbishop of Canterbury's Court—the Probate Court of England, called Doctors' Commons; and second, the grant of letters of administration in the same court on September 23, 1784, to Wakelin Welch, referred to in Lord Cunliffe's letter.

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The appended note in the ledger shows the extent of the holding:

£ 1650	
13. 19. 2.	Increas'd by Call of 8 prCt.
£ 1663. 19. 2.	are at the disposal of Wakelin Welch Administrator, the Attorney to Martha Washington formerly Custis wife of the Hon. Geo: Washington.

The record thus disclosed confirmed the belief that here lay a story, for it made vital the meaning of a letter written by Washington to Wakelin Welch at a later date.

Gratefully and in the assured hope of further Washington material, Lord Cunliffe was addressed on December 17, 1917, in part as follows:

"DEAR SIR:

"I am emboldened by my first success in this matter of great interest to the American public, to quote to you the old proverb of Roumanian origin, which says: 'Having done us one favor, you are under obligations to do us another.' I trust it needs no assurance on my part to make you feel that it will be gratefully received and that reciprocity will be my aim.

"When I opened this subject in my letter to Ambassador Page, I did not fully state what I hoped to find, as that letter was intended chiefly to be one of preliminary discovery. The case is this:

"We have at hand a letter from Washington to Robert Cary, his wife's agent in London, dated May 1, 1759, the first after his marriage in the preceding January, in which he opens up the subject of his interest in his wife's affairs and those of her two children. I append a copy of this letter. (A)

"In the opening paragraph of that letter, with which only we are now concerned, *he refers to the enclosure of his marriage certificate and a decree of the General Court at Richmond, Virginia*, in substantiation of his rights.

"It is my hope that both these documents, and perhaps others, have been preserved and are in the Bank's possession, as evidence to support the dividend order, because, curiously enough, *there is no record now existing here of this marriage*, and even the date and place are merely matters of tradition. The date is reasonably certain because of a casual remark said to have been made by General Washington on January 6, 1790 that it was his wedding anniversary. The parish records and the Court records were destroyed, the former, probably, during the Revolution, the latter, certainly, during the Rebellion of 1861–'65. Permit me to state the history of the shares in the Bank briefly.

"They were originally owned by John Custis of Virginia and London, who devised them to his son Daniel Parke Custis upon whose death, in 1757, they passed to his wife and minor children, Martha Custis, John Custis and 'Patsy' Custis. Mrs. Custis was appointed Administratrix to her husband's Estate and while such, in January 1759, married George Washington.

"General Washington thus became entitled to his wife's share and as Guardian of her children, was in control of their portions. This was confirmed by the decree above referred to, in the General Court at Richmond."

Then followed quotations from the letters to Robert Cary given in this article, and the letter continued detailing the history of the Custis estate interest in the bank stock until Washington became sole owner, and concluded with a request for further information, through the bank's solicitors, concerning bank or court records on the subject, and this apology:

"I know this is 'a large order,' especially when times are not favorable for inquiries of this character, but it seems a matter of duty to exhaust the subject now so favorably begun, despite the concluding lines of your letter to Ambassador Page, dated November 1, 1917, wherein you say 'the Bank cannot trace that the name of George Washington appears in connection with any documents or letters in their possession.'"

About a month later I received "passed by the censor," in a plain tissue-paper envelope, a letter from the then deputy-governor of the Bank of England, Sir Brien Cokayne (now the successor of Lord Cunliffe, as governor). The letter covered three long legal-cap pages on plain paper, no printing, engraving, or other ex-

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pense being indulged in during the war time. It follows:

BANK OF ENGLAND E. C. 2

8th January, 1918.

EUGENE E. PRUSSING, ESQ.

Dear Sir,

In the Matter of General George Washington.

Referring to your letter of the 17th ultimo it is to be observed in the first place that the photographic copy sent in my previous letter was that of a dividend instruction—not a dividend warrant—and did not require endorsement or corroboration.

The Bank are not in possession of the marriage certificate to which you refer (nor would they have required that it should be produced) or the Decree of the General Court at Richmond, Virginia.

Enquiry has now been made of the Principal Probate Registry in London with the result that among the records of Doctors Commons which passed to the keeping of the Registry after the Probate Act of 1857 there is found an exemplification (i. e. a certified copy) of the Will of John Custis dated 14th November 1749, the original of which is presumably with the Virginia State records. The Will was proved "At a Court held for James City County, April 9th, 1750." The Grant was signed by Lewis Burwell, President of His Majesty's Council and Commander in Chief of this Colony and Dominion (i. e. Virginia), and bears the Seal of the Colony. The Residuary Legatee is Daniel Parke Custis.

The Principal Probate Registry has also in its possession two Bonds given with regard to the Grants of Administration of the Estate of Daniel Parke Custis, (1) to the Attorney of Martha Custis, and (2) to Martha Washington, and these documents may be of interest to you. The Preamble to the 1st Bond contains the following:

That the said Daniel Parke Custis in his Lifetime and at the time of his death was and stood interested of and in certain shares or dividends in the Capital Stock of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, and being so thereof interested departed this Life Intestate and Administration had been committed to Martha Custis—and whereas it was lastly alleged that the dividends already due and that may hereafter become due &c. (on the Bank Stock) cannot be received in virtue of the Letter of Attorney (Martha Custis to John Moorey) and can only be received by virtue of and under Letters of Administration of and under the Seal of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury and that Martha Custis resides in Virginia and whereas the said Surrogate, &c, &c. did decree Letters of Administration of the Goods Chattels and Credits of the said Daniel Parke Custis, deceased, so far as concerns and to the effect of receiving all dividends already due &c. but no further or otherwise—to be committed to the said John Moorey.

(Signed) JOHN MOOREY
(Attorney to Martha Custis, Wo.)
ROBERT CROKER and
THOMAS CLARKE.
(All Merchants in London)

The 2nd Bond is signed by George Washington, Peyton Randolph and Ro. C. Nicholas, and is dated 31st May, 1774.

The preamble recites (inter alia):

And whereas it was further alleged that the said Daniel Parke Custis died and left certain other Goods Chattels and Credits in England which as well as the aforesaid Stock Share and Interest (&c. Bank Stock) standing in his the deceased's name cannot be received under and by virtue of the limited Administration so granted to the said John Moorey &c., &c. and whereas the said Surrogate did decree Letters of Administration of all and singular the Goods Chattels and Credits of the said Daniel Parke Custis (save and except only so far as concerns all dividends &c. and which have been received by the said John Moorey) to be committed and granted to the said Martha Washington Wife of George Washington—Justice so requiring &c., &c.

The document then proceeds as follows:

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS that WE GEORGE WASHINGTON of the County of Fairfax, PEYTON RANDOLPH and ROBERT CARTER NICHOLAS of the City of Williamsburgh in the Colony of Virginia, Esquires, are become bound unto the Most Reverend Father in God—by providence Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan, in the sum of £4,000 of good and lawful money of Great Britain.

It is sealed and delivered "in the presence of me, Governor of Virginia,"

(Signed) DUNMORE.

There is also extant a Bond given by Wakelin Welch, Hugh Innes, and John Stabler dated 16th September, 1784, in connection with the Grant of Administration of the estate of John Custis with Will annexed of the goods unadministered by Daniel Parke Custis. This Grant is referred to in the copy of the Bank Stock Register which you have.

The particulars of the holding of Bank

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Stock as shown by the ledger here are as follows:

A sum of £1,500 stood in the year 1735 in the name of John Custis. In 1746 a sum of £150 was added to the account in consequence of a Call of 10% on the Bank Stock Proprietors and in 1782 a sum of £132 through a Call of 8%. In 1782 a sum of £118:–10 was sold from account by the Bank in order to satisfy the Call, in pursuance of the Power given them by an Act of the third year of King George I, to sell Stock belonging to holders who failed to respond to the Call.

In November 1784 the account was closed by transfer of £1,663: 19: 2 to Wakelin Welch of Maryland Point, Essex. The death of John Custis had previously been proved and Daniel Parke Custis was registered as sole Executor; Administration of the Estate of the latter had been granted in July 1774 to Martha Washington and in September 1784 Letters of Administration with Will annexed of the goods unadministered of John Custis were granted to Wakelin Welch, the lawful Attorney of Martha Washington formerly Custis.

The subsequent history of this Stock is as follows:

A sum of £1,163: 19: 2 was transferred by Wakelin Welch in December 1784 to J. L. Lamotte, Jnr., of Devonshire Street, and in November 1786 the account was closed by the sale of £500.

In conclusion I may say that the Bank, after careful search, have not discovered any further documents in connection with the Stock, nor has the Probate Registry been able to produce in response to the Bank's application any further papers or entries in the records, likely to be of interest, bearing upon the subject of your enquiry.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
BRIEN COKAYNE.
Dep. Gov.

An appreciative letter of thanks in reply closed the correspondence.

Application to the principal registry in London at Somerset House promptly resulted in the following certified copies:

1. The last will and testament of John Custis deceased on file there in form of an exemplified copy from the court in Virginia in which it was probated, duly certified by the Colonial Governor, devising his estate to his son Daniel Parke Custis.

2. The order of November 17, 1753 showing that Daniel Parke Custis proved the will of his father by his own oath and was granted administration thereof as son and sole executor by letters "in and by Thomas, by Divine Providence Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan, to our well beloved in Christ" at London.

3. The order of said Archbishop in June 1758 granting to John Moorey letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Parke Custis, deceased, as the lawful attorney of Martha Custis, his widow.

4. The bond of John Moorey, with Robert Croker and Thomas Clarke, merchants of London, as sureties, in the penal sum of four hundred pounds.

5. The order of July 1774 under "Frederick by divine Providence Archbishop" etc. which extended to "Martha Washington, (wife of George Washington, Esquire), formerly Custis, greeting;" and granted to her letters of administration on the unsettled estate of her late husband Daniel Parke Custis.

6. The bond of George Washington, as principal, and Peyton Randolph, and R. C. Nicholas as sureties under date of May 31, 1774, signed in the presence in the Governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore, in the penal sum of four thousand pounds, unto Frederick, Archbiship etc. "to be paid to the said most Reverend Father in God or his certain attorney, in case the said Martha Washington shall fail of her said duty."

7. The order dated September 23, 1784 granting administration to Wakelin Welch, which is referred to above and noted in the bank's record reproduced here.

8. The bond of Wakelin Welch accordingly, with Hugh Innes and John Stabler as sureties in the sum of four thousand pounds sterling.

Between the records noted under six and seven the Revolution intervened. Its effect may be noted in the language of the court in number seven, which no longer speaks of "George Washington, Esquire," but refers to him as "His Excellency General George Washington."

With the records thus before me it was not difficult to piece out the letters of Washington saved to us in his letter-books, and the story now tells itself thus.

At Colonel Daniel Parke Custis's death the shares for one thousand six hundred and fifty pounds sterling in the stock of the Bank of England standing in the name of his father, John Custis, passed to Mrs. Martha Custis as her late husband's administratrix and she in turn passed them on to George Washington when she married him on January 6, 1759, and he succeeded her in office as administrator.

He so held the stock until the division of the Daniel Parke Custis estate in 1762, when the entire number of shares was set apart to "Miss Patcy Custis," as her name appears on Washington's ledger of

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the time. At her death in 1773 one-half of the shares fell to her mother and, according to law, became the property of Washington; the other half became the property of her brother, John Parke Custis. Washington arranged to have the stock sold when the boy should arrive at age in 1774. To this end legal proceedings were begun in London in the court of the Archbishop of Canterbury, letters of administration were granted to Mrs. Washington and General Washington with Peyton Randolph, the first president of the Continental Congress, and Robert Carter Nicholas, the famous lawyer, who was attorney for the Custis estate, signed her bond as sureties.

The Revolution interrupted these proceedings, and until 1784 the matter remained in abeyance in England, except that an eight-per-cent increase of its capital stock was voted and called for by the Bank of England during the war to enable Great Britain better to carry on its struggle with the colonies and with France, Spain, and Holland, "their allied and associated nations."

Under an act of Parliament the payment of the assessment for the increase upon the stock of those who by reason of absence or otherwise were unable to meet it was enforced. Washington's share of one hundred and thirty-two pounds, being eight per cent of his holdings, was sold under this act at a premium. From the proceeds his assessment was paid and he was given credit for the excess realized, to wit: thirteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and two pence as the bank's memorandum shows.

When the war was over, peace finally declared, and the independence of the colonies assured, Washington resigned his commission as commander-in-chief, resumed his favorite occupation as farmer and again undertook his duties, obligations, and interests as a captain of industry.

Immediately after January 1, 1784, his papers were securely housed at Mount Vernon, and two secretaries were employed and instructed to put them in order and transcribe them into books. The house is still used for office purposes, and the assistant superintendent on the estate at Mount Vernon and his family are lodged in it, as were the youthful secretaries of that time.

Then a crop was planted and harvested, and as soon as it was secured on September 1, 1784, Washington mounted his horse and started out on his next adventure, the building of the Potomac Canal, which resulted so directly within five years in the creation of the government of the United States under the Constitution. But before we enter upon that story let us see how he closed the chapter relating to the Bank of England stock.

In one of his letters to his manager in 1775 from Cambridge, he wrote that he intended in his settlement with "Jack" Custis to take over the boy's share of the bank stock and give him well-secured bonds and mortgages for the value of it. And he so directed Lund Washington to state the account with the lad who came into his estate while his guardian was investing Boston. He asked his friend and neighbor, George Mason of Virginia, to audit and settle the account with his ward.

This arrangement put upon Washington the loss of the stock which might result from his participation in the Revolution and saved the boy from that danger. It being impossible to carry out the sale of the stock in England for which proceedings had been begun, Washington promptly took upon himself what he supposed would be the consequence when he "pledged his estate, his life, and his sacred honor" to the cause of the colonies.

But it turned out otherwise. Perhaps because he was not an *alien* enemy, only a rebel, his case was postponed until the rebellion should be crushed. He happened also, to owe his London agents, Robert Cary & Company, to whom Wakelin Welch seems to have succeeded during or just after the Revolutionary War, about fourteen hundred pounds sterling for advances made to him with which to buy lands in the West. Perhaps they held the bank stock or a lien on it during the war. They certainly collected the dividends on it regularly, and credited these to his account while charging against it the interest on his debt.

They made no effort to force the sale of the stock or to embarrass him about the principal of their claim. They were

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importers from and exporters to the colonies, and sympathized heartily with the colonists. Their correspondence shows that they were great admirers of Washington, and it was promptly resumed at the close of the war. After an exchange of courtesies and accounts, Washington wrote this letter to Wakelin Welch:

SIR, MOUNT VERNON, July, 1786

I have received the paper-hangings and watch by Captain Andrews. With the last Mrs. Washington is well pleased, and I thank you in her name for your attention to the making of it.

If the stocks keep up, and there is not a moral certainty of their rising higher in a short time, it is my wish and desire, that my interest in the Bank may be immediately sold, and the money arising therefrom made subject to my drafts in your hands, some of which, at sixty days' sight, may soon follow this letter.

The footing on which you have placed the interest of my debt to you is all I require. To stand on equal ground with others, who owe money to the merchants in England, and who were not so prompt in their payment of the principal as I have been, is all I aim at. Whatever the two countries may finally decide with respect to interest, or whatever general agreement or compromise may be come to between British creditors and American debtors, I am willing to abide by: nor should I again have touched upon this subject in this letter, had you not introduced a case, which, in my opinion, has no similitude with the point in question. You say I have received interest at the Bank for the money which was there. Granted: but, besides remarking that only part of this money was mine, permit me to ask if Great Britain was not enabled, by means of the Bank, to continue the war with this country? Whether this war did not deprive us of the means of paying our debts? And whether the interest I received from this source did or could bear any proportion to the losses sustained by having my grain, my tobacco, and every article of produce rendered unsalable and left to perish on my hands? However, I again repeat, that I ask no discrimination of you in my favor; for, had there been no stipulation by treaty to secure debts, nay more, had there even been an exemption by the legislative authority or practice of this country against it, I would, from a conviction of the propriety and justice of the measure, have discharged my original debt to you.

But from the moment our ports were shut, and our markets were stopped by the hostile fleets and armies of Great Britain, till the first were opened and the others revived, I should, for the reasons I have (though very cursorily) assigned, have thought the interest during that epoch stood upon a very different footing.

I am, Sir, etc.

G°. WASHINGTON.

Mr. Welch sold enough of the stock, one thousand one hundred and sixty-three pounds nineteen shillings and two pence, at the price of one hundred and forty-three per cent of par to pay Washington's debt to him with interest. Later he sold for Washington's account the remaining five hundred pounds at a good figure and accounted for both the transactions as appears by Washington's ledger. This ended Washington's experience with the Bank of England.

It probably proved of great importance to him and to the United States. He subsequently invested his granddaughter's dowry in stock of the Bank of Alexandria. He became a stockholder himself in that bank, and in the Bank of Columbia at Georgetown when the District of Columbia was established. He directed in his last will and testament, that the proceeds of his entire estate, in so far as it should be sold by his executors during the lifetime of Mrs. Washington, should be invested for her benefit in good bank stocks.

His experience in the Revolution with paper money and public credit depreciated to the lowest point, his inability to borrow or collect when he began to restore his dilapidated estates and buildings from 1784 to 1789, when he was slave and land poor, had told him the value of banking establishments.

Everything he had was run down, his tenants could not or would not pay without suit and he forbore to sue. Those

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who owed him on bond and mortgage delayed him by stay laws or paid him a shilling in the pound in the depreciated paper currency which then flooded the country. He paid his debts, which were not small, at twenty shillings in the pound in good money and with interest, promptly and with honorable pride, here and in England. To do so he had to sell his best farm to Lund Washington and his best investment, his Bank of England stock as we have seen.

He was applied to, as in former times, for loans by friends and kindred. He frankly replied that not only could he not loan them money but he would be glad if they could tell him where he could borrow even a few hundred pounds on the amplest security.

One good crop usually followed by two poor ones was about the average result of his farming and his tenants fared likewise while the three to four hundred slaves which he was trusted with must be fed, clothed, and sheltered, and taxes must be paid. His house was "like a well resorted tavern," he said, and entertaining the world was costly.

Politically the country seemed to be going from bad to worse. The Continental Congress under the Articles of Confederation was impotent, while the several States in their imagined independence and sovereignty were unwilling to apply the necessary remedy, namely a grant to it of sufficient powers of taxation and regulation. Soon the critical period in the affairs of the nation arrived and prudent, far-seeing men felt that the choice lay only between a stronger central government and immediate anarchy. The struggle lasted nearly six years. Finally the Constitution was achieved and Washington became President of the United States of America.

Facing an empty treasury, with a worthless currency, a total lack of national credit, a war debt of $75,000,000, and with no financial machinery whatever, Washington offered the position of secretary of the treasury to Alexander Hamilton.

For ten years this young lawyer of thirty-two had been ardently studying political economy and writing and working on the finances of the nation. He had urged the organization of a national bank upon the Continental Congress and its superintendent of finance, Robert Morris, but without success. He had persuaded his friends in New York to establish a bank under his guidance, which flourished and still exists in honor.

The new Congress of the United States soon received his proposals and financial plans with renewed urgings, and now they met with sufficient favor despite some opposition. The happy trade with Thomas Jefferson passed the assumption bill to fund the war debts in return for fixing the Capital on the Potomac. The national bank which Hamilton proposed Congress should incorporate met with more vigorous contention. The narrow constructionists from the rural communities, especially Madison, Jefferson, Randolph, and Monroe, from Virginia, feared the money powers of the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Baltimore. They were of opinion that such a bank was unwise and that such a law would be unconstitutional. There was no specific grant of power in the Constitution to create corporations for any governmental purpose or otherwise.

But the bill passed and Washington had it before him for signature or veto.

He asked the opinions of his Attorney-General Randolph and his Secretary of State Jefferson, in writing. He consulted Madison. They vigorously declared against the policy of a bank and the constitutionality of the law. Washington's judgment that the bill should receive his signature was gravely shaken. To have his attorney-general, his secretary of state, and the leaders of his party in his State unanimously advise him that a national bank was not only unconstitutional but undesirable and dangerous was "a facer" for a mere farmer or even a captain of industry.

With but five days more in which to come to a conclusion, he sent the written opinions to the secretary of the treasury, and requested his reply at an early hour.

Hamilton was delayed by official duties, but on the fourth day he gave Washington his famous and epoch-making opinion on the constitutionality and necessity of a national bank which covers over one hundred pages of his printed

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works, and expounds the doctrine of implied and inherent powers under the Constitution.

Washington carefully considered it and then laid aside the petty fears and fallacies of his Virginia friends. None of them, probably, ever had had a bank-account or known the use of bank credit. He recalled the regularity with which his dividends had been paid to him for twenty-five years on Lady-day and Michaelmas. He probably also remembered his question to Wakelin Welch four years before: "If Great Britain was not enabled by means of the bank to carry on the war with this country?" He signed the bill.

That act created the division into the two political parties under which for one hundred and thirty years and more this nation has contended for the control of its government.

If Washington had been as ignorant as Jefferson of the value of banking institutions, or had taken his narrow view of governmental powers, which admitted the grant of them but denied their exercise by non-enumerated methods, this government would have become forever a spineless jellyfish like China, as it was largely from 1801 to 1824, or speedily have gone upon the rocks. A captain of industry laid its foundations broad and deep and strong in common sense based on experience, so that it could function despite mere theorists at the helm in later days.

THE BOOK OF STONES AND LILIES

By Amy Lowell

I READ a book
With a golden name,
Written in blood
On a leaf of flame.

And the words of the book
Were clothed in white,
With tiger colors
Making them bright.

The sweet words sang
Like an angel choir,
And their purple wings
Beat the air to fire.

Then I rose on my bed,
And attended my ear,
And the words sang carefully
So I could hear.

The dark night opened
Like a silver bell,
And I heard what it was
The words must tell:
"Heaven is good.
Evil is Hell."

The night shut up
Like a silver bell.
But the words still sang,
And I listened well.

I heard the tree-winds
Crouch and roar,
I saw green waves
On a stony shore.

I saw blue wings
In a beat of fire.
My hands clutched the feathers
Of all desire.

I cried for hammers,
For a hand of brass,
But my soul was hot
As melted glass.

Then the bright, bright words,
All clothed in white,
Stood in the circle of the silver night.
And sang:
"Energy is Eternal Delight.
Energy is the only life."

And my sinews were like bands of brass,
And the glass of my soul hardened and shone
With all fires, and I sought the ripeness of sacrifice
Across the dew and the gold of a young day.

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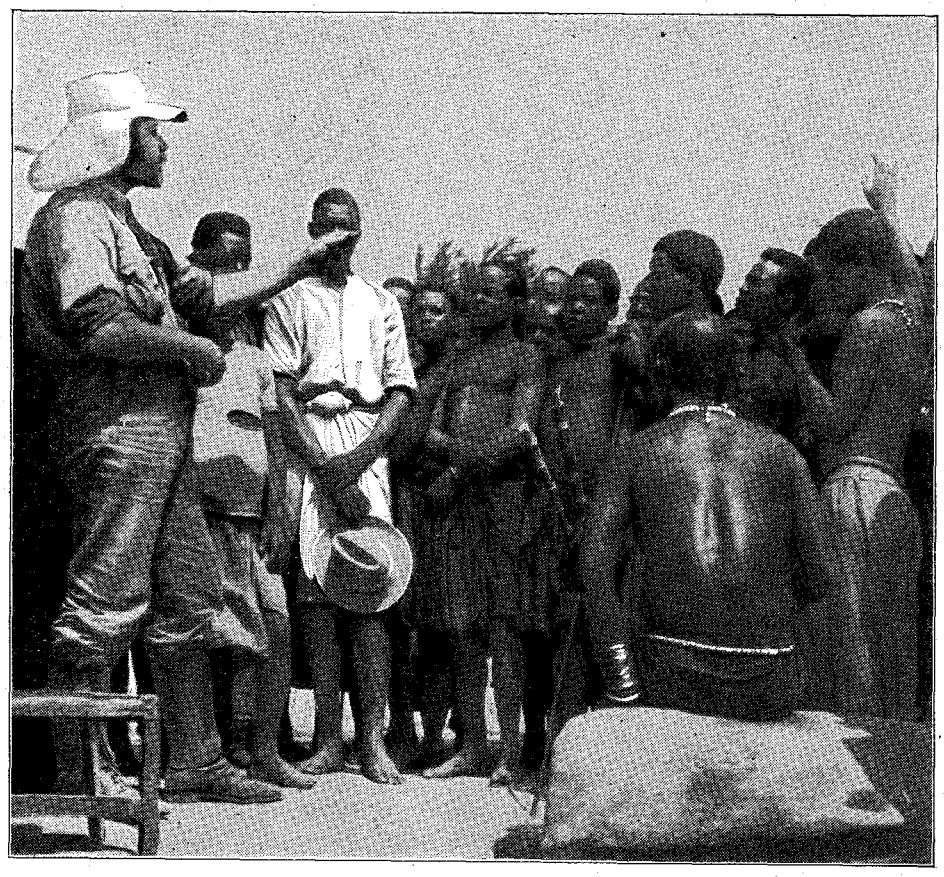

Mr. Springer asking directions to the next village.

AMONG THE LUBA CANNIBALS

[BELGIAN CONGO]

By Helen E. Springer

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"NO white woman has ever yet ventured into the cannibal country north of Bukama in the Congo Belgique, and certainly none should until the Cape to Cairo railroad is completed through it."

The little Belgian government official who thus argued with me had history on his side at least. In fact, few white men had yet penetrated the territory of the Luba and Luunda tribes, only recently opened by government order. Hitherto it had been closed to all save the military because of the rampant cannibalism prevailing there. In the hurry and bustle of preparing for our trek into the jungle, I had had no time to look at the situation from the outside. Now, as I stood on the tiny pier at Bukama beside a pile of luggage made into proper packs for our carriers to bear on their shoulders, with our two bicycles leaning against the heap, I had time to hear comments. They were

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forthcoming with typical European volubility. The official in charge at Bukama, the northern extremity of the Cape to Cairo railroad, is a little wizened man, pallid under his tan from successive sieges of fever and quinine. True to his type, he is a polite, nervous little busybody. He began his argument with exclamations of astonishment, quickly plunged into warnings, and ended with gloomy predictions of my fate in the wilderness, gesticulating the while in his most convincing manner. I divided my attention between his harangue and deciding whether I had packed up enough medicine for so many carriers.

The matter of precedent, or lack thereof, does not, I fancy, have as much weight with the American as with the European, even when they are pioneering together. My friend the Belgian official thinks so, at any rate. The fact that the country to the north was as yet unvisited by any woman of my race made the trip through it all the more interesting in prospect. I laughed at the little man's earnestness. He made me feel quite heroic, when as a matter of fact there was no backing out. My husband, as superintendent of the Congo mission field for the Methodist Church, had to go through that country to decide where to station the new missionaries soon to arrive, and to provide for their reception. Would I let him go alone? Not now when we had already trekked ten thousand miles together through the African bush, in places almost as hostile as the Luba country. The reason this section of the continent has resisted the white man's penetration so long may be seen by a glance at a map of the Congo Belgique. It is fortified against easy approach by a network of shallow lakes and papyrus swamps, interlaced with innumerable small streams—tributaries of the Upper Congo or Lualaba River. Here only a few traders hold forth for European companies, and scattered *Agents Territorials* keep up a semblance of enforcing the colonial law.

It was therefore with a zest which all the gibberings of the little Belgian at Bukama could not destroy, that my husband and I looked forward to this journey. Africa had begun to lose its primitive charm which held us there for nearly twenty years. My husband often complained of "too much civilization." Poor man, he was born for the long trek, and he was as joyous as a schoolboy as we started out upon this one. At one time we had turned our backs on the Indian Ocean at Inhambane and ended our journey only when we looked out over the Atlantic at Benguela. And now we were to trace a thousand-mile circle in this new region to the north of Bukama.

In the brilliant sunshine of that African May morning, we bade farewell to the solicitous Belgian and went aboard the tiny side-wheel steamboat which was to take us down the Lualaba River to Kikondji on Lake Kisali. There were four white people aboard and a horde of blacks, including our thirty carriers and the native crew. The Norwegian skipper, another Belgian native commissioner, my husband, and I made up the first cabin, which as an institution of accommodation did not exist. Our stateroom for the night would be the top of the pilot-house. For this we were duly grateful, it being at least apart from and above the native rabble on deck. A barge carrying a company of native soldiers and their wives, bound for British East Africa, was hitched alongside our little vessel, and with many shouts and cries from the passengers and warning whistles from the engine-room, we cast off from Bukama and got under way. Lonely, desolate Bukama lay behind us, marked only by the huge storehouses of bright corrugated iron, and these quickly sank into the bleak horizon of the lowlands.

The rainy season that year had been unusually heavy and the river was everywhere overflowing its banks, inundating the country for miles. As we glided down-stream, native villages with only their thatched roofs visible above the water appeared in places. The naked inhabitants were living on crude rafts tied to the projecting peaks of the submerged huts. We could see them cooking, eating, and carrying on the routine of their daily lives as though the flood were a matter of course. Canoes in great numbers were tied to the edges of the rafts or swarmed about the waters which covered the village streets. On the stretches of

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Saul and Vita.

Bride and groom in the party returning to Luba village.

high land farther on we could make out thousands of antelope and water-buck crowded together upon these last havens of refuge from the engulfing waters which covered their range. Magnificent groves of palm-trees grew where the bank was higher. In these stood ruined native villages, with not a sign of human life anywhere. Only a few years before these groves had teemed with happy-go-lucky natives, living on the bounty of nature. Then the sleeping sickness came and wiped out every living thing. As we searched the deep vistas with our glasses we could make out here and there amidst the undergrowth the ruins of still more villages, mere piles of straw with the jungle fast engulfing them.

In the short tropical twilight our boat drew up beside a high bank topped by a great grove of palm and mahogany trees, and was moored for the night. The soldiers on the barge leapt upon the bank with glee and began gathering fire-wood for their camp-fires. We ate a cold supper on deck in the fading light, and repaired to the top of the pilot-house for the night. Darkness dropped out of the clear blue

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sky, and enveloped us before we had spread our bed-rolls on the flat roof and settled ourselves within them.

We were awakened next morning by the twittering song of myriad canaries in the tree-tops. The camp was already astir, and soon we were on our way again. Our boys cooked breakfast on the little deck stove, and we ate our mush and watched the banks move past. Toward noon one of our boys, a Luba negro

Kabongo and a number of his subchiefs.

named Saul, came to my husband. He had been with us for some years; now he was on his way back to his own country with his bride. He told us that we were soon to pass a point on the river which was nearest to his native village, and he wanted to land and make a short cut across the country. The Belgian commissioner, who happened to be with us at the moment, sternly forbade it. All along this part of the river lived fierce cannibal tribes which the government had not yet subdued, he declared, and Saul and Vita would never get through their territory alive. At Kikondji he would send them back with a guard.

That afternoon our little boat ran onto a bank of matted papyrus and stuck fast. All the yelling and pushing and hauling of the native crew, aided by the soldiers on the barge, could not free it from the clutch of the fibrous weed. We had to spend the night in this position, a papyrus swamp beside us, and no ground anywhere solid enough to bear human weight. The dun-colored tufted papyrus growth covered the landscape. The project of making paper out of papyrus is an ancient topic among white people in Africa. Rumors are always afloat about some enterprise which will make millions out of it, but nobody takes them seriously. But we did that night. We decided there was enough papyrus in that one spot to supply the world with paper for one hundred years, with a margin to double the daily comics besides. In the circumstances, we felt our estimates to be on the whole conservative.

A cold mist rose from the swamp, chilling the very marrow in our bones. The soldiers grumbled and huddled together below deck in their barge. Here the presence of so many living beings kept them fairly warm, but sent up a stench which rose on high by way of the pilot-house. It was intensely cold, and the next morn-

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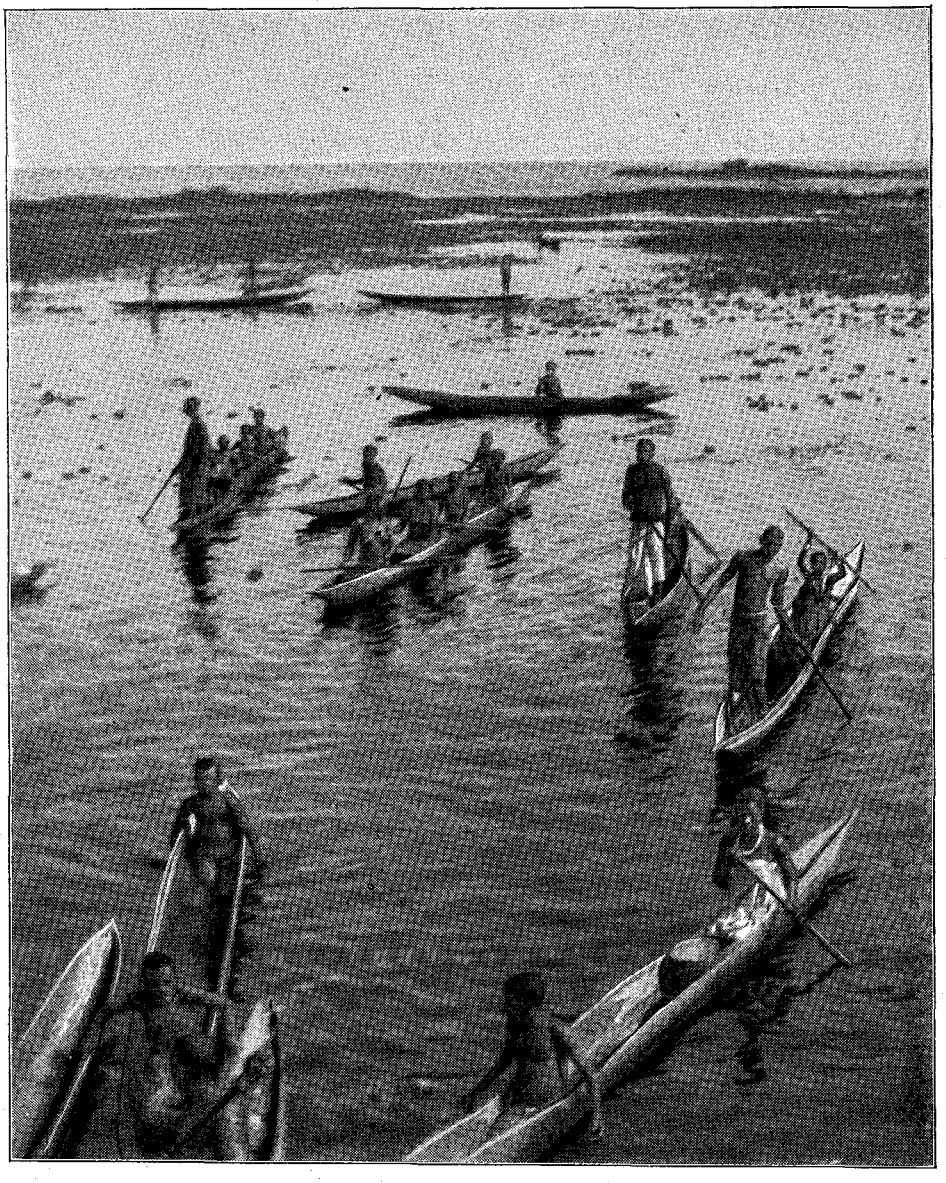

Kikondji, Lake Kisali.
Native venders approaching the boat in canoes with their wares.

ing when our boat was at last pried loose and on its way, we were heartily glad that Kikondji was not far off.

At length we emerged from the river through dense masses of papyrus and water-growths into the shallow Lake Kisali, almost choked with vegetation. As we neared Kikondji the growth became so thick and the water so shallow that we were forced to anchor a half-mile offshore. A swarm of canoes filled with natives came out to meet us. One canoe I remember had eight little naked pickaninnies standing up in it; they were excited over the arrival of the soldiers, and screamed all sorts of questions at them, which went unanswered save for the gleam of white teeth among the

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brown-clad men. We were bundled into a canoe, in which there was no room to sit down, and a native poled it toward the shore. Then we ran hopelessly aground, and our porters carried us pickaback to dry land.

The natives crowded around us by the hundreds, looking us over from head to foot. They became highly excited over the two bicycles which our boys brought ashore; and when my husband and I mounted them and set off up the hill toward the caravansary, they cheered and followed part of the way. Next day we bade farewell to Saul and Vita. The black bridegroom coolly piled a huge bundle of clothes on his wife's head. Then he lifted the household effects, consisting of a blanket, two grass mats, and a chair, on to his own shoulder, and the bride and groom were ready for their wedding journey. Even their escort, the native soldier, grinned when he saw them. Kikondji is noted for bananas and mosquitoes in a land where both of these commodities abound. The caravansary, a thatched roof supported by poles, under which to pitch a tent, afforded little protection save from sun and rain. As a shelter from mosquitoes its uses were nil. One of the three white men who live in Kikondji told us that he always went to bed before dark to avoid being devoured piecemeal. We invented a new way of surviving. We broke camp at the earliest possible moment and struck out on the trail. Kikondji is noted for one other thing. It has a wireless station. Here in the midst of the jungle country, a thousand miles from either coast, you may send a message to friends in New York or Cedarville, that is, provided you have the necessary cash. A lion ate the predecessor of the present operator.

The wilderness now lay before us. Without firearms of any kind, owing to the war laws, we were starting on a caravan trip of nine hundred miles. We had heard varied tales of native moods, and a few blood-curdling cannibal stories were

At the government post near Kabongo's town.
Mr. Vanderveld, Belgian official, Kabongo (in centre with his subchiefs), and Mr. Springer.

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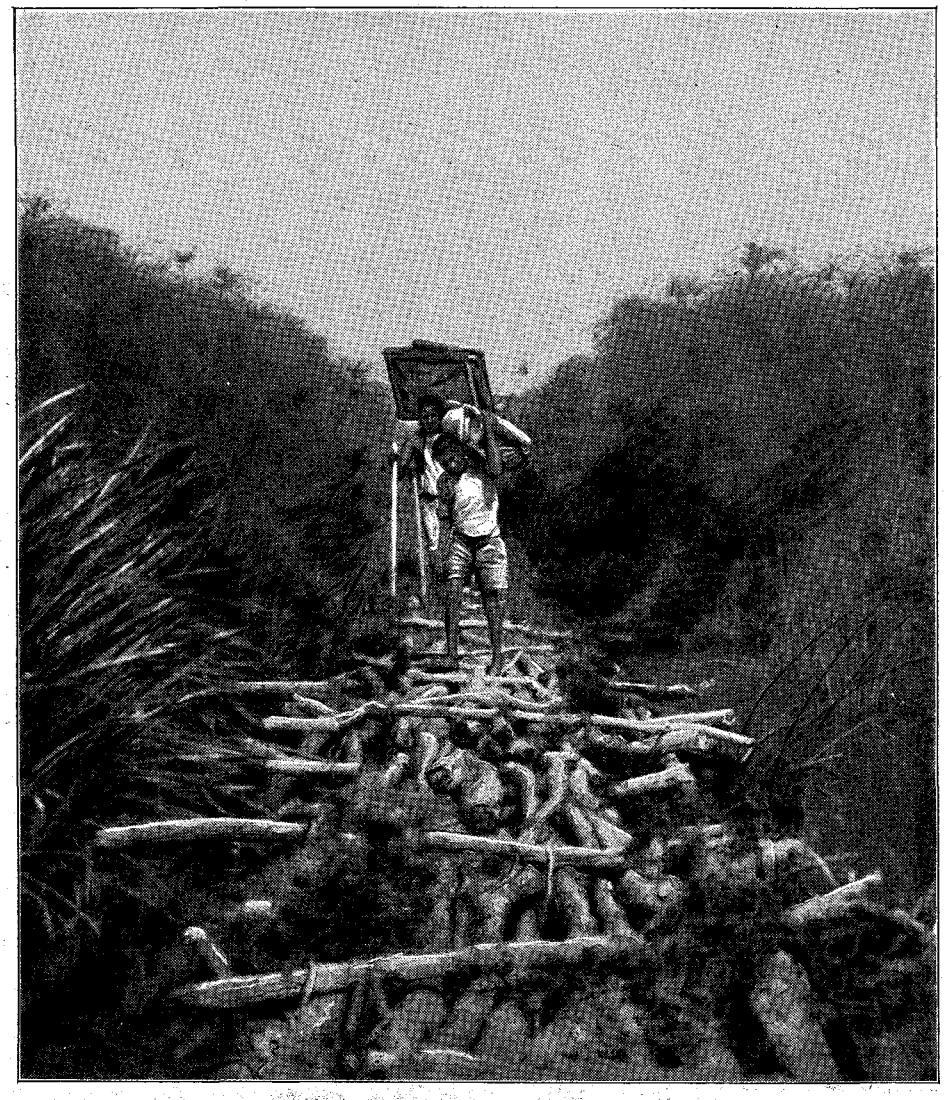

The Springer caravan crossing one of the many swamps on rickety bridges.
In many places the bridges were down altogether and wading was the only thing that could be done. Again one had to walk a single rail. In this part it was fairly good.

still considered to be very recent history. *Malungu*, the white man, it was well understood, was persona non grata along the entire route save with the paramount chiefs. The word *Malungu* originally meant God. The Luba people had a tradition that their Great Spirit was white, and that some day his representatives would appear, also white. When white men came, they were accepted as gods, benevolent and trustworthy—wherein were the natives sadly in error. They have learned their mistake. But the name for white man remains the same, as if the natives feel that the word has been rendered forever useless for its original meaning. The missionary, however, has come to be pretty generally known as the friend of the black man. We depended on this to carry us through.

From Kikondji our caravan went west-

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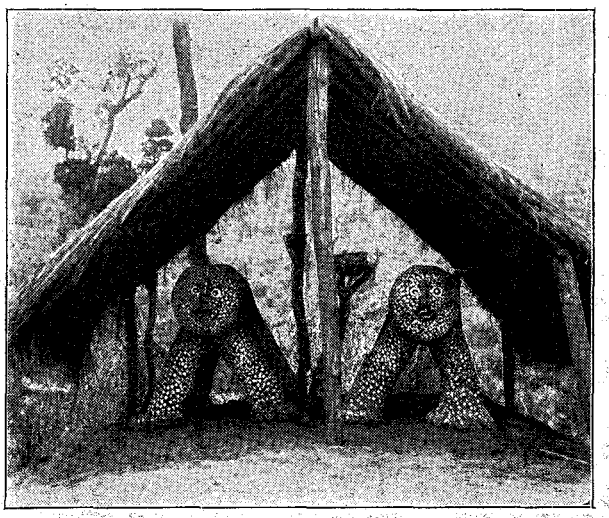

Mwata Yamvo's gods

ward through great forests and broad veldts. The paths we followed had been hacked through the dense undergrowth, and were often barely over a foot wide. At night we made camp at the caravansary beside some stockaded village, and bought casava meal from the natives. Many of these towns were supposed to be hostile to white men because of some rascality they had suffered. The inhabitants have a way of receiving the newcomer at the point of a gun, and denying him even the ordinary hospitality of the jungle. Nothing of this kind, however, occurred to us. My husband's manner of dealing with natives and his commanding black beard have smoothed many a rough place in our wanderings. There is no denying the fact that a thick, becoming beard gives a white man great prestige among African natives. The blacks have such pitifully scanty beards themselves that they heartily envy those more blessed.

Frequently across open spaces as we pedalled along ahead of our carriers, we could see herds of elephants browsing, like so many weather-beaten boulders on the landscape. But none of them sought to do us harm. Not so with our friend back in Bukama. When he passed through this very region a short time before, a herd gave him and his carriers a lively time of it. The big beasts charged down upon them from a distance, trumpeting madly. The men dropped their burdens and took to the bush, where they hid themselves before the elephants reached the spot. Seeing no human beings about, the elephants trampled the loads to atoms. The packs were mostly cases of liquor for the Belgian's own private use. Our friend related this story to us by way of warning to me, and awaited our commiseration for the loss of his rum. "But we haven't any liquor along with us," I told him. "And so we expect the elephants to behave better."

Mutombo Makulu's special god.

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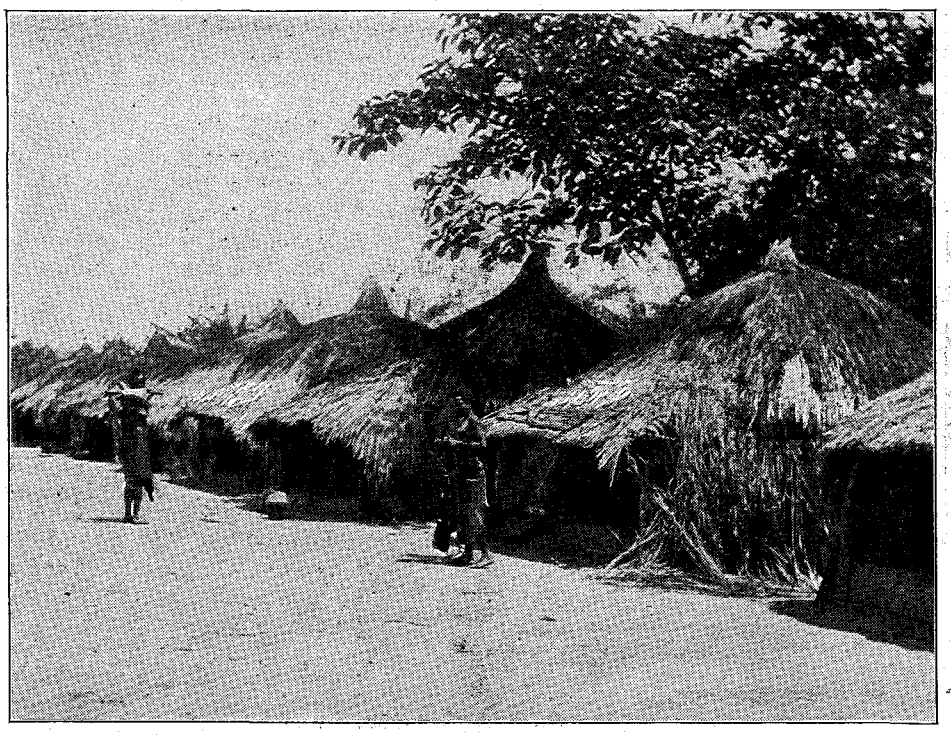

One street in Kabongo's town.
It is occupied entirely by Kabongo's wives. There are other streets used for the same purpose.

And they did. The trail was often blocked by uprooted trees and masses of vines, where they had crossed it, and in places the trail itself had been well-nigh obliterated. Otherwise the elephants we saw might have belonged to a circus. The spoor and tracks of lions and leopards, as well as of hoofed denizens of the jungle, told more plainly than words that these same narrow paths were used as frequently by wild beasts as by men, for whom they were made. These trails are kept open by the government, that is, as a rule they are cleared out every two or three years, but the jungle soon chokes them down to the merest footpaths.

We came upon one village shortly before reaching Kabongo, without a stockade, but, nevertheless, in a state of war. It was laid out on either side of the trail which formed its main street. As the head of our caravan emerged from the jungle, the natives raised a loud outcry and came running from all directions, shouting and waving their guns in a threatening manner. They were headed by a chief who wore an old slouch hat in addition to his loin-cloth, doubtless as a mark of rank. Our carriers stopped, and the villagers called out to know who they were. My husband and I hurried up to the head of the column. When they saw us their manner changed completely. The village folk, it seems, had been badly handled by Kabongo, who was their king, or paramount chief, and a veritable tyrant. He had formed the habit of swooping down upon their unprotected village and taking anything they had that he wanted, from chickens to wives. Old Chief Kimi—he of the slouch hat—and his people were determined to make the next visit of their king a memorable one in local history.

The next day we arrived at the government post, one mile outside the stockaded native town of old Kabongo himself. Here we were most cordially received by the Belgian agent. This poor fellow, a graduate of the University of

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Louvain and a gentleman born and bred, was thoroughly miserable in his lonely post. He had hardly finished his greeting before he began begging us to settle there at his post. He had ulterior motives in this, which he made no attempt to conceal. "My government has placed me out here to collect taxes," he said. "How can I? Until you missionaries civilize them a little, my task is hopeless. It's your job anyway," he concluded with a characteristically European gesture. My husband told him of the centenary fund and the Methodist mission programme for Africa, promising him a missionary a little later.

Mwata Yamvo, while paying a call on Mr. Springer.

Notice the Portuguese words on his loin-cloth. The natives are very fond of mottoes on their clothes. This, however, happens to be an advertisement.

"A hundred million dollars for church work?" he gasped. "Impossible! Ah! But you Americans do the impossible things, always."

Kabongo, the Luba king, returned from a visit somewhere—not to Chief Kimi—the following day and hastened up to greet us. He wore a motley array of civilized garments, including a skirt or petticoat of big-patterned, brilliant calico. His feet were bare and he wore a man's shirt and two old coats, the whole surmounted by a slouch hat in worse repair even than that of Kimi. It looked as if he had slept in it. "Moyo! Moyo!" (Welcome! Welcome!) he exclaimed as he came forward and shook hands with Mr. Springer. Being only a woman, I was not entitled to any attention, and received none from him. This gave me a good opportunity to look over his grace at leisure. He was a bleareyed, dissipated old villain, with a fawning manner that begets no trust in a white person, although it does get him a margin of value in an exchange of presents. The Belgian official told him he could have a missionary. The chief had heard of missionaries and wanted one. His desire for anything that comes free is a proverb in his country.

Kabongo became a close associate of my husband during the weeks spent in erecting the mission house, and we soon became familiar with his town, his harem, and his wardrobe. He lives by himself in four native huts, beautifully and, I must say, artistically decorated with woven weeds and grasses. They are covered with sweeping strands of jungle-grass, which reach from the peaks of the conical roofs to the ground. Behind his abode is a line of huts where live his two hundred wives. This harem is, in

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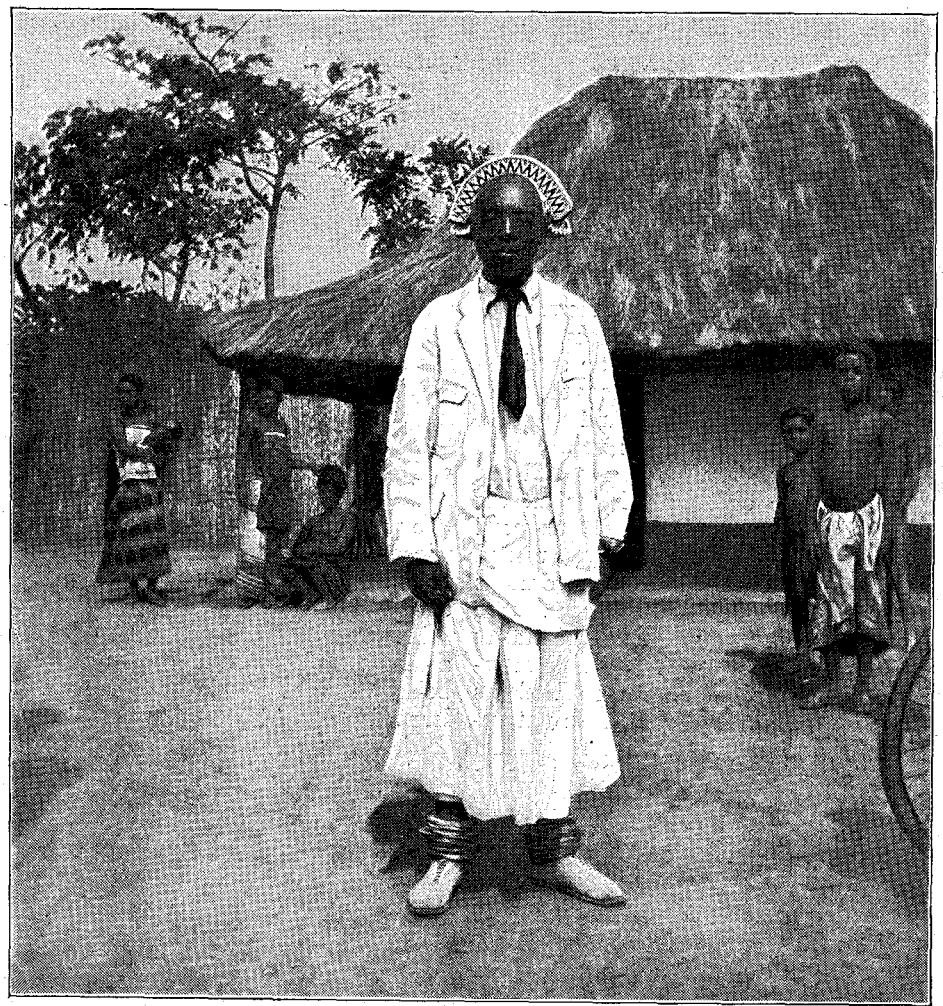

Mwata Yamvo in his harem compound.

reality, a masked slave-market, and quite a traffic is carried on in female slaves throughout the Congo despite government efforts to thwart it. Between the harem and the abode of its lord is a hole in the ground, beside which lies a life-size figure of a crocodile made of red clay. This hole is the king's bath. Kabongo sometimes gets into it and his servants throw buckets of water on him from all sides at once. I said sometimes. In reality it is more a legend than a custom of the chief, if external evidences count for anything. Certain it is that the hole was never wet during our stay of one month at his town or showed any signs of having been so recently when we arrived.

The wardrobe of Kabongo comprised several other brilliantly flowered or striped skirts, a pair of army shoes which gave him great pleasure and physical pain to wear, a waiter's white coat, and a pair or two of men's trousers badly patched in the seat. The slouch hat usually topped off any combination of the chief's attire, but it had one substitute. That was a chef's cap of white duck which perched upon Kabongo's bullet-shaped head like a pill-box. Powder, made of white clay, is a very important part of the political as well as social life

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in Kabongo's town and also at the capitals of other paramount chiefs. Powder over one's bare portions shows gratitude to the chief or guiltlessness of any mysterious crime committed in the neighborhood. Sometimes the complexion of the whole town changes overnight. Then, too, powder is good for headache, and it drives away evil spirits, and a variety of other things equally undesirable. Vanity bags are everywhere. To me the sight of those big, black, naked savages, partly powdered white, carrying little squirrel-tail vanity bags on their wrists is the most amusing thing in Africa. And to see a big cannibal reach into his vanity bag, get some powder on his fingers and pat it on his nose or cheeks, is for all the world like seeing a Broadway "flapper"!

Leaving Kabongo behind us, we turned westward and travelled by compass without guides for three weeks. We crossed a great many streams, tributaries of the Upper Congo, many of them infested with crocodiles. At such places the "monkey bridges," swinging structures built of vines by the natives, were a boon, although hard for our carriers to negotiate. At one small river, which we were crossing in this manner, a native appeared on the farther bank greatly excited. "Yanga! Yanga! Go away! Go away!" he shouted to us, motioning us back. But the bridge was strong, so we went on, and found that only a few minutes before a lion had carried off a native woman working in the field near the bridge. The rude hoe she was using lay as it had fallen from her hand, not ten minutes before. And there were the fresh tracks of the lion as he bore her off into the tall grasses of the veldt. As we looked mutely at the scene of the tragedy, Joni, our little *kapita*, an ex-soldier and hunter, and a negro steeped in the cruel philosophy of the jungle, laughed gaily. "There are many women, but few lions left," he remarked, showing his fine white teeth. "Why should not the women feed the lions?"

When we left the village of Mutombo Makulu, where we had made quite a stay, we asked its chief about the road north as far as Kapanga. Kapanga is a European rubber station. The chief argued that there was no trail, and my husband, having obtained reliable information elsewhere, insisted. After a long argument the chief admitted that there was and offered us a guide. We accepted gladly. The trail that guide led us over was the worst I have ever travelled. It wound through swamps and morasses and over ranges of rocky hills. After a four-day struggle we came within sight of the station, and our guide departed upon receiving the usual present for his services. When we reached the station we indignantly told the Belgian trader the trick played upon us. He laughed. "The old king probably saved your lives," he said. "There is a fine open trail between here and there, but one of its fords is perilous to attempt. Last month a caravan of two white men and fourteen carriers was wiped out by crocodiles. Not a man lived to tell the tale. The chief sent you by a circuitous route."

Resuming our march next day, we again had to travel by compass, no guides being available. At each village we learned the way to the next, and so proceeded by stages toward Musumba, the capital of the Luunda king, Mwata Yamvo. This particular section through which we were passing had been closed to white travellers for many years because of the rampant cannibalism of the natives. We had been unable to detect any signs of cannibalistic practice in the *umwatte* ruled by Kabongo or Mutombo Makulu, although trusted carriers still often disappeared overnight from caravans in these regions and feasts always took place with suspicious sequence in some village near by. Farther on to the north, where the strong arm of the white man's law has not yet reached, cannibalism is still in its palmy days, and slaves are fattened for the regular feasts of the year. Here the government has not yet allowed white men to penetrate. Even in the district through which we were now passing a Belgian trader had been attacked only a few months before. Shortly after leaving the village of a chief—Mpereta—who had received us with extreme cordiality, we came upon a relic of the recent history of the chief and his village. It was a phallic emblem post decorated with the bleached skulls of small children. It had escaped the notice of government troops who have

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Ladies of Luunda.

A group of Luunda lassies who were very keen to have their photos taken, but much disgusted that they were snapped before they had posed to their satisfaction.

orders to destroy them. At several villages we found the old sort of Bachokwe natives still avowedly hostile to all white people, who had given up open cannibalism only when they had to. The people and their chiefs refused to have anything to do with us, although they did not open hostilities. On such occasions we quickly changed our plans as to setting up camp for the night. The trail ahead seemed strangely attractive just then, even to our tired carriers.

On one such occasion while we were in the Bachokwe territory, we had to camp where no caravan had ever stopped before. My husband and I left the caravan to sleep beside a stream and went on looking for a place to pitch our tent. We came out on the open veldt, and my husband cleared a small space in the jungle-grass. Here it grew eight feet high, so we could not build our usual fires for fear of burning ourselves up in a general conflagration. It was a reckless thing to do, to camp in such a position. Back in Chilango in April a young engineer had done this, and turned up missing. They found the tracks of the lion next morning. But to-night we were dead tired, and willing to risk anything for a little rest. I had barely fallen asleep when I was awakened by the stealthy swishing of the giant grass-blades outside. Something was coming toward our tent. I woke my

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husband. We both listened as the stealthy movement came nearer and nearer. We had only a hoe with which to defend ourselves, and I vividly remembered the grim occasion of Joni's laughter a few days before. The folly of camping without fire became tragically apparent. Several times on the trip lions had stalked about our camp at night while we slept, leaving tracks within six or eight feet of our tent. But then we were secure behind our camp-fires. The sound outside drew nearer, and the shadow of some large animal, either a leopard or a lioness, ears acock, was thrown on the sloping tent side by the rising moon. We got to our feet and my husband grasped the hoe. The animal moved cautiously around the tent, and a nose was thrust between the tent-flaps with a loud sniff. My husband threw the hoe at the door and shouted madly. The animal bounded away through the grass. With a sigh of relief we again lay down, but not to sleep. That was too much to expect. Then we heard the animal coming again as before, if anything more cautiously. Again we rose in dread and again my husband scared it away, only to have it return when we had grown drowsy. These repeated alarms were hard on the nerves and we only got a few cat-naps in relays through the night. Dawn came at last, and my husband, armed with the hoe, ventured forth. I stood inside with the tin wash-basin as reinforcement. Soon I heard him laugh loudly. "Yo ho!" he yelled. "Come out and meet our lion!" I ran out. My husband was stooping over playing with a little half-starved, sharp-eared dog which was cavorting weakly about him in its joy at finding a human being. His shadow extended by the slant of the tent side had made him seem at least the size of a large leopard. We gave him something to eat and he followed us to the next village, where we found a master for him.

As we neared Musumba, we left the tsetse-fly belt behind, and cattle were to be seen at the villages we passed. A half-mile from the capital, as we crossed the last stream, a young native, clad in a white helmet, black-and-white-checked waistcoat, and a blue loin-cloth, came forward to welcome us. How he could have known of our coming is one of those mysteries which never cease to perplex the white man in the jungle. No European gentleman could have welcomed us more gracefully than this Luunda youth in his three-piece costume. He was the king's favorite, we learned later, and he was intrusted with the management of the royal harem. Outside the outer wall of Musumba, Mwata Yamvo stood awaiting us, dressed in a beaded head-dress of a sunburst design, set far back on his shaven head, a white-duck coat and long skirt, or loin-cloth, of many colors in barbaric pattern. He is rather a fussy individual, small of stature and of nervous, fidgety temperament. He addressed my husband as *Mefundisi* (friend and teacher) and escorted us to the guest-house in a compound next his own. Next day Mwata Yamvo made us a formal call. He came riding astride the neck of one of his slaves, followed by his household. He wore a brilliant, flowered petticoat. On his ankles and wrists he wore many bracelets of thin brass which jingled at every move, and on his left wrist he had a huge band made out of an elephant's tail, which he kept on only by holding his fingers spread or resting his hand on his hip.

The present king is about eighth of his dynasty, all named Mwata Yamvo, and in Livingstone's day the Luunda people ruled the country from what is now Stanley Pool to the Congo-Zambesi divide. Mwata Yamvo, now ruling, was restored to his throne after he had been captured by some plotting subchiefs, who were each trying to usurp the power of the paramount chief. By this measure the government succeeded in terminating a long period of constant warfare. Mwata Yamvo furnishes carriers, by the thousands, every year to the Kassai Company factory and the government post, situated six miles from his capital, and so keeps in close touch with white men. There in the African wilderness, the town of Musumba has quite a metropolitan air about it. It is a new town, about seven years old, and I thought was laid out with the assistance of white men. However, upon reading Livingstone's notes of 1854, I find the description of the town of Mwata Yamvo, given him by the natives as he crossed a corner of the Luunda coun-

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try. This description tallies remarkably with the details of the capital of the present Mwata Yamvo, and goes to show that the style of capital of the present Mwata Yamvo has been a Luunda tradition for, perhaps, a century. It is laid out on the same principle as civilized towns, with straight streets crossing at right angles.

Palm forest—Springer trail.

Mwata Yamvo enjoys posing for his picture. And he especially likes to appear very grave and stern, although he is guilty of much inane grinning in the course of a conversation with a white man. Like Kabongo and Mutombo Makulu, Mwata Yamvo has approximately two hundred wives, which seems to be the number required by convention in those parts for a paramount chief.

The next day after our arrival in Musumba we heard the town drum summoning the people to the compound next our own, and we followed the crowd. A new subchief was to be installed by Mwata Yamvo according to the ancient rites of the Luunda nation. The king came dressed in a beautiful blue-and-white blanket which was draped about his form like a Roman toga. In addition to his beaded crown, he wore an immense pompon of scarlet feathers. He entered the compound followed by an orchestra of native drummers, beating a slow, dignified march. The whole assembly rose. Every one picked up dust very seriously and rubbed it on his stomach as he chanted praises of the king. Mwata Yamvo seated himself in a European armchair, a gift from the post, over which was thrown the purple blanket with leopard's spots my husband had presented

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to him the day before. The bare feet of the king rested on a handsome lion-skin. Other members of the royal family were seated on leopard-skins about him. The skins of these two animals are the insignia of royalty among the Luundas. Each chief then arose in turn and made a long harangue. We were able to understand everything fairly well because we had known before many Luunda people to the south of Bukama. Each chief declared himself innocent of the former chief's death and of any knowledge of its cause. Then Mwata Yamvo, after observing a stern silence for some moments during which he knitted his brows in a ludicrous pose of deliberation, pronounced the verdict that all were guiltless. We knew by this that Mwata Yamvo now had no enemies whom he wished to dispose of. By the aid of witch-doctors, the chiefs often accuse their enemies of bewitching persons to death, and thus succeed in proscribing undesirable or ambitious subjects.

When the king uttered the verdict all the chiefs reached into their vanity bags, and quickly daubed powder over their faces and bodies until they looked like an assemblage of ghouls. Then a grizzly old chief, clad in hyena-skins, bounded through the gate of the compound, and advanced with big, awkward jumps toward the king, yelling wildly and beating the ground before him with a huge club. He was followed by a double file of the king's soldiers. This procession with its noisy leader approached Mwata Yamvo and suddenly wheeled and took its place behind his chair with much waving of weapons. Then the native nominee appeared, announced by shouts, the firing of guns, and the beating of drums. A dead silence now ensued. He stopped within a few paces of the king, fell down on both knees, clapped his hands, picked up a handful of dust and rubbed it over his bared stomach. Mwata Yamvo bade him approach. He half arose, then prostrated himself at full length on the ground, touching his temples to the earth. By a series of these prostrations and writhings the nominee finally reached the royal personage. Mwata Yamvo arose and handed him a large sword, an ugly-looking weapon about twenty inches long and four inches wide. It was encased in a carved bamboo scabbard, with a belt of fur dangling from it. The nominee slung this over his shoulder and touched the king's hand reverently with his forefinger. Then Mwata Yamvo made a long speech of admonition to the new chief, who chanted an assent almost as tedious and backstepped to a place in front of his own men. Mwata Yamvo waved his hand to him, and the new chief dodged into a hut directly to the rear. He came out in a few seconds clothed in an immense loin-cloth sixteen yards long and fifty inches wide. This was the signal for bedlam to break loose again. Frantic screaming and yelling, together with the firing of guns and the beating of drums, followed. At length, when everybody was hoarse or out of breath, the king made another long speech. Mwata Yamvo seemed to enjoy the speech more than his hearers, but they listened with the usual native patience. Then the new chief unsheathed his sword and capered about the open space before the king, performing the ancient sword-dance of the Luundas, wild, graceful, and barbaric. He was followed by each chief in turn. The dance then suffered some amusing variations. The fat chiefs did not move so fast or kick so high as their younger and more active peers and their whirls were like the gambols of aged rhinos. Each did his utmost in yelling, however, and received loyal support from his own following. The climax was reached when Mwata Yamvo's son, the heir apparent, took the sword, and danced about with a heavy frown upon his face, wriggling like a tiny Salome, and making ferocious slashes through the air with the heavy sword. It was now deep twilight, and the king suddenly rose and strode off to his own house without further ceremony. The crowd closed around the new chief, and his men bore him off triumphantly on their shoulders to their own village. Here the inaugural ball kept up all night.

From Musumba Wa Mwata Yamvo we turned our faces eastward and plunged into the desolate country where broken hills and deep swamps seemed to alternate in never-changing succession. The broad veldts, rolling hills, and great forests we had known before were left behind. There was nothing but a few lonely villages of Luunda folk and great waste stretches on every side, a few crocodiles and rhinos

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in the streams, and a few yowling leopards which made their presence known by night. Over a trail that was sometimes steep and rocky, sometimes made of fagots piled in a line across the swamp-lands, with monkey bridges crossing the larger streams and difficult fords at the smaller ones, we travelled for eight days under the burning tropical sun by day and chilled by the cold of the high altitude at night. Then, altering our course two points to the south, we trekked another fortnight and emerged from the wilderness near Chilango, south of Bukama. Here a little later I had the pleasure of meeting our friend, the Belgian official, he who had so vehemently advised me against the trip. You know, that creature looked actually sorry to find me alive and his pet theories exploded.

SIPPING AND SNIFFING

By Viola I. Paradise

Author of "Trailing Statistics on an American Frontier," "By Mail," etc.

AN old, pre-prohibition story concerns an argument between two Spanish wine-tasters. "This cask," said one, "has an excellent bouquet, yet there is in it a trace of some alien substance. I detect a metallic flavor."

"Some alien substance mars it, indeed," replied the other; "but the flavor is leathery, rather than metallic." Each maintained his position, and to settle the argument the cask was emptied. In the bottom of it was found a leather-headed tack.

A good yarn. Yet, after talking with numbers of tea-tasters, coffee-tasters, perfumers, and others whose livelihood depends largely upon their senses of taste and smell, I have it in me to believe the wine-tasters' tale. It seems hardly more extraordinary than the statement of a tea expert: "Some hotels are spoiling the best teas," he complained, "by steeping them in muslin bags. Why spoil a good beverage by adding a flavor of fabric?" And he insisted that it scarcely needed a trained palate to detect the foreign flavor of tea so made.

An expert tea-taster cannot only place a tea by its flavor and aroma, but, in many instances, can give its pedigree, telling the country of its origin, at what season of the year it was grown, and at what altitude; indeed, frequently he can name the very garden from which it came. A skilled coffee-taster, similarly, can distinguish several hundred kinds of coffee. One man said he could tell by tasting how long a coffee had been roasted. Others claimed they could distinguish the ingredients in a blend.

"The public," said one, "takes things too easily for granted. It swallows its coffee and tea, sips its liquor—or used to—as a matter of course, without realizing the care and skill and art that have gone into the selecting and blending of its beverages. Whenever you drink a good cup of tea or coffee you are as dependent upon some one's highly developed senses of taste and smell, as you are dependent upon some musician's ear when you hear a good symphony. The success of my business depends almost entirely upon my nose and my palate."

Other tea and coffee tasters spoke, sometimes with less eloquence; but to the same effect, and almost invariably with enthusiasm. Frequently they compared their work to a musician's. "Just as the violinist can detect the slightest gradation of sharpness or flatness, so the coffee-taster can detect the faintest shades of difference," said one. "In blending teas," said another, "one must realize that certain teas have an affinity for each other. To blend indiscriminately creates discords in flavor. Real tea or coffee blending is an art." I thought of this statement later, when I found in an old book written in 1785, by Richard Twin-

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ing, a tea merchant, the following paragraph:

"In my grandfather's time, it was the cuſtom for Ladies and Gentlemen to come to the Shop and to order their own Teas. The Cheſts uſed to be ſpread out and when my Grandfather had mixed ſome of them together, in the preſence of his cuſtomers, they uſed to taſte the tea; and the mixing was varied till it suited the palates of the purchaſers. . . . A pound of tea may have been mixed from ſome twenty cheſts."

To purchase a pound of tea in those days must have been indeed a labor. The skill of the tea-taster saves us much time and trouble.

Picture the tea-taster at his work. He sits at a round, revolving table, about which stand canisters of tea, a cup (without a handle) in front of each canister. In the centre of the table is a finely balanced jeweller's scale. The taster, after an examination of the dry leaf, carefully measures from each canister into its corresponding cup, a quantity of tea-leaves, the weight of a Canadian half-dime. (The weight was always so stated, just as, in the case of coffee, it was always given as that of an American five-cent piece. Indeed, when I asked for the weight in grams, it could not be given.) Next, he pours filtered, boiling water upon the tea; "and then we watch the agony of the tea-leaves." ("And be sure to mention in your article," said another, demonstrating the process, "that the water must be at a mad, galloping boil, to make good tea.") The effect of steeping upon the appearance of the leaf is significant. A variation in color means poor, uneven fermentation. In fermented teas—that is, the black as distinguished from the green teas—the perfect color of the infused leaf may range from a rich chocolate-brown to a bright reddish shade. The color of the liquor in the cup, too, is important. Is it clear? Is it cloudy? Is it pale? Is it colory? A good tea must have style. It must appeal to the eye as well as to the palate. For this reason it is customary to use the finest French china for the testing. After the leaf is examined in the liquor, it is taken up in a spoon, and smelled. The odor of the leaf tells the taster whether it is old or new, the kind and grade of the tea, and, among other things, if it is burned (overfired) or sour (overfermented, or affected by dampness after manufacture). When the tea has steeped a minute or two, the aroma of the liquor is noted. Then it is tasted. The taster takes it into his mouth with a loud sucking sound—in order to accentuate the taste—rolls it about on his tongue and back in his throat; but he swallows almost none of it. The taste reveals the body, the flavor, the sharpness or "point" of the tea. It may have flavor and be smooth; or little flavor and be sharp. He keeps tasting and studying the aroma of the tea for about five minutes after it is infused, and again when it is almost cold. The amount of flavor left in the leaf after it has stood is significant. During the tasting process the appearance of the infused leaf is examined in the spoon.

The taster turns the table about, savoring cup after cup, judging, comparing. Usually he is "matching" a tea to a standard. In such cases, the cup to be matched is placed on a small rack attached to the table, but which does not revolve with it. The taster turns the table until each cup has been compared with the tea he is trying to match.

"How many cups do you taste in a day?" the tasters were asked. That depended upon the season, upon the size of a shipment. "Sometimes," said one, "we taste till our lips pucker. A thousand cups a day, or more, can be done easily. You understand that in many cases the appearance of the leaf and the smell and appearance of the liquor tell us that the tea is unsuited to our purpose, without tasting. No real, dyed-in-the-wool tea-taster bothers to taste common teas. It is only in selecting a good strike of tea that the taster exercises what may be called his art." Some tasters further test the teas after cream and sugar have been added, but more commonly this additional test is dispensed with.

The English method of tea-tasting differs from the American. There the leaves are infused in a small, covered, cup-sized china pot, and are allowed to steep for exactly five minutes—timed, in some establishments, by an hour-glass, or rather a five-minute sand-glass; in others by a stop-clock, which rings a bell at the end of five minutes. Then the brew is stirred,

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the liquor is carefully drained off into a cup, and the steeped leaves placed in the cover of the pot. Thus the color and aroma of the leaves are examined separately. American experts, however, prefer the American way as simpler and quicker. In England the tea is tested on long stationary counters instead of upon the American revolving table, which provides greater comfort to the taster, and does not necessitate his moving from cup to cup. Some of the preliminary work, in England—such as timing the infusion and drawing the liquor from the leaves—is done by "cup-boys." In former years English tea-tasters had to serve a long apprenticeship; but this is no longer the custom. Now beginners usually start as errand or cup-boys, and work up according to their aptitude and the opportunities of the business. In this country, too, no regular training is given. Some persons can never learn the art of tasting, others pick it up in a few years. "You can hardly expect to get a first-class tea-taster under five years' experience," said the head of one firm.

In selecting coffees, too, the aroma and taste play the leading parts, although, as in the case of tea, the appearance of the bean, either green or roasted, is important. Indeed, there are licensed graders who classify the green coffee in grades ranging from one to eight, according to the number of "blacks," "quakers," or immature beans, etc., found in the sample. (The government allows no coffee poorer than grade eight to enter the country.)

The odor of the green coffee-bean in no way suggests the flavor of coffee to the layman. It has only a "green smell," quite unlike the aroma of roasted coffee. Yet the green odor is not without meaning to the coffee-taster. It tells him whether the crop is old or new. "In the pre-tasting days, about thirty years ago, coffee was sold green to the consumer, who did his own roasting. Then coffee was coffee. The art of blending had not been discovered."

The flavor of coffee is brought out in the roasting, and its color is also thus determined. In the North, what is called a dark cinnamon roast is commonly preferred. In the South, the darker "French roast" or the still darker "Italian roast" is in demand. This is true, too, of certain cities in the North, which have large Italian colonies. The tasters must consider not only the actual taste of the coffee, but how it will taste to their trades. Certain sections of the country have specific preferences. One taster said that the character of the community water-supply to some extent governed his blending.

The process of coffee-tasting is similar to that of tea-tasting. The taster sits at the revolving table, upon which are various trays of roasted coffee-beans, and cups, and the standard which the taster is matching. A nickel weight of ground coffee is placed in each cup, and boiling water is poured on. Much can be detected from the aroma of the steaming cup, and, as in the case of teas, samples are often rejected without recourse to taste. After the aroma has been considered, the coffee is tasted, first very hot, and then at different temperatures as it cools. In some establishments it is also tested with cream, and with cream and sugar. Sometimes the flavor changes as the coffee cools. "Coffee is deceptive. It may deteriorate in the cup, although at first taste it appears all right," said one taster. "Coffee is almost wholly an aroma," said another. "The purpose of tasting is to confirm the scent. If you should hold your nose, you could not distinguish between quinine and black coffee." The fact that tasting is only a more accurate way of smelling was mentioned by many tasters, and is, of course, a generally recognized physiological fact. (Aside from the perception of sweet, acid, salt, and bitter, there is no taste apart from odor.)

So, from an examination of the taste and smell of coffees, the taster knows if a coffee is "soft" or "hard" or "Rioy"; if it is sound or fermented (from improper curing); if it is groundy or mouldy or "hidey."

Coffee is often bought "on description." Thus a coffee may be listed by the country or even the plantation of growth, may be described as a "good roast, soft coffee"; or as a "hard coffee." "A soft coffee has a smooth, sweet taste. A hard coffee has a harsh, meaner flavor." And, of course, there are many grades of either hard or soft coffees.

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The differences between coffees are subtler than those between teas. Thus, in the case of coffees, disputes sometimes arise as to whether a coffee is according to description, as to whether it is soft or hard. In such instances certain men, who have a reputation in the trade as fine tasters, are called upon to settle the dispute. Each party may choose an expert and the two arbitrators, in case they do not agree, choose a third. The decisions thus reached are always abided by.

Can a taster taste all day long? How soon does his sense become blunted? What happens when he has a cold in the head? Can he smoke? Are there artificial means of restoring and stimulating the sense of taste? These were among the questions the tasters were asked. The answers varied with the individual. Evidently coffee requires a somewhat more intense effort than tea. Although tea-tasters could work fairly steadily all day, few coffee-tasters could work more than two or three hours without stopping to rest. One taster said his sense of taste became paralyzed at the end of forty-five minutes. Then he had to stop, do something else, and smoke a cigar, which he found restored his ability to taste. On one occasion he tasted from fifteen to eighteen hundred cups in a single day—a very unusual occurrence. As a rule two or three hundred cups is a good day's work. One taster said he found a "nip of gin" restorative to his sense of taste. Others said that since they had begun to smoke their power of discriminating had suffered somewhat, though not enough to induce them to stop smoking. A tea broker told of a customer—an old man who had learned tasting in the days when tobacco was considered fatal to the art—who could do no tasting if any one in or near the room was smoking. Some of the younger men thought him crochety, and on one occasion one of them went out into the street, and, standing near the open window of the tasting-room, smoked. Even this bothered the old man so much that he bought no teas that day. There are, however, some tea-tasters who can perceive even subtle differences with a lighted cigar in their hands, puffing, every now and then, between tastes. A number of tasters said they could not taste in a drafty room, though an open window, without a draft, helped rather than interfered with tasting. Practically all the tasters said the keenness of their taste depended largely upon their state of health; but all denied that anything unhealthful or harmful was inherent in their work. "Sometimes the work is a nervous strain," said one, "but that is due to the high degree of mental concentration necessary, and not to any properties in the tea or coffee." Some of the tasters drank little tea or coffee aside from their work. (It must be remembered that the beverages are seldom swallowed in tasting. In fact one man said that swallowing would spoil the taste for the next flavor.) On the other hand, one coffee-taster drinks coffee at all three meals, often consuming as much as ten cups a day.

What is the effect of prohibition on coffee-drinking? No statistics are available, but the coffee-roasters estimated that the consumption of coffee had increased from ten to twenty per cent. The green-coffee brokers stated that the amount of green coffee sold was no index, since much green coffee is stored. Roasted coffee, however, goes in a fairly short time to the consumer.

Tea and coffee tasters do not have the same relation to an establishment as do, for example, the cutters in the clothing trade, or the cabinetmakers in a furniture factory. The tasters are the buyers. Usually they are members of the firm, often the most important members, although in some tea establishments the salesmen are expected to learn tasting.

The personalities of the tea and coffee men interviewed interested me. Nearly all were men of education, and nearly all had a warm feeling for their work. I mentioned this to one man, asking if my impression was based on too few instances to be correct. "It used to be," he said, "that the tea business was a gentleman's business. In my boyhood the heads of the various houses would come down to work in silk hats, and twirling their canes. Often, before beginning the day's work, they would call on one another for a friendly chat." Those days are past. A coffee man complained: "A lot of men are getting into the trade now who have no ideals. They're only interested in it as a money-making venture."

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The tasters were jealous of the good name of their profession and their products. One tea-taster had been so outraged at a garbled newspaper write-up that he had lost his faith in print and would not give me an interview. Another spoke with feeling against the reporters' use of the epithet "tea-hound"—implying there was something disreputable in tea—when they meant a "lounge-lizard," or the sort of person who attended afternoon tea-dances. A trade paper editorializes as follows: "Today, tea is the butt of stage jokes and the victim of all kinds of misrepresentation in the public press. If a co-operative campaign were launched, adequate provision could be made to answer these attacks in an authoritative manner and create an entirely different psychological attitude toward tea."

An editor of this journal thought the unfriendly attitude might be a psychological heritage from the Boston Tea Party. A number of tea-tasters deplored the ignorance of the public "which not only considers 'Orange Pekoe' as a kind of tea—when it is merely a trade name descriptive of the type of leaf, and might be one of several kinds of tea—but consistently mispronounces it, to boot."

A coffee expert, who also dealt in tea, was rather jealous of the higher social standing of tea. "Coffee," he said, "has never had the social opportunity that tea has had. And why shouldn't it? It is one of the graceful things in life. Yet, though it is more generally beloved than tea, and much more extensively used in this country, people brew it in metal, and serve it in coarser china than they use for tea, and do not surround it with the fine service and ceremony that a skilful hostess feels essential for tea. People sip tea. They too often gulp coffee. And yet coffee is a universal thrill, a constant thrill. You can get it every day. Nearly every one likes coffee; you never tire of it. It makes a definite emotional and psychological appeal. Just as sorrow brings a tear, just as emotion floods over you as you hear music, so coffee brings a flash of gratification and pleasure. It isn't only the stimulating effect of the caffein, but the æsthetic thrill which the aroma gives—provided, of course, that the coffee is properly prepared. The public treats coffee as if it were a raw food, not realizing that roasting is a form of cooking. Coffee should never be boiled. . . ." A recipe for making proper drip coffee followed.

If the coffee and tea tasters spoke with enthusiasm of their work, some of the perfumers were even more lyric. "Do not," said one, when I had inadvertently spoken of a perfumer as a chemist, "do not call me a chemist. I am a chemist, but I prefer to be called a perfumer. Any man who makes a cold cream, nowadays, calls himself a chemist. But a perfumer—that is different. A perfumer must have individuality, he must have personality, he must have originality. . . . To originate a bouquet, to think of a fragrance that has never yet existed, to compose it in your mind, and then, by combining ingredients in new ways, to create it—that" (with a wave of the hand) "is art! A high-grade perfumer is an artist. A highly cultivated nose he must have, of course; just as a musician must have a well-trained ear; but, as with the musician, the sensitive physical organ is not enough. There must be personality." As with the tea and coffee tasters, comparisons to music were frequent. One perfumer speaks of "orchestrating an odor." "Some manufacturers," said another perfumer, "are purely commercial. They make certain products according to formulæ, and go on selling the same perfume, the same sachet, the same face powder, year after year—millions of one kind. They are content with that. But not the real perfumer!" Another, writing in a trade journal, says: "To be a perfumer, one must first be an artist." And again, "in perfumes solely, does the soul inspiration mate perfectly with the inspiration of sense."

"Americans," said a French perfumer, "prefer sweet, heavy, Oriental perfumes, just as they like sweet foods. They are much less discriminating than Europeans, especially than the French." An American perfumer denied this, and then modified his denial by saying that an American woman would almost invariably express a preference for delicate perfumes, but, when asked to specify, would name "wild, strong, heavy perfumes, which she considers delicate."

The perfumer has a much more complex

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product to handle than the tea and coffee taster; and chemistry comes to his aid. Although he can identify hundreds of odors, the material he buys must be analyzed for adulteration by his chemist. A perfumer cannot use his sense of smell all day, for after smelling for a few minutes, his sense "becomes paralyzed, and everything smells the same." "If I am studying a single scent," said one, "I can smell it for three or four minutes, without losing my power to perceive its qualities. But if I am comparing four or five, I can smell only about two minutes. The odors persist in the nose from one to five minutes after they have been smelled, and one usually does something else for a while, until one's sense is restored. Some odors are toxic, and must be studied at wider intervals. Some perfumers find that a sniff of camphor aids in restoring their sensitiveness."

Smoking, it appeared, interfered with perfume-smelling more than with tea or coffee tasting. "Most of us smoke, but I usually postpone my first cigar of the day until after my most difficult perfume-smelling problems have been settled. In ordinary smelling, a cigar is not a hindrance. You can smoke and smell at the same time. But not for fine problems. Of course, the state of your health is very important. Almost any indisposition registers in a decrease in the keenness of your nose."

"One must have a quiet place to work," said another, "for great concentration is required. It is intense mental effort. There must be no noise, no disturbance. The room must be airy but not drafty." I asked the perfumers, as well as a number of tea and coffee tasters, if blind persons were ever used for smelling or tasting. No such instances were known. The question, however, brought from one perfumer the statement that though he usually closed his eyes, to shut out visual distractions, one of his assistants always put on eye-glasses for the process!

Tea and coffee tasters, as well as perfumers, emphasized the "personal factor" which influenced the ultimate customer. An individual used to inferior coffee or tea or perfume frequently prefers the quality he has the habit of using to a superior one. A very fine perfume, a very fine tea or coffee, a very fine cigar, would be put aside for the familiar or for something resembling the familiar product. "Although great skill and art are used in perfecting a perfume, not only an uneducated public taste, but the character of the container in which the perfume is put up may militate against it."

The complaint of the public's lack of subtlety in sense discrimination brought to mind, by way of contrast, Lafcadio Hearn's account of the "Ko-Kwai," or incense parties popular in Japan, where a game of incense guessing is played. Censers of incense are passed around, each guest smelling the fumes, and recording his guess or judgment. As the game progresses, the sense of smell becomes numbed, and it is customary to rinse the mouth at intervals, with pure vinegar, which partially restores the sensibility. Etiquette demands that the guests arrive in as odorless a condition as possible, that they wear no perfumed clothes, or perfumed ointment; further, they must not have eaten any but the lightest and least odorous of foods before coming; and, by way of preparation for the party, they are expected to take a prolonged hot bath. At the party they are expected to give their entire attention to the guessing, indulging in no unnecessary conversation until it is finished. The results of the game are recorded in detail on charts, and the charts are kept in special books, sometimes for years, and are frequently referred to.

In the preparation of drugs, too, the senses of taste and smell are indispensable aids. The chemist must know the exact odor characteristic of each ingredient—each root, herb, leaf, oil, solvent; and any deviation from the standard odor expected is significant. Tasting, both on the tongue and back in the throat, is often used, not only to test palatability, but to "taste the odor," and for purposes of identification. Every batch of elixir, every batch of cough syrup, every batch of infants' teething medicine must be tasted. Occasionally even such dangerous drugs as strychnine must be tasted by the chemist—if any doubt arises as to the identity of the drug. As a rule, when poisons must be tasted, they are diluted.

The odor of drugs is most important.

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Especially is this true of anæsthetics. Ether, for example, may be effective, and yet unnecessarily malodorous. This the manufacturer seeks to avoid. "Imagine," said one, "if a person is so unfortunate as to need an anæsthetic, the additional distress which exposing him to an unnecessary, vile odor would contribute."

Sometimes anæsthetics must be further tested. One manufacturer received a complaint of the efficacy of a half-pound can of ether. Although ten thousand half-pound cans were made in the same batch with the one complained of, and although no other complaints had come in, the company tested the can in question by anæsthetizing with it one of the employees. As a rule, however, such tests can be made on animals.

Until recently, when a chemical test was devised, the government laboratories used to depend entirely upon tasting for the discovery of bitter almonds. A hundred or sometimes a thousand samples would be divided, a few at a time, among the chemists, who would bite off a small piece of each. The chemical test is so slow and tedious that many private food-analyzing chemists still use the tasting method. One of these said that one bitter almond would so affect the taste that the next few almonds would taste bitter. Therefore, after every bitter almond, he restored his sense of taste by eating a few which he knew from previous testing to be sweet, or by eating candy. The persistence of the taste of prussic acid, the fact that it interfered temporarily with the discriminating power of the taster, and that he was likely, therefore, to report a larger number of bitter almonds than a sample actually contained, was one reason why the chemical test was devised.

A more tempting use of the sense of taste is reported by Luther Burbank. He grafted a cherry-tree to produce five hundred different kinds of cherries, all to ripen on the same day. When that day came, the cherries were studied for size and color, and then tasted and compared, in order that the best specimen might be selected for perpetuation. In all fruit and flower production, the sense of smell or of taste or both are used.

This article makes no attempt to exhaust the subject of the commercial uses of the senses of taste and smell. Something could be said about the professional food-tasters employed by hotels; about the use of smell in testing fabrics (the textile expert can tell from the odor of burning cloth whether it is an animal or vegetable product); about the judges of jellies and other such at country fairs; about the tasters in fruit and vegetable canning establishments; not to mention the fragrant occupations of the cigar, tobacco, and snuff manufacturers; and doubtless about numerous other fields of activity for the keen nose and the sharp palate.

But perhaps the gentle reader would forego a discussion of these industries, if a word might be said about the liquor-tasters. Unfortunately for his curiosity, I was unable to find any ex-tasters of wine, or other legally non-existent liquids. Though armed with a carefully prepared questionnaire, I could find no one to answer the questions. The liquor-tasters of yesteryear have vanished. Apparently no one had vocationally guided them into occupations where their cultured palates could be used, for they had not applied for positions in any of the tea, coffee, or perfume houses visited. The impression in these places was that they had all retired in a state of well-stocked, comfortable, but melancholy affluence; or else had gone into the automobile business. So I cannot tell you authoritatively whether, unlike the tea and coffee tasters, they swallowed it, or whether they merely rolled it about on their tongue. (Rumor, however, has it that they not only rolled it about, but gargled slightly, and then swallowed; but the reader accepts this statement at his own risk.) Could they taste all day long, or did they have to stop now and then to rest? Was imperviousness to intoxication a prerequisite for the job, or was a special capacity for intoxication essential to test what is vulgarly known as the "kick"? Were the liquor-tasters as enthusiastic about their work as some of the coffee and tea tasters above quoted? However, I found no modern Omar, heard no dithyrambic on the liquor-taster's art. And therefore these questions must be relegated to the limbo of the Unasked and Unanswered.

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"THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK"

By Louis Dodge
Author of "Bonnie May," "Nancy," etc.

I

I SUPPOSE the folks of New York occasionally wonder what kind of folks they are who come out from the West and up from the South and parade on Broadway, and patronize the Chinatown and Coney Island buses, and crowd the theatres and hotels. More than likely the New Yorker wonders mildly what the visitor finds to interest him.

Perhaps the two—the host and his guest—do not often meet intimately. The visitor, especially if he be in a hurry to get back home, is likely to make the mistake of spending his time on Broadway. He does this under the delusion—the very entire delusion—that he is seeing New York, that he is mingling with New Yorkers.

I suspect that the real Manhattanite keeps more to the avenues: to the outer avenues if he be a toiler, and to Fifth Avenue if fortune has been kind to him. The really astounding display of legends and figures in incandescent lamps between—say—Fortieth and Fiftieth Streets on Broadway cannot be supposed to delight those who have seen them often, nor can there be much to attract in the lure, often pitched in too high a key, of the theatres. These, almost certainly, are largely for the outsider rather than for the sons and daughters of Manhattan.

Whatever Broadway may have been in its day, it is a thoroughfare of aliens now, and it has no day, comparatively speaking, but only the night, when the Doctor Kennicotts of the inland towns walk with their more or less restless womenfolk, and try to believe they have struck oil in an emotional sense, and that they are having the time of their lives. They are well-behaved men and women, and well dressed too, who reveal their strangeness to their surroundings only now and then by pausing wonderingly before crossing a street and inquiring—by their attitude—whether it will ever be safe to try to get across. They scarcely seem bucolically curious, and the old-time Van Bibbers, if they are yet in the land of the living, would not regard them patronizingly or with amusement.

It may be that in too many instances the visitor does not see the New Yorker at all, but comes and goes without having encountered any but others of his own kind. He may even entertain the belief that there are no genuine New Yorkers any more—that the city has been given over to intruders, to the alertest and most persevering individuals of all the remainder of the nation. And those who concede that the real New Yorker still exists somewhere outside the crowd are of the opinion that he is comparable to the moose of the Northern woods: admirable, but largely dispossessed of his birthright, and usually invisible.

This theory is of course an absurd one. The greatest city in America is so distinctive in a thousand ways that it could not help but keep on creating real New Yorkers, just as America keeps on creating real Americans, even out of stock which was once alien. Moreover, the old-time New Yorker still holds his ground. He may be found, for example, in his club, where the outsider may be invited, if he come with a suitable introduction, to lunch or dinner. And the New York club is sometimes the finest thing of its kind in America.

You will find the real New Yorker in numbers in the players' clubs, which are among the unique institutions of the famous old town. These clubs, which one might suppose not to stress ethical and intellectual qualities too heavily, are magnificent in a manner not at all bizarre, and one will hear in them much besides acclaim of George M. Cohan, a popular tradition to the contrary notwithstanding. They possess an atmosphere of seclusion, if not exactly of exclusiveness, and it is delightful to the Westerner to note how fa-

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mous players do not take themselves very seriously, or talk shop, or indulge in posturing, even unconsciously, and how quick they are to evaluate the things of their own world justly. Apostles of a world of make-believe, they are the readiest of all men to brush aside all manner of shams. If you are or have been a dramatic critic, and confess as much, the older members of the guild may fall silent and smile a bit musingly, without looking at you, and lift their eyebrows a trifle in a manner not strictly flattering. But gradually the gentle malice in their faces will fade away in the remembrance of larger things, and they will speak of something else. I suspect that persons whose business it is to amuse mankind in a more or less honest fashion would usually prefer not to say what they think of other persons whose task it is to criticise. After all, acting is living in a sense: and it is the fools rather than the angels who are always cock-sure about the business of living.

You will find real New Yorkers, too, in the Harvard Club. Indeed, it was here that I found, during a recent visit to the city, my first glimpse of that fine aloofness which can be achieved even in the heart of a modern Babylon. A silence which seemed a bit ecclesiastical reigned about the rooms, suiting nicely the comparatively dim light and the sedate colors which prevailed. Here on a cross-street within reach of the restless vibrations of Fifth Avenue on the one side and Broadway on the other, two young men were seated at a table, far from any window, playing a game of chess. Their deliberation and repose were almost Oriental, it seemed to me. They were oblivious to everything about them, far or near. One of the two placidly, almost automatically, moved a figure on the board as I passed. Neither looked up. They were as far from the Follies and the breathless subways and the surging thoroughfares as if they had been seated on a housetop in Benares. Here I got my first glimpse of the fact that one may contain one's soul in New York as surely as one may anywhere.

You will also find the real New Yorker if you are privileged to look into the University Club, which is situated on Fifth Avenue—of course—and Fifty-fourth Street. It is an extraordinarily impressive place, with immense pillars suggesting the Pharaohs, and with a great collection of books and pictures, and a truly distinguished membership. There are secluded nooks here and there with shaded lamps and a reposeful silence where the members may read or study or write. Many a book has been written in the cloisterlike silence of the library and many an achievement planned. It is not an easy club to get into. You may apply for membership as soon as you have an *alma mater*, but you are not admitted, in all probability, until you have been out four or five years. As a result of this many of the members are seemingly middle-aged or elderly men, and the atmosphere is that of an assured tranquillity. If you have dined in the club you may descend to the main floor to have your coffee and cigar, and as night falls—if it be in the summer—you may see the old-fashioned victorias come out and pass the boarded houses of millionaires who dwell across the way.

These old victorias, by the way, are a pleasant note out of the past which will not die—the past of elegant leisure and fine propriety. It would seem a great adventure to "poor rich children" to ride in a victoria, with a very reliable horse leading the way up or down the Avenue. Too often the modern child must content himself with a ride in a motor-car; but for the specially privileged there are these strange vehicles, coming out in the dusk like crickets and other rare and enchanting things, with a live animal to lead the way.

II

It is, indeed, the dumb animals of New York which reveal to the visitor in unmistakable terms the real character of the city and its people. Good old Alexander Pope, who would not number among his friends "the man who needlessly set foot upon a worm," would take New York to his heart without reserve if he could visit it. Dogs, cats, horses—these have their paradise throughout Manhattan Island. You cannot help noting this, little by little, as you get about the city.

I had thought I did not care at all about cats; but when a cat proved to be the first living creature that made up to me

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after I had arrived in town, I discovered that even a cat can look good under certain circumstances. I had gone into a dining-room on Thirty-sixth Street just off Broadway, and I felt the depression which results from the bustle of armies of strangers. As I ate the baked fish I had ordered I felt the searching gaze of a pair of eyes below me. I looked. A mother-cat had sat down beside my chair and was importuning me, by her glance, for a share of my meal.

I was more than willing to divide with her. I was not really hungry, and her gaze was incredibly persuasive. There she sat with a demureness which could scarcely have been genuine in a wren on a village fence. I knew that as a matter of course she was a wily and furtive creature, and therefore it seemed to me amusing that she should so wholly veil the story of her midnight stratagems, and gaze at me as if butter would not melt in her mouth. I gave her a fragment of fish. She ate this with the exquisite particularity of all feline creatures. We were both eating, without harming anybody, when a waiter appeared. He was a jolly and handsome young Greek, and he could not look either severe or forbidding as he gathered the cat up under his arm.

I saw that I was again to be left all alone. I protested weakly: "Why not let her stay?"

He paused dubiously. "Doesn't she annoy you?" he asked.

"Not at all," I said. "On the contrary: I want her to stay."

He put her down and I gave her more of my fish. The waiter moved away.

She presently conveyed to me subtly, as she did everything, that I might look behind me if I wouldn't make a fuss. I looked behind me casually, and there I beheld her progeny: two wee kittens of the same pattern as herself. With very bright eyes they were looking out of a dark place. They made me think of two little Eves peeping out of Eden's gate into the uncharted wood. They had not ventured far out into the world as yet, but you could see that they were making up their minds. Being younger by some months than their mother they were less demure, less innocent, than she. Perhaps they felt they had less cause to be demure and innocent, since they did not have to provide food for a family in this exacting world.

It wasn't an epochal event, my eating there among the cats; and of course I don't mean to imply that a cat and two kittens are provided for each diner in every New York hostelry. But it seemed to me pleasantly significant that a mother-cat and her young could thrive, unintimidated, here only a few yards from the busiest thoroughfare in the world. In small villages cats—even mother-cats, alas!—are made the butt of stupid jests and tricks. But the large heart of New York has room even for a tabby and her young, and holds them in security and peace.

I was to discover later, as my stay in the city extended day after day, that cats in every section of the town were as safe from stupid cruelties as my cat and kittens of the dining-room. I saw them everywhere, especially after nightfall. I saw none which appeared moth-eaten or in distress, either physical or mental. It is true that they moved with that abstractedness, that soft furtiveness, which is peculiar to cat natures, and that they took no one into their confidence, as dogs in the same situation would have done. But this they did from choice, not from necessity.

I saw many dogs, too, during my visit, but in not one instance did I see a dog in distress. The lost dog frantically seeking water on a hot day and stupidly feared and driven on its way by men and women is a common enough sight in Western towns, but not in New York. I saw only one dog that stirred me to pity. This was a Scotch terrier in a pet shop just off Fifth Avenue. I had entered the shop to look at the animals whose barking had come up to the street, and the terrier alone had not barked at me. He came to me mutely and put a paw on my knee as I stooped above him. Suddenly he keeled over and lay in perfect submission—this meaning, in dog language: "Take me and let me be yours. I want to go with you." His eyes were incomparably kind and appealing. I think he may have known at some time a home other than that little shop down below the pavement. I could not guess why he wanted to go with me, but I went away regretfully, feeling like a betrayer. I might have had him for a price.

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I have mentioned the fat horses of the victorias. They are typical of all the horses the visitor will see. Even the peddlers' horses are as sound as dollars, with flesh on their bones and good eyes in their heads. On the ferry, in the congested East Side districts, in the heart of the city, the horse is a sound creature, obviously protected by humane laws and by that far more potent force, enlightened public sentiment. This may seem merely a matter of fact to a majority of the readers of *Scribner's Magazine;* but I fear there will be many who, like myself, have often been depressed or angered by the spectacle of unfit horses, overburdened and abused, in the average American town and city.

I was to learn, presently, that there is a reason for this gratifying condition of affairs. In one of the hotels I came upon a lady who is a member of an organization which looks after the welfare of dumb beasts. She was a pleasant and energetic young woman who was accompanied by a young Airedale dog which she understood perfectly, and she talked to me about the work in which she is engaged. She described a farm which is situated not far outside the city where ailing horses may go free of cost to their owners for a rest. Dogs, too, have a haven on this farm, which is also a hospital. She presented me with a sort of tract describing this humanitarian enterprise. I had supposed I was beyond the reach of tracts of any sort, but I was not beyond the reach of this one. It had been formulated with a genuine sense of affection toward the creatures of the lower-animal kingdom. It contained the immortal eulogy on a dog, by the late Senator Vest, of Missouri, and Kipling's "Don't Give Your Heart to a Dog to Tear," and a genuinely inspired "Horse's Prayer." I'd like to give a hint of the simplicity and insight of this last: "And finally, O my master," the last paragraph runs, "when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, nor sell me to some brute, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do thou, my master, take my life in the kindest way."

I wonder if New York City does not owe something of its bigness in relation to animals to the hordes of European peasants among its citizens. It has been related often how the European peasant regards his horse as a member of his family, sometimes even taking him into his house when the weather is uncommonly cold or stormy.

I enter here these passing observations touching the care of dumb animals in a great city because I believe that a community's quality, the measure of its civilization, may be gauged accurately by its attitude toward inferior creatures. And in this matter New York is a shining star among American municipalities.

III

If dumb animals have a pretty good time of it in New York, so also does another great group of living creatures who are dependent upon a general enlightenment for their proper care. Who can speak, without a quickening of the pulse, of the children of New York?

There are such countless thousands of them, and in respect to parentage, they are such a variegated lot; yet they are like flowers transplanted from choked gardens and poor soil, reacting instantly to happier influences and lifting bright faces to the sun.

On a day when I rambled aimlessly into the East Side, well above One Hundredth Street, I was caught in a sudden shower. I climbed a flight of steps and sought shelter in a doorway. The neighborhood, which I had not noted particularly up to that moment, now became a subject of detailed study. The houses, built solidly on either side of the street, were tenements of a fairly decent type, some six or seven stories in height. It was, obviously, a Jewish section. Ancient Jews sat in windows across from me looking out at the beating rain, and legends in the Hebrew language in many windows made known that the womenfolk in the houses carried on industries of their own in their homes—sewing, for the most part.

Up the street not far away a modern school building stood, and even as the rain fell smartly the pupils of the school began to spill out into the street. It was close to noon. My thought was that I should see many children of alien ways and looks. But I was mistaken. There was suddenly the bursting forth of a class yell—the *'rah, 'rah* of the colleges—and

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bands of children swept by me and disappeared all about me. At intervals of a few minutes other rooms in the school were dismissed. For fifteen minutes the thoroughfare was dotted with boys and girls, scurrying to get out of the rain. And they might—with slight exceptions here and there—have been the schoolchildren of Plymouth, Massachusetts, or let me say of Springfield, Illinois. They were *not* foreign. They were American: happy, well nurtured, bright, normal in every way. It filled me with strange emotions to watch as they darted up stairways and into houses where the Hebrew legends were, and where bearded and skull-capped old Israelites sat nodding and brooding not at all unhappily at their windows.

Down in Battery Park I drew near to where a group of longshoremen and other laborers surrounded some sort of sidewalk drama. What, I thought, could have caught the eager attention of men of this type?

It was a children's game, participated in by two very little boys. Their curly black hair proclaimed them, I thought, of Italian stock; but they wore the short cotton hose and wide-soled pumps of well-to-do American children. They had drawn a series of geometrical figures on the pavement, and the game appeared to be to hop from one figure to another according to a system which I did not clearly fathom. Indeed, I was noting the faces of the children and those of the bystanders rather than the game. The grace and humor in the children's movements were charming; their smiling lips and eyes were good to see there in that beaten place where vegetation faltered and where the hordes of Europe have filed in, strange and unkempt, for generations. They were perfectly happy. But almost better to see were the wistful smiles of the longshoremen who looked on, and who could yield a quicker beat of their hearts as they regarded these tiny children, to whom the bitter years had not yet come.

In Sheriff Street, in the lower East Side, I walked with a newspaper friend through a congestion of carts and merchandise and men and women—and children. My friend, frowning upon that swarm of children of alien stock, stopped me and asked: "What will America be like in twenty years, with *that* coming on?"

I looked at the children, even at those, the larger boys, who were running away from outraged venders and pursuing police; but I felt no apprehension. I did not reply to the newspaper man, because I knew we should not agree. To me it was good to see them, those scores of children, who were remarkable because they were almost deliriously happy. There was a street-piano near by, with a circle of men and women drawn up about it. Inside the circle children were dancing—little girls who danced, without knowing how they danced, the rhythmic steps of Spanish and Moorish and Greek dancers. Their ideal was grace rather than agility. They seemed to float. Their faces were lighted from within. My friend pressed forward into the circle of men and women. He did not know or care that he marred the harmony of the scene. He beckoned me to join him and was puzzled to find me shrinking back into a doorway. He gazed with a broad grin at the undulating arms and rapt faces of the tiny dancers. The charm went out of the scene because of his presence, but I had seen the dancers before this intrusion occurred, and I knew that the East Side—and New York and America, too—was safe. Where grace and harmony are worshipped, how can destiny bring anything but a predominating good?

The children of New York are not afraid of bigness, and is not this to say that they are in the way of achieving greatly?

At Thirty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue I stood talking to a youthful policeman. It was just after five o'clock in the afternoon, and Seventh Avenue was boiling with activity. Tens of thousands of men and women were making their way homeward. Suddenly a man—a Greek, I took him to be—approached the policeman and accosted him. He seemed disturbed, but only mildly. He inquired: "Did you see a lil' bay-báy come this way?"

The policeman shook his head almost indifferently, but I was thrilled. A baby lost at such a time and in such a place! I made occasion to remain where I was for a few minutes. It seemed to me that

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a baby once lost to sight here must be lost forever—maimed, destroyed, blotted out. But I was wrong. The questing father reappeared presently, leading a tiny girl by the hand. Father and daughter were doing nicely. The father was not angry, not even vexed. The child hung back a little. Plainly she had been arrested in the midst of a mildly exciting adventure. To her the thousands of human beings were no more alarming than so many clover-heads to a rustic child: somewhat impeding to progress, perhaps, but not in any sense fearful.

It is often the children whose presence is felt chiefly at the wonderful Aquarium. There on a summer afternoon I watched the antics of a sea-lion in a caged pool. It had been given a fish-head and it revelled with delight. It tossed the head high in air and caught it. It swam furiously about the pool, flinging the head from it and recapturing it. Presently there was a slight mishap. The tossed fish-head fell quite outside the pool. The sea-lion waited for some one to return the head. It came to a full stop. It looked expectantly, good-naturedly. When the head was not restored it arose perpendicularly and rested its fins on the border of the pool, its head on a level with the watching throng. This produced a roar of laughter and everything else in the Aquarium was for the moment forgot—so potent is comedy when opposed to mere research and wisdom! A child was permitted to fling the fish-head back into the pool. The twinkling eyes of the sea-lion caught the flash of the thrown head. The awkward yet extraordinarily clever beast caught the head and dived joyously to the depths of the pool to a chorus of children's laughter.

IV

An easily achieved efficiency is the quality the visitor notes, on every hand, in his observations of men and women. This, of course, is due less to individual ability than to a perfected system embracing everything.

The transportation of the people seems to the outsider a miracle: the elevated, the subways, the tubes, the surface-cars, the ferries, the buses—they work with a maximum of speed and smoothness (and noise), and with a minimum of confusion and mishaps. Somehow, New York makes the nickel stretch in most instances, while other cities have bankrupt or complaining corporations charging as high as eight cents for a ride on a surface-car.

The city is marvellously clean. The old Bowery region, it is true, is not "fragrant and flowery"; it is sufficiently grimy. And one may come upon a sinister atmosphere in the region of Tammany Hall. But in the main the forcefulness of an enlightened population is felt throughout the island. There are abundant aids to decency and order. Statues with inspiring beauty or with reminders of a universal humanity are at unexpected turns everywhere. Even the uniformed and almost comically majestic figures which stand guard before the hotels, ready to serve and direct, are unique and reassuring. The visitor is afforded courteous information wherever he may go. And occasionally one will encounter a public servant who manifests and inspires pride of a high order in the wonderful old town.

At the Metropolitan Museum I came upon an attendant, or employee, who made me forget the restless procession which moved down Fifth Avenue, because he himself was so wholly oblivious to it. When I asked a question touching an immense restored Egyptian tomb he became, in a measure, my slave. He was so whole-heartedly in love with his work and so remarkably learned in every detail of it. It was the only complete tomb which the Egyptian Government had ever permitted to be taken away, he informed me; and he himself had been of the party which effected the transferral from the land of the Pharaohs and Fellahs to an American museum. He had taken down the structure, stone by stone, and set it up again in its new place. He had restored the crumbling wall on one side with a sort of concrete which met the broken lines of the original with the nicety of a jeweller's masterpiece.

But it was not the tomb which impressed me as much as it was the man who had devoted his life and affections to a task so aloof from all living enterprises. He was an Englishman by birth, but he had forgot England. He was wedded to this tomb. He talked with the

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ardor of a true amateur: he pointed out many little images to me, and a stack of yellow linen dating back many centuries before the Christian era—in perfect preservation; he called my attention with troubled eagerness—lest I fail to care sufficiently—to the delicate coloring of stone and hieroglyphic. He related to me the lore of an ancient people who placed mummied fowls in the tombs of their dead. He explained parenthetically that he had a little home not far from the museum; but in truth his real home was this tomb. I was convinced that he loved his work so deeply that he would have managed to carry it on somehow if he had received no pay and had had to make his living by outside tasks.

What is there in a city which can win service like this? What limitation can be placed upon the progress of such a city?

The newspapers of New York are also examples of efficiency which might well create pride in the minds of all Americans. The worst and the best of our political philosophies are represented; but in almost every instance you get an impression of thoroughness and vigor. The writing is on a remarkably high level; the proof-reading is uncommonly expert. It has long been a tradition that the ambitious Western newspaper man goes to New York at the first opportunity. The quality of the New York newspaper justifies this tradition. You will find scarcely a "dead" or perfunctory editorial page. A fine sense of proportion is seen in the handling of the news. The "colyumist" thrives and achieves his highest plane. I think it is no sin against proportion to single out "F. P. A." as one of the genuine forces in the intellectual life of the city. It seems to me doubtful if the present generation will fully comprehend what a unique gift is here at work. *The Spectator* and *Tatler* of another land and time are reborn in the Conning Tower, with a new body, it is true, but with the same genuine salt and magic. There is never a lapse into malice in the work of "F. P. A." There is the candid readiness to praise which characterizes the unfettered mind; there is the leaping eagerness to discredit empty pretense and pompous vanity. I think that in "F. P. A.," as in the late William Marion Reedy, of St. Louis, the ephemeral field of journalism has claimed too rare a gift; but who can be sure that the newspaper at its best is not as important a thing to the community as any other kind of printed page? I came away from New York with a new debt of gratitude to "F. P. A." I could not feel wholly away from home in the town where the Conning Tower stands.

V

I SUSPECT that visitors who are old-timers find more interest in the southern end of the island than in the upper end. Of course there is the famous Riverside Drive up the Hudson with its two immortal dead: Grant, first, and then the "Amiable Child," who slumbers not far distant from him. (What other great city is there that would cherish this humble plot generation after generation?) And there are the great parks with their zoos, and the magnificent homes along the avenues, and the Palisades.

But I think the imagination of an older generation is more accurately touched by the monuments and memories of those neighborhoods embracing Battery Park and the historic regions near by: Wall Street, which has afforded so much material for earnest Western reformers to write about, and Trinity churchyard, with its suggestion of Wordsworth and his "We Are Seven," and the great sky-scrapers, and the statue standing in the seaward mists.

On my last day's ramble in New York I sat down in Battery Park, and watched the shuttle-like movements of the boats plying between Manhattan and Ellis Islands and weaving their ways about the harbor. Presently I found myself listening to two rather unkempt men who occupied a near-by bench.

They had revived the familiar jest which has it that the Statue of Liberty ought to be removed now in favor of a monument to Mr. Volstead, or something of the sort. One of them remarked in a disgruntled tone: "There's gettin' to be too many cranks in America." I gathered that he meant our liberties are being too much encroached upon in recent years. But that word *crank* awoke in my mind a long-dimmed memory. I remembered where I had first heard it. I remembered how, as a small boy, I had seen

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my father come with white face and trembling hands into the home circle to announce the news that President Garfield had been assassinated. It was thought, he said, that the deed had been that of a crank. A sinister word, that, which was long applied to unwashed and untutored malefactors. But the old wind which blew the word from the polite world to the submerged world has turned now, and men of low brows—together with a goodly company of others—are stigmatizing the professional moralists with the same old useful word.

I sauntered away into the lower East Side, and presently I found myself, at sight of some familiar word or other, removing my hat and standing reverently, lost in fond memories. Here I was amid scenes made familiar to my youthful mind and heart long years ago by "Old Sleuth" and Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller and Mrs. Sumner Hayden, and other magic tale-tellers for the old New York *Fireside Companion*. Do you remember those names? Did you ever read "Little Goldie; or, The Story of a Woman's Love"? Ah, well, I'm sorry. I'm not saying what a good story it *is;* but oh, what a magic story it *was!*

In justice to my guardians of those days I ought to relate how another type of book was placed within my reach: Charles Kingsley's and Miss Mulock's and a little blue-and-gold edition of Tennyson. But who is not the better for a period of literary wild oats? At any rate, in more than one little Western town I found the tales of New York's East Side and revelled in them as I do not now—alas!—in the best books I can find. I sometimes wonder what was in those stories; or was it, perhaps, that I had just entered a new kingdom? At any rate, there was always a girl in them, a girl who was strangely beautiful and innocent and persecuted. She was not uncommonly an orphan, and often she had an older sister who was either an invalid or blind. She was often to be found down about the water-front, along East River, at about two o'clock in the morning, in very dangerous company. She lapsed into terrible predicaments with an absolute profligacy of readiness. I do not recall why she should have been abroad so late quite habitually, since she was always a working girl by trade, and ought to have been in bed. But there was always an unfailing charm in her story, and now that I am by way of being an humble story-teller myself, I often sigh with regret because I cannot command an East River, and a hapless heroine, and, above all, the magic of those old tales.

I could not contentedly hurry away from that neighborhood where yet the ghost of a little boy hovered near den and attic and dock and trembled for the perils of the heroine he could not rescue. Yet I could view the scene complacently, now that the long years had passed; for I recalled how the hapless girl of the old tale, after being beset by perils by flood and fire and evil agencies of the night, was always saved by a tardily arriving hero in about Chapter XLVI, and borne into a domestic eddy which must have seemed a bit tedious after all she had passed through.

Not to be too soon through with the neighborhood I stopped into a dingy inn and ordered a bottle of beverage. It was promptly forthcoming: a bottle of a deliciously sinister color, yet of no very sinful potency.

As I drank I derived yet one more vivid impression of a typical New Yorker—this time of one of the lowest strata. Three men sat sweltering at a table, eating a boiled dinner. They were remarkable for only one thing: their extraordinary vehemence. Where men of a similar type elsewhere would have been indolently cynical, they were savagely in earnest and perilously energetic, in view of the high temperature. They were discussing the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, which was then about to take place.

One of the three had a mouth of tragic masklike irregularity, as if from a more or less harmless incorrigibility and a habit of making eccentric pronouncements. Thus handicapped he was trying at once to eat heartily and to dominate the conversation among his fellows. I did not gather which of the two fighters he was championing, a fact which need not be regretted now, since the "fight of the ages" is beyond the reach of prophecy.

VI

It was when I was returning to my hotel that afternoon from a ramble

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through Brooklyn that I came upon the crowning picture of my journeyings.

Toward the Long Island end of the Brooklyn Bridge I came within the shadow of a tower, and here I found a seat beside two boys who were reading and discussing a book.

Was it some history by "Old Sleuth"? Yes, in a way: it was the greatest tale by the Old Sleuth of his day. They were reading the "Odyssey."

They were so absorbed, so wholly removed from our own world, that I regarded them wonderingly and almost at will. The great Hall of Odysseus, and the Suitors, and the wise swineherd, and the fascinating Calypso whose tale is left untold—these held them spellbound. They did not dream how Ulysses a thousand times multiplied and greater than him of Ithaca had built the very bridge upon which they rested from the heat, and that even greater Manhattan Bridge less than half a mile away. They did not realize that New York is in itself romance infinitely greater than the tale of Troy. They were enraptured by the swing-paced cattle, the rosy-fingered dawn—the tale of an ancient Muse. They were of foreign heritages, that I could see, yet their faces were in process of being restored, as the art-phrase has it.

Is it too much to believe that the American face at its best is the normal face?—the face which is the product of equal rights, and an unembittered humor, and untroubled wide horizons, and individuality of thought and deed and choice? The face of Europe is a cunning face, or stupid, or despondent, or bitter, or oppressed, or dominating, or arrogant. This is the face which comes to America from across the ocean. This was the face these two boys' parents had brought.

But these two young faces were subtly yielding to new influences. They held a strange commingling of the old and the new. There was in them the dawning of a pleasant candor, of a soul no longer fearfully on guard, of unsuspicious enthusiasms.

I slipped away unobserved, fearful of checking the pleasure of these two boys. I turned my back on the kingly house of Odysseus.

A mist covered the river before me and the farther end of the bridge. For a moment I thought I could see nothing of New York. And then there was a thinning of the upper mists, and I saw as in a vision the tops of high houses. They filled the distant sky—the Municipal Building and the towering Singer and Woolworth piles, cloud-high and strangely pure. The mists washed them, and ebbed and flowed. Faint distant sunlight touched them softly.

I thought: "If the old theologians could stand here now as I do—the Wesleys and Richard Baxter and the rest—how their eyes would stare incredulously, and how, as the reality of it dawned upon them, they would exclaim in an ecstasy of relief:

"Then heaven is!"

VII

New York is not an isolated unit. It is part and parcel of all the nation, of all the world. Certainly much of the best in America has gone into its making. It is the work of our sons and daughters, of our brothers and sisters. It is the apex of our Western civilization. It would be a stupid pose to deny this. It has in greater abundance than any other American city the best in painting, in sculpture, in music, in all manner of art-treasures. And are not these the agencies by which we measure civilization? Its people are more richly endowed than we of the inland. It has the stored treasure, it is the gateway to all the seas. The American family—whether it will or no—sends the best of its children to Manhattan Island, and it follows them with the best of its bread and meat, the best of its apples and corn, the best of its songs and prayers.

Not Washington, but New York, is our real capital—the capital, the head, of our best achievement. Of old it was the fashion for rustic minds to speak contemptuously of New York: to magnify its wickedness, to invent evil garments for it to wear, to belittle its wit and wisdom. The new fashion is better. This inclines toward candor and praise. We are learning to value that which we have helped to make, that which is in part our own. We go to New York for inspiration, and to be gratified, to be made larger. We go as to an exposition, to see the wonders of our time.

And we are abundantly rewarded.

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THE FLIGHT OF THE WHITE HERONS

By Elsie Van de Water Hopper

Illustrations by Kyhei Inukai

THE door of the English Hospital at Hwai Yuen opened a cautious inch, and Niles Page, busy over a bundle of delayed home newspapers, raised his head in time to catch the first glimpse of a wonderfully lovely face; loveliness of a kind he had never become quite used to. The skin was a creamy tint with deep rose showing beneath the cream, the mouth like a scarlet flower, and the dark eyes, startled now, which were raised to his, were large and luminous and indescribably tender. Then, out of the brilliance of the sunshine beyond the doorway, emerged the rest of the slim figure of a Chinese girl dressed in trousers and jacket of mauve satin. The high collar about her neck was stiff with gold embroidery cunningly picked out with bits of jade and seed pearls, and from the top button of her jacket drooped a lotus blossom of white jade so perfect on its skilfully hidden wires, that Niles, pausing only long enough to throw away his cigarette as he came to meet her, fancied he caught its illusive perfume.

Resisting a primitive impulse to touch her, he bowed with necessary ceremonial politeness while his heart beat a reveille of tattoos against his ribs. The girl, with the most hurried of salutations, broke into a soft volubility in which expressive Chinese phrases persisted in mixing themselves with her carefully learned English.

"Honorable doctor must come! Man burn, ver' bad in road!"

"Where?"

"Just lil' way. Hsin Tsao show you. Men can carry."

Niles's hands were busy with instant preparations. Two hospital boys, answering his ring, received his instructions and were off; while Hsin Tsao, with an expression of interested concern, gazed silently at him from the extreme edge of the big chair he had pulled out for her. When they were alone he drew the only other chair the room contained in front of her, and easing his six feet of length into its not over-solid structure, gave a sigh of lazy content and smiled at her with half-closed eyes. But after a moment he ran his fingers nervously through his hair that would have had a decided ripple in it, had it not been so mercilessly groomed—finding it more difficult than he had imagined to begin a conversation with this slip of a girl. The smile with which she regarded him was quite friendly, Niles even fancied there was sympathy in it; yet she offered no remark. His knowledge of her relationship to the big man calling himself Been Sin Low—who had brought a mysteriously wounded man to the hospital a month ago—had been rather in the nature of a coincidence. Niles had been standing at the time on the veranda of the hospital, gazing idly at a closed palanquin at the steps, when the curtains parting had disclosed the face of this girl beside him, and a suave voice at his elbow had murmured, "My sister." He remembered now the start with which he turned to confront the owner of the voice—for he had fancied himself alone—and found himself gazing with veiled hostility into the inscrutable eyes of Been Sin Low. Later Niles had been at pains to find out that the fellow had no settled business in town; yet he carried himself with a conscious air of authority, and paid with a lavish hand.

It was Hsin Tsao, after all, who broke the silence that threatened to become embarrassing.

"Time to go, Honorable Mister Doctor. My Amah may miss me. Hsin Tsao will thank you not to mention her coming to Been Sin Low." She spoke in almost perfect English with only a hint of a delicious accent.

"But you can't go alone! Suppose something happened to you?" Niles was

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on his feet now. In imagination he saw her robbed, ill-treated perhaps, and left to unspeakable agony along some unfrequented roadway, or tossed, a thing of no account, into some swampy rice-field——

"I came alone," she reminded him demurely, but her eyes were roguish. Then, evidently deeming some explanation necessary, she added:

"It happened so: A heron, with much flapping of his strong white wings, flew over the house. This means happiness to all the dwellers in that house. So I went into the courtyard to kiss my hand to him, where he sailed against the blue of the sky. But, even as I looked, another came into view and, following him, a third. I watched them, circling on lazy wings, long yellow legs stretched out behind them, until all three had passed over the house, flying toward the south; and I stepped outside the gate—unguarded at the moment—to watch until they dwindled to three dots and vanished in the purple haze. You see," she went on naïvely, "unless one watch them out of sight, they bring death. But when one does it's only trouble to the master of the house."

"Which is bad enough," Niles sympathized. "Chinese birds know a lot, don't they?"

He watched her nose crinkle into a smile. "But it's a very sure sign," she assured him. "And you see the trouble has begun already, for as I started to go back, I saw the burned man."

"Sure he is burned?" Niles questioned.

She closed her eyes, and white palms crossed against her breast swayed back and forth. "His hands! His feet!" she shuddered.

"You shouldn't have come!" he admonished her. He wanted to take her hands and assure her of his vigorous protection; instead, in a manner he strove to make only professional, he added:

"This burning case is not the first we have had. The work of Spotted Tom, likely, or some of his followers."

From the edge of the big chair where she perched, Hsin Tsao lifted scared eyes to his.

"Spotted Tom!" she repeated in awe.

"He thinks nothing of burning his victims when they refuse to reveal the hiding-places of their treasures," Niles explained further, glad to be started on something at last. Then, with a petulance wholly beside the subject: "Why don't you Chinese put your money in banks? You invite trouble by keeping it about you!"

Hsin Tsao's smile was indulgent.

"Money belt more good," she assured him. "Besides, no one trouble Been Sin Low."

"How do you know that? What's his business? Merchant?" with a comprehensive glance at her rich satins.

Hsin Tsao shook her head. "He not tell me. Very much he goes away."

"And leaves you alone?"

"There are the house boys and the Amah," proudly; "also Se Woo at the gate. But he grows old," she added honestly.

"A pack of sheep to run at the first alarm!" Niles dismissed them. "Why does your brother leave you at a time like this, with Spotted Tom's atrocities being perpetrated in the very district?"

Again Hsin Tsao shook her head.

"He never say. Sometimes he comes home early in the morning very tired and dusty, with mud on his shoes. But Se Woo said I should not speak of that," she added as an afterthought.

Doctor Page frowned; then his eyes widened at a thought which had sprung full-grown into his mind. Could Hsin Tsao's brother be one of the followers of the notorious robber? It was so natural to suspect evil of anything mysterious. But at the moment it was too preposterous to admit of more than scant consideration.

The stretcher-bearers passed the window with their sheeted burden. Niles resisted an impulse to prolong this moment that had promised so much of very real satisfaction, and had been productive of so little; this moment alone with the girl whose face had been with him almost constantly since that first chance glimpse. Making her possible danger an excuse, he would accompany her and warn her brother. And, too, although he could hardly be said to be conscious of it, in the back of his mind, where he had thrust it to wait the time when he could give it his full consideration, the thought of

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this man's possible connection with the bandit who was terrorizing the whole countryside, was growing from a mere doubtful contingency into full certainty at Hsin Tsao's chance remark. Of course, he might be wrong; no doubt he was. But in the event of his being correct in his surmise, he might, through the follower, reach the head. He did not count on any direct information, knowing the crafty Chinese mind; but depended rather upon some chance word let slip; some tell-tale expression, caught before the other was aware.

As they passed down the street, so narrow that his extended arms would have touched the high walls on either side, Niles felt again the eerie sensation of being watched he always experienced in the native part of the town. How easy it would be for one of those wide gates to open just far enough for a long yellow arm to snatch the girl from his side, and close again, presenting a blank, impervious surface to his frantic importunities!

He watched her covertly as she stepped along at his side, so like yet so subtilely different from the other Chinese women he had met.

Around a corner she stopped before a brass-studded door in the wall.

"It is I, Hsin Tsao," she called, beating upon its surface.

The door opened a crack; a pair of eyes, fierce and penetrating, under lowering heavy lids, peered out of a wrinkled weatherbeaten face, and the wide gate swung open, permitting them to enter the courtyard beyond. The sound of gently falling water came from a grotto of rocks under the shade of two swaying cypress trees. The narrow path they followed led between brilliant beds of nodding blossoms, to the guest house where century-old dwarf pines stood sentinel in their weathered tubs, either side of the wide steps. Here Hsin Tsao left him while she went to seek her brother. Niles sat down in one of the chairs arranged with ceremonial exactness around the wall, and studied the interior while he waited for her return. It varied in no way from the others he had visited, except in its added richness. Plum-colored satin, over which sprawled Chinese characters in gold, covered the walls from rafters to floor. And behind the carved ancestral table, facing the open side of the room, hung a gorgeous banner of imperial yellow. The chairs and tables were of polished redwood, and the honor couch of priceless teak, carved in dragons, gods, and flowers. Evidently the master of the house was wealthy; no mere merchant of Hwai Yuen possessed such treasures. If he were a follower of Spotted Tom—Niles let the thought sink in, growing more and more accustomed to it as he turned it this way and that. He was growing a little impatient before Hsin Tsao returned in the wake of the big Chinaman who extended the hospitality of his unworthy house to the foreign-born.

With much waving of a tiny fan, and many honeyed phrases on his part, and diplomatic questions—which Niles was forced to acknowledge to himself were more than cleverly parried—on his, they spent the better part of an hour. At the end of which, having gained nothing, not even a smile or a glance from Hsin Tsao, who worked diligently at a great frame of embroidery in the corner, he rose to go.

"Your sister, Hsin Tsao, alone, was not safe in the street—I must ask your pardon for accompanying her."

Been Sin Low bowed his acknowledgments. "The Amah shall be punished."

Hsin Tsao plucked his sleeve. "Not so, August Brother, Hsin Tsao ran away. E Wing did not know."

"Then Hsin Tsao shall be punished." Been Sin Low smiled and touched her cheek with a tender finger.

As he bowed his farewells Niles caught a fleeting glance of roguish eyes behind a broad Chinese back that belied this Oriental setting. It all seemed a fascinating play at which he and Hsin Tsao were interested spectators.

Once on his way back to the hospital, he tried to dismiss the whole occurrence. He would think, instead, of his work. He wondered if his latest patient was another of those victims of the bandit's cruelty who treasured their hoard of silver above their poor tortured bodies? Later, when he reached the hospital, and the ward with its trim rows of beds, the wounded man was sleeping under the anæsthetic they had given him. He was swathed in

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cooling bandages, his hands and feet great pillowy stumps.

"Spotted Tom's work?" he inquired of the Chinese intern at his side.

The man paled under his yellow skin and shrugged expressive shoulders. He, like all the rest, refused to commit himself, lest a like fate overtake him.

As he turned away from the bedside, Niles strove to recall what he had heard of Spotted Tom's appearance. Some rumors portrayed him a little man, of mouselike proportions and wolfish cunning; and others, of Gargantuan amplitude; yet all united in the certainty of the two large spots of purplish red that disfigured his right forearm. He wondered what depth of knowledge lay behind the inscrutable calm in the eyes of Been Sin Low; and from the mystery of the brother it was an easy transition to Hsin Tsao herself. The image of her willowy daintiness, even her pose whether she rested or moved an unconsidered beauty, persisted in intruding itself between him and his work. The brother was forgotten; but the vision of Hsin Tsao, cuddled in the depths of his big chair——

For days he tried to put it from him, bringing the weight of his strong common sense to reason against it. But at each encounter, prejudices inherent with his New England bringing up, withered and died.

At last came a day when he could no longer avoid the issue. Finishing his after-dinner cigarette on the veranda, he gave himself up to his thoughts. Myriad stars spangled the purple heavens, and the town with its human note seemed far away and sleeping. A night-bird called, and was answered by its drowsy mate from a near-by bamboo in the compound. A woman's soft laugh, followed by the deeper note of a man's voice, broke for an instant the silence of the empty street where the houses with their upcurled eaves threw fantastic shadows across the roadway. For the first time since he had been in China Niles felt the utter desolation of loneliness. Ambition suddenly became a pale thing, void of reality. What was work but the means whereby a man gained the bigger things of life—a home, a wife and children? He needed —what did he need? A vacation—without Hsin Tsao—? He dismissed it. Swift-born as a summer breeze, that grew into a very typhoon of desire as the warm insidious breath of passion choked and stung him into a taut, quivering creature, he realized how much he wanted her. Under his calm, spare, brown exterior he harbored many emotions; and perhaps the most fierce of them all had been a healthy hatred for the average opinion of the world. Yet now he felt himself on trial before a body of his peers, his madness condemned, and he had no word of defense to utter.

He left the pillar against which he had been leaning, and walked the length of the porch. As he turned he caught a faint gleam of white from two shrouded figures that entered the compound and came up the steps. They hesitated a moment at the top, then the slighter of the two came quickly forward, throwing aside her enveloping veil as she reached his side. She laughed softly at his startled exclamation.

"We have brought our treasures, Honorable Doctor. Been Sin Low again has departed, and we were afraid."

Niles did not speak. He waited for the tumult in his veins to become calmer. The presence of E Wing steadied him after a moment, and he was surprised at the naturalness of his own voice when he did speak.

"Why have you brought it to me, Hsin Tsao?"

"The hospital is safe. Let us hide it in the walls."

She lifted one of the two great jars from E Wing's hip and set it before him.

"There is no place to hide it here," Niles objected. "Bring it inside." He lifted the jar, heavy even for him, and preceded by the women, carried it to his study, where he set it upon the table. E Wing deposited its mate beside it. Either her action was deliberate, or her hand unsteady, for the jar rolled upon its side, spilling a stream of scintillating light from its broad mouth. Niles' fascinated gaze caught the glint of topaz, large as pigeon's eggs; translucent jade as green as young bamboo; rubies with a smouldering heart of fire; and pearls, alone, in clusters, and in strings. Curious orna-

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Drawn by Kyhei Inukai.

The jar rolled upon its side, spilling a stream of scintillating light from its broad mouth.—Page 596.

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ments too large to pass unhelped its slender throat, gleamed and twinkled from within the jar.

Niles was plainly disturbed. He glanced with suspicion at the placid fat face of E Wing, then uneasily about the room. He did not trust himself to look at Hsin Tsao.

"It is not safe," he told them. "You must take it home again. Suppose Been Sin Low should return and find it gone? I will set a guard outside your wall, if you like."

Hastily he gathered handfuls of jewels and poured them into the neck of the jar, while E Wing looked about the room with unconcealed interest. But Hsin Tsao, pressing against him, laid her hand upon his arm.

"It is not only the jewels, honorable doctor, but I was alone—the house is very big and silent——"

Still he refused to look at her; but the hand that replaced the stones trembled a little, so that one spilled out and rolled upon the floor. When he had recovered it, she bent a little nearer and peered sorrowfully up into the face above her. She seemed very small and very desirable.

"Has Hsin Tsao offended in some way?" she murmured.

Niles's hand closed over the one on his arm. "You make it hard for me, Hsin Tsao," he said, meeting her look bravely. He did not expect her to understand, but he was not prepared for the finality of the gesture with which she drew away her hand and turned to E Wing.

"Hsin Tsao!" he pleaded. But she refused to listen.

"We would not longer infringe upon your valuable time, Honorable Doctor. Take up the jars, E Wing."

He loved her more for her outburst of pride, he thought, although he had given up trying to find out just why he did love her, and had come to the conclusion—sane as any—that it was just because she was herself. What good of explanation, since East must remain East, and West West?

At a discreet distance he followed the two closely veiled figures, the heavier one balancing an unwieldy jar on each hip, until they vanished through the studded gate in the wall.

His two guards posted, and with no further excuse to linger, he walked on forlornly toward the town. The solitude of the hospitable porch just now was unbearable.

From the quiet of the residential streets through which he passed, he turned at last into the one busy thoroughfare where the shops still stood wide open. Once at home he remembered to have seen a flimsy row of houses from which a sweeping wind, tornado-like in its instant of power, had stripped the fronts, revealing the life of the interiors a varied, unbeautiful thing. The Chinese shops were like that.

As he paused at the corner of an alley, undecided which way to take, a man passed him. Outside the wine-shop this figure paused and whistled three notes: a curious, eerie sound like the call of a curlew. Then he turned and retraced his steps; but not before Niles had seen his face. Somehow he felt no surprise in recognizing the brother of Hsin Tsao.

Niles' first feeling was one of relief that he had sent Hsin Tsao home with her jewels. The next, half-forgotten tales of Spotted Tom were flitting through his mind. He found himself, with no conscious volition, trailing the shadowy figure up the dim alley. A breeze had sprung up and as he followed through deserted street after deserted street, hiding for a moment in the shadow of a sunken gate when detection threatened, he came at last to the edge of the town where the road ran north and south, straight into the open country.

It was close to midnight when the solitary figure before him turned abruptly to the left and was gone. Niles leaped forward. But as he more cautiously approached the place where the man had vanished he saw a tiny path through the field of growing rice, faintly illumined by the ghostly radiance of a rising moon. He followed stealthily. At the edge of the forest he fell back breathless. The space before him, with a mediæval forest of cypress as a background, palpitated with the shadowy figures of men. He heard no sound, yet momentarily the number increased until he guessed there must have been close upon five hundred.

The clouds drew closer together, hid-

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ing the face of the pale moon; a faint wind whispered in the rice; a night-bird stirred. Niles could hear the call of tree-toads along the road. Into the black night shot a gleam of yellow light; then another and another. And suddenly the air was rent with a low sound, half wail, half chant, that rose and fell once—twice—then silence. But the lanterns still glowed, huge fireflies in the dusky grove. Niles crept nearer. A man stepping upon a rude platform of large flat stones, began to speak. His words were the liquid Manchurian of an ancient day, but here and there Niles caught a word that helped to make the meaning clear. Above the fitful gleam of the lanterns the speaker's face was in shadow, but a light played along the arm that held aloft a gleaming, jewel-encrusted dagger. Plainly discernible upon the right forearm, from which the silken sleeve fell back, were two great spots of purplish red. The dusky mass before him fell upon its knees, foreheads pressed to the ground. For a rapt moment even the wind paused to catch the just audible words of the speaker, as the hand loosed its hold, and the dagger dropped, a flash of steely blue, to bury itself to the hilt in the soft earth. Niles knew the significance of the action: Spotted Tom was disbanding his followers.

As the swaying mass arose, four men appeared from the dimness of the forest, bearing a great bound chest among them, and close behind came four others similarly burdened. The chests were put upon the ground, the lids thrown back. Spotted Tom stepped down, and dipping his arms to the elbows in the flood of golden taels inside, scattered them among his followers. The golden stream flowed with seemingly no abating into the bags, pockets, and sleeves held out to receive it.

When all were satisfied they fell upon their faces and waited. Spotted Tom again mounted the pile of stones. To Niles crouching in the shadow outside the ring of prostrate bodies, his words fell clear, rounded, exact.

"Seek me not," he commanded. "I go to Shanghai to engage in the honorable business of jewel merchant. Should trouble come to you, send me the symbol you wear inside your money belt, and help will come. For the last time I command you. Give the sign of fealty."

The throng arose, lanterns were lifted high in the air once, twice, thrice. And at each uplift of arms, came an unintelligible word that gripped Niles with its intensity, and left him shuddering; for as the light fell upon the face of the man upon the pile of stones, he knew it as the face of him whom he had followed from the town.

In the weeks that followed, Niles threw himself with redoubled energy into his work, in a vain effort to forget Hsin Tsao. As the struggle in his mind went on, the longing for some definite knowledge of her grew. In bed, to which he went from force of habit rather than from any refreshment he derived from it, he lived over again those few blissful moments with her. Gray dawn found him thinking over just what he had said and had omitted to say, what she had said, and what she probably meant; how differently he would have managed everything if he could have it over again; and finally to sleep and dream of her married to some fat and hideous Celestial.

His first free day found him, late in the afternoon, elbowing his way through the crowded station at Shanghai. Coolies, sedan-chair carriers, and donkey men clustered around him, clamorous for attention. But he shoved through them, and leaving the noise of their solicitations, and the bustle of departing and arriving travellers, behind him, set off at a brisk walk for the street of jewellers. At the corner he stepped aside for a gorgeous red sedan-chair to pass. It was accompanied by many servants and preceded by an outrider or two. Doubtless it carried a bride to her new home. Suppose behind those red silk curtains sat Hsin Tsao? The thought drove the blood from his face. He quickened his pace.

It was growing late when he came to the street he sought. In some of the shops coolies were putting up the shutters preparatory to closing for the night, while the front of others blazed forth into fantastic dragons and flowers of electricity. A fat amah, in blue cotton trousers and jacket, passed him and entered a shop on the left. Instantly he recognized

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E Wing and crossing over, strolled past. A sound of sobbing reached him, depriving him of his last scruple. His heart hammered in his throat with a sickening feeling of suffocation. With a bound he was inside the shop, bending over the quivering, tumbled figure prostrate on the floor. After one look at his face, E Wing stepped aside, her beads of eyes disappearing in the folds of her vast smile.

"What is it?" he demanded, fear of he knew not what making him almost inarticulate.

At the sound of his voice Hsin Tsao raised her tear-stained face from the shelter of her arms, and struggling to her feet, essayed a rather moist smile of greeting. Niles took her hands and held them hard. Her smile grew luminous and the color flooded her cheeks. When he finally released her, and brought himself to speak, he found his voice unsteady.

At his inquiry for Been Sin Low her eyes grew veiled and absent; all color and life seemed gone from her face, leaving it quiet as if the real Hsin Tsao were away on a sorrowful journey, before she turned to the shelter of E Wing's broad bosom.

"Tell me!" Niles commanded.

"To-day the master makee much bath, same like always," E Wing began. But Hsin Tsao silenced her with a little push. She lifted her head, the wet lines of her tears extending from the corners of her eyes to her lips.

"My brother, according to his custom, went to-day to bathe in the public bath. As he stepped from his kimono, at the edge of the steaming pool, one who waited laid hands upon him and carried him away to the fastness of the foreign prison. Because he was unarmed they dared to touch him; and because he bears two great spots upon his arm, they say he is the bandit chieftain, Spotted Tom. To-morrow they send him back to Hwai Yuen to be punished."

"Don't you worry. No doubt they're wrong," Niles sympathized; but in the light of what he knew, he felt his comfort lacked conviction. "To-morrow I'll go to Hwai Yuen and see the mayor. I'll fix him in a hurry!" In the glow of Hsin Tsao's grateful eyes he felt no task too large for him.

After a little, when she was calmer, he and E Wing persuaded her to return to the house back of the shop. It was as unlike as possible the home in which she had lived at Hwai Yuen, and Niles, even in his concern over her grief, found himself impressed by its beauty. The entire space was open to the roof, where the light from one great window, transfused through rosy silk, focussed itself upon the brilliant satin banner suspended from the carved railing of the balcony that extended around the second story, and fell more softly on the dusky teak and redwood of the furniture below. The tiny flame from the lamplet on the Buddha shelf flickered before the shrine in the corner, seeming to quicken each fibre of its incense-penetrated wood with a secret life suggesting strange possibilities. It, and all it stood for, seemed irreconcilable with Hsi Tsao at his side.

"See how preposterous such a thing would be in the light of all this!" he said with a comprehensive sweep of his arm.

"You think so?" her eyes brightened with an expression approximating hope.

"I'm convinced of it. Now run along with E Wing and rest. I'll let you know as soon as there is anything to tell."

Without even a touch of her hand he let her go; and with only one backward look Hsin Tsao obediently ascended the broad steps of the balcony, leaving him standing there making a pretense of lighting a cigarette, to catch the last glimpse of her. He thrust into the background of his consciousness, as he turned away, disquieting thoughts that threatened the exquisite emotion of his more than half-awakened dreams.

Niles lost no time next morning in heading for Hwai Yuen. Even at the early hour at which he entered the town he was conscious of an unwonted activity. Men were arriving every few moments from beyond the golden stretches of rice-fields, to swell the throng that surged back and forth along the streets. A company of soldiers with their bamboo pikes pattered by, and disappeared around the corner of the station, the blue and yellow of their flapping garments a vivid contrast to the crimson of the persimmon-trees that lined the way. He pushed his way through the crowd to the hospital, but,

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after an hour, returned to the street. The throng by this time had swelled to thousands. Blue-clad coolies, unrebuked, brushed against mandarins in their costly silks, geisha girls beautifully coifed and painted, accompanied by their amahs, pushed their way through the crush of men. Strange rough men from the north, fresh-colored, clumsy, powerful, rubbed elbows with the small sallow men of the south.

The blast of a trumpet caught the attention of the throng; and Niles, gaining a momentary eminence upon the edge of a tiny hillock, wedged himself between two gayly dressed youths and waited.

Into view around the bend came the beginning of a procession. Drums beat, stringed instruments twanged, and cymbals clashed; and above all blared the noise of the ancient trumpets of great length, of the same design likely as those used outside the walls of Jericho. A crisp breeze, washed clean of any particle of dust by the heavy dew of the night before, fluttered the gay flags and brilliant banners borne by the good-humored soldiers.

In their midst, high over the heads of the thousands who lined the streets waiting for a glimpse of the famous bandit, rode Spotted Tom. His legs were manacled to the chair in which he sat, but his hands were free. As he went along, soldiers handed him cup after cup of wine. As he was carried by, Niles caught snatches of the boasting of the crowd. "Yonder rides Spotted Tom, the terror of the northwest country!"—"He has travelled to Peking!"—"He has lived in Shanghai!"—"Now he is being welcomed home in a most fitting manner!"

Niles turned away, shouldering back through the press of men to a side street, and on to the house of the mayor, whom he found at home, awaiting the arrival of his captive.

To Niles, who knew him well, he volunteered an explanation of the seemingly inexplicable conduct of the people in the street.

"You see for yourself he is very powerful?" he said.

"Yes," Niles assented.

"You have told me you saw him sharing his treasure with his followers?"

Again Niles agreed.

"The Chinese are very loyal. Would it not be better to have five hundred friends than five hundred enemies?" A crafty smile, pointed by a suspicion of mockery, lurked under his picture-book mustaches. "And he might be pardoned," he went on slyly. "I should not care to be his enemy."

Niles found this diplomacy staggering. And as he went, at the mayor's suggestion, to view the feast spread in honor of the captured bandit, he found himself even further fascinated by the subtlety of the Chinese mind.

"While they feast, he and the young toughs of the town who have been invited to eat with him," the mayor explained further, "I shall talk with the governor as to his disposition. Whether we shall shoot him, cut off his head, or pardon him, rests with the governor."

"And if he is pardoned?" Niles wanted to know.

"Then he will look with favor upon the mayor of Hwai Yuen who has treated him so royally; but I should prefer that they cut out his heart," he added blandly.

Niles pondered. "Would the governor pardon him if you wanted it as a favor?" he asked after a moment. The mayor shrugged.

"Because if he would," Niles went on, "why don't you ask it and suggest that Spotted Tom be pardoned upon the condition that he—who will naturally feel a great attachment for his deliverers—and all his followers, shall become the attachés of the military police?"

The mayor didn't seem to hear. And although Niles stood directly in front of him, he saw no change in the blank stare the man fixed on space, save that the eyes widened a little and then steadied. That was all. Yet Niles found himself with a conviction that the mayor had found a way to reconcile his official integrity with some private form of graft known to the Chinese mind as "squeeze," that would work out to the advantage of Spotted Tom.

As he passed the deserted residential quarter on his way back to the hospital Niles could not resist a last look at the house that had sheltered Hsin Tsao. If Been Sin Low, as he continued to call

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him in his own mind—were executed, Niles could do nothing but carry the news to his sister as he had promised; while if the man were pardoned, he would carry the glad tidings to Hsin Tsao himself. In either event, he, Niles Page, was nothing but an outsider. Hsin Tsao thought only of her brother, and it was better so. But as he came to the brass-studded door in the high wall, his heart was heavy. Tentatively he tried the latch. To his surprise, it yielded to his touch, and pushing the gate slowly open, he looked within.

Sitting there on the porch, with the sunshine sifting down through the lacy leaves of the two big willow-trees on either side of the door, was Hsin Tsao. At his startled exclamation she looked up. Niles disregarded an annoying tendency to feel dizzy that came over him, and went to meet her.

"We came, E Wing and I, with Se Woo this morning," she said. "They have gone to watch the procession. I could not. You think he will be pardoned?" Her figure, slender as a willow branch, swayed toward him.

Niles murmured something affirmative in a doubtful tone. His mind was busy with this amazing sensation that warmed him like a flame at the mere presence of Hsin Tsao. And she, with a woman's intuition, seemed to sense his feelings, for she gave him a sidelong look that met his and they both smiled without exactly knowing why. A thrill even more like a flame seemed to burn up everything between them, leaving just this warm golden noon, a garden of soft blossoms, a girl and her lover.

All the restrained longings of those two endless months leaped forth, an uncontrollable force, at this unexpected meeting. Niles tried to think, to reason, to decide; instead, he found her in his arms, her soft body crushed against him.

"I love you, Hsin Tsao, I love you," he murmured against her hair.

A patter of running feet in the alley, and Se Woo, panting, stood before them, sallow cheeks moist, and a sound that might have been a laugh gurgling in his throat.

"Master can come!" he announced when he could speak. Before he had finished his tale, in answer to Hsin Tsao's excited questions, the house-boys came straggling back. E Wing, breathless, returned to announce that Been Sin Low, mighty as a mandarin, was on his way. The courtyard cleared as if by magic. Only Hsin Tsao and Niles remained when Se Woo opened the gate for his master.

Been Sin Low, in the costly ceremonial robes of his new office, entered calm, unruffled. A wraith of a smile crossed his lips when he saw the two before him. "I thought to find you here," he said. "His August Honor, the mayor, has graciously permitted me to know that it was you who saved me from an ignoble and dishonorable death."

Niles tried to say how little he had done, but Been Sin Low waved aside his explanations.

"Will the honorable foreign doctor listen to a short tale? It will explain many things, and add, I believe, not a little to his happiness." There was a ripple of badinage, fascinating, prophetic, in the smooth voice.

He beckoned to Se Woo. "Tell what happened on the twelfth of November as the foreigners count, sixteen years ago."

Se Woo prostrated himself before his master, and raised supplicating hands. But Been Sin Low's voice was stern, implacable. "I command you!" he said.

So Se Woo, cringing, began his story in the pidgin peculiar to his kind. He told how, many years ago, he had attacked and robbed a foreigner, passing through a lonely forest with his baby and her Chinese amah; how he, Se Woo, had dragged him from his coach and tied him, blindfolded, to a tree, and left him. And how he had brought away the child and its nurse to Spotted Tom to dispose of. Pleased with the child, who showed no fear, Spotted Tom had brought her up as his sister, having sworn the amah to secrecy with most direful threats.

When Se Woo finished, Been Sin Low waved him aside. "It is well," he said. And turning to Niles, extended his hand, upon the open palm of which lay a ring and a quaint button. "Take these," he commanded, "together with a paper which I will bring you, and with Hsin Tsao and E Wing, go to the missionary at Bwro, and ask him if he remembers the twelfth of November, sixteen years ago."

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Drawn by Kyhei Inukai.

In their midst, high over the heads of the thousands who lined the streets waiting for a glimpse of the famous bandit, rode Spotted Tom.—Page 601.

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He folded his hands in his sleeves and turned to leave them, his head sunk upon his breast. The Hsin Tsao that Niles had known, just girlish, and full of pleasant silences and soft gaieties, was gone; and in her place had come a woman, sad now at all this startling truth-telling and the sorrow of Been Sin Low. She ran after him and laid her hand upon his arm. The recital had left Niles with a sensation of profound emotion, overpowering in the contemplation of its results.

At Hsin Tsao's touch, Been Sin Low raised his head and met the forgiveness in her face with a look of equal tenderness.

"It will be hard to part from thee, O little gay bird, and I cannot bring myself to regret the years you have spent under my roof; but when Buddha speaks, who shall question?"

At the top of the steps leading to the guest-house he turned and regarded them with a long enigmatic look before he stepped within, and was gone.

"You think the white heron is appeased, yes?" Hsin Tsao questioned, a smile part merry, part earnest, but altogether adorable, wrinkling her nose.

"I'm certain of it!" Niles answered with conviction; and he opened his arms and held them out to Hsin Tsao. And with the swiftness of a homing bird, she came into them while he held her close and kissed her lips.

WANDERLUST

By Hardwicke Nevin

I THINK I shall go searching soon
(When Night-in-the-Woods lets down her hair)
Upon impassioned peaks, that rear
Their bosoms to the proffered moon;

Ere, pressing through the morning light,
Unwavering winds reach far and wide
Like fingers on the stars, to hide
Their restless beauty out of sight;

I shall go searching star to star
Beyond the far horizon—O
I shall go searching 'til I know
Who is it calls me, from afar.

Though beauty break along the heart
And brim the margent of the soul;
And lightning hurl its burning dart
Beyond the sunset's aureole;

And wonder move within the brain
In little waves of growing fears;
And thunder moan among the rain,
And roll the music of the spheres,—

I shall go searching Something Far;
I shall not rest nor be content
With Sorrow in her battlement—
I am the night. I am the star.

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THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN

By Winifred Kirkland

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

THE playhouse door opened and shut with a bang, emitting a man and a paste-brush and a swear-word. At the same moment there went bouncing off the playhouse porch a ball composed of small, clutching hands and kicking, socked legs and bumping, shrieking little heads. Down the long, parched lawn the ball went rolling, now a white frock on top, now a green, now a pair of blue Dombey knickerbockers. A tornado of noise and movement beneath the bright mountain sun, the ball somehow avoided the scattered pine trunks, cut a clean swathe across the crimson tulip bed, and barely veered off from the forbidden fountain basin. The man came leaping and thundering down the hill. From the rear of the house on the crest a chocolate-colored nurse was flying toward the rumpus. Just then a woman parted the pendent tendrils of the arch in the ragged honeysuckle hedge. Large, white-clad, calm, Marcia Vail stooped at the same moment with Crewe Holton to disentangle his heated, tousled mass of children. She held Junior against her skirt, clasping her quiet hands across his panting but unresisting little chest. Crewe Holton was shaking his seven-year Peggy, because Peggy was plump and convenient, and you had to shake one of them, and you did not dare to shake disdainful Silvia or volcanic June. Silvia stood, as ever, a little apart, seeking to repair her white plumage from the indignity of June's assault. She was a mite of nine, a Bouvet de Monvel little girl, with dusky, square-cut hair and dusky eyes. She had a subtle little mouth, which could be razor-sharp or unctuously tactful, whichever manner Silvia deemed advisable for the management of grown-ups, her father or brown Beulah; to Miss Marcia, however, Silvia always spoke with directness, as now.

"Whose fault, Silvia?"

"June's; he tried to kick me away from the window, where we were watching Daddy inside papering the playhouse."

"And shrilling my ears off with their comments!" said Silvia's father. "When I do take a Saturday off for 'em, with the best parental intentions——"

But Marcia, stooping over June from the rear, was examining the stroke of a red pencil across his cheek.

"And who scratched June?" she asked.

There was only one person before whom Silvia's head ever drooped.

Now Marcia's gaze travelled over to Peg, too glad to be near her father to care for his condemnatory clutch on her shoulder. One looped molasses braid was still held by its limp black bow, the other was scattered free; the ends of the black leather belt of her green frock flapped about her ankles. Peggy's blue eyes were reddened; she had dropped her jaw in the grotesque fashion that always irritated her father. Marcia regarded Peggy's temple.

"And who," she pursued, "scratched Peggy? And how did Peggy get into it, anyway?"

"First I was between them, and then I was trying to pull them apart."

"Defending her neutrality," grinned Crewe.

But Marcia, too serious for grown-up pleasantries when a child's conscience was at stake, pressed home. "Who scratched Peggy?"

Collapse of Silvia, abrupt, histrionic, arranged on a green garden bench.

"I think I'm a changeling," she sobbed. "I think that's why you-all don't love me."

"You think you're a what?" thundered Crewe.

"I think I'm a changeling. I think the fairies changed me. I think that's why I'm not more like—more like the rest of the family." Her face was well hidden.

Taut words broke from Junior, gazing,

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hot-eyed and pitiless, toward that carefully crumpled little white form.

"I don't care if you are a shangeling! I don't like you for a sister! You never play wis me."

"Lord!" groaned Crewe. "What makes 'em hate each other so? And what devil possesses 'em the days I take off on purpose to play with 'em?"

Marcia lifted to Beulah, now arrived by the fountain-side, a quietly accusatory glance. In the midst of these three sprouting little personalities, intense, entangled, growing each day more insistent, Crewe's eyes and Marcia's met, saying simultaneously that the charge was a good deal to expect of any Beulah, white or black.

Marcia was an ample, Madonna woman with creamy pallor, bovine brown eyes, and dark hair parted and piled. Even an angel in the sky could hardly have penetrated her profound calm, to her heart, that morning in torment from her mother's talk. But, meanwhile, there were the children; because of what she had just read in Crewe's troubled, twinkling eyes, there was a world of significance in that little word *meanwhile*. Marcia steadied herself with the small, immediate needs.

She laid a hand on a hunched little shoulder. "Sit up, Silvia, and move over so that I can sit down." A tragic little girl raised a face of hypnotized obedience, suddenly revealing behind sly lashes, now wide, a tired and lonely baby.

"Sit between, June-boy." Marcia lifted him unresisting. She knitted his clinched fist into Silvia's cold little palm. The two hands lay unprotesting each in each, but without pressure.

"Dip your handkerchief in the fountain, Crewe, it's big enough for a face-wipe all around. Old Pegtop! My lap for you! The biggest and heaviest needs a lap most, perhaps."

"Will my feet make grass-stains on you?" hesitated Peggy, but her hot cheek was against the cool linen shoulder. Marcia was braiding the syrup-shaded hair, rebuckling the belt. She rolled the handkerchief into a wad and tossed it back to Daddy, who had dropped on the grass beside the fountain but was gazing with transient annoyance into its depths. How often had he told that nigger Dan to clean out the basin! What matter! There were worse worries to think about than dirty fountains; but even these worse worries — specifically speaking, three in number, and aged respectively nine, seven, and five—could be put out of a man's mind on a May morning, so long, that is, as Marcia stayed. The comfort of her flowed over Crewe as the water over the motionless goldfish.

Softly Marcia slipped Peggy from her lap to the bench at her side and drew Junior up to stand at her knee facing her. With imperceptible little shovings Silvia pressed into the unoccupied space close to Marcia's elbow. Crewe gazed at Marcia's calm brown head above his children. Marcia smiled at Junior's tousled earnestness. June had a flying mop of yellow, Dutch-cut hair, his father's clear, square-cut features, and Jean's elfin eyes, of chameleon color, brown-gold in the sunshine, black when he was sad or angry. Marcia's cool hand clasped tightly the hot little fists.

"Why are you always slapping Silvia, June?"

His eyes were wide and deep, upraised. "Why won't Silvia ever play wis me, Miss Mah'sa?"

"I'd play with him," murmured Peggy.

"You can't," he answered cruelly. "Peggy never understands when I make up a new play in the middle. Silvia could."

"I'd try," whispered Peggy to the comforting arm that, wrapped about her, healed all the heartaches of a little girl clumsy with great love.

"And you think slapping Silvia is the way to make her play with you?"

Slowly June's intense face relaxed until a shy twinkle showed, and a dimple, and his head ducked in a sheepish chuckle of self-amusement. "There," said Marcia, turning him about with a little push. "Run and play, you silly little boy. Go and play jacks with the pebbles there; and Peggy will play, too. I know she'll beat."

But June stood still, bargaining. "If I play, will you stay sitting there?"

"Yes, run along, you two."

"I'm too old to play," remarked Silvia.

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"Certainly," agreed Marcia briskly, "but not too old to amuse a lonely little brother. Can't you see he only teases you because he loves you so and wants some attention?"

"One might expect Silvia to be a little kind to him!" broke forth Crewe.

Rebuke from the father she idolized always summoned a sombre demon to Silvia's eyes. Icily she remarked: "I don't believe I love June very much."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" cried Crewe, but Marcia's clear laugh rang.

"You foolish child to talk like that! Who'd be the first to pull June out, suppose he dropped into the fountain this minute?"

Silvia looked up at her, cloudy. "Would I?" she asked doubtfully.

"Run and prove it to Daddy by playing with June now."

Silvia stood up. She turned on Marcia a whimsical face, on whose keen little lips a smile quivered, then she darted off on feet that were fairy-free when they could be beguiled from self-consciousness.

"There goes the biggest handful of the lot," remarked Silvia's father gloomily.

"I am not sure," answered Marcia comfortably, "which one is the biggest handful. They're all right, all of them, really."

"With you, yes!"

The children were with Beulah on the other side of the fountain now. Crewe drew himself up and took a loping stride toward Marcia's bench. Why should Marcia draw to its farthest end, as if Crewe had not sat down beside her a thousand times? Leaning back and stretching forth his long legs in ease, Crewe seemed to expect, as confidently as did June, that Marcia was going to spend the morning. Yet it was to seek a quiet talk with Beulah that Marcia had come. But what was Beulah doing? Slowly, imperceptibly, decoying her charges away from the fountain, up the hill, farther, farther, until they reached the croquet-ground terraced into the slope. She halted them there for a game, the three youngsters well in sight and well out of hearing.

For the first time in three years Marcia was afraid to be alone with Crewe. It was because she perceived it was the first time Crewe had been afraid of silence. They did not look at each other; they looked at three children playing croquet, and that in no calm fashion, but with shrill protests sometimes, and stampings, and once with an uplifted mallet that had to be cowed by Beulah's firm hand.

"They don't mean to be so naughty, Crewe."

"Don't they?" asked their father ironically; then, meditatively: "I must say, you seem to be the only person who has the clew to their meaning, or ever did have. They puzzled Jean as they puzzle me, in spite of all the larks she used to have with them."

Then down pressed the silence again, a sunny May silence that talked unbearably, rustle of honeysuckle, chirp of bird and insect, iterant plash of the fountain, and through it all, insistent, unescapable, the click of children's croquet-balls. Every word of her mother's talk was ringing, beating, in Marcia's head. A placid, stay-at-home woman of thirty obeys a mother like Marcia's, aging, exquisite, frail as a flower. And perhaps, after all, Crewe would take it quietly, what Marcia had come to say. She said it as casually as she would have mentioned a day's shopping jaunt.

"By the way, Crewe, mother is after me again to make a trip North, a long lot of visits. It's years since I've been off for any length of time. I'm supposed to need a change."

Crewe's lounging back shot up straight. "But you can't! You know you can't!"

Marcia laughed. "Why, of course I can, Crewe. There is really nothing to prevent my going, and Mother insists."

"Your mother!" He bit his wrath off sharp. "How about my children?"

"Beulah is devoted to them."

"Beulah," he answered, "is wearing mighty thin! You can't expect to get the whole world from a coon! And without you to keep an eye on her—and on the youngsters! This morning's a fair sample of what we'd be without you!"

"You'd all get along." Marcia shook her head. "People always get along, as Mother says, without other people. Mother somehow makes me feel that I'm not a very important person, after all."

"What? What's that? Why, even with you right next door it's all bad

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enough. The whole place looks like the poor-farm! Beulah fights every cook, and the children are well on their way to the dogs!" He hunched himself in utter gloom, repeating: "Even with you next door! But gone off! Up North! For six months, perhaps!"

"Only three."

"Three months! I'd like to know where you expect to find us by that time?"

"Just about where I left you, Crewe. Truly, I don't see how it can make very much difference, my being North or next door. It's none of it so bad, you know, honey."

Crewe had stretched forth his long legs again, but in no easy fashion. He had bowed his head in moody determination and folded tense arms across his chest. It no more occurred to him to dissemble his thoughts from Marcia than it would have occurred to Junior. He ground out the words.

"Your—being—North—or—next—door—can't—make—so—very—much difference! No. That's true. Either one is too far from the seat of action. It needs a woman on the spot—in that arena—where the kids and I are fighting—Beelzebub! It needs *you!* Right here! Now! I suppose that's exactly what an astute little old party, like your mother, meant to indicate to a—slow-witted—widower!"

That big, quiet Marcia should suddenly moan like a hurt bird would have brought any cad to his senses. "Crewe," she breathed, dead-white, "do you, *you*, think I could have meant *that?*"

"You!" He thundered about at her. "You! No! I said your mother! And I meant your mother! Would any one ever accuse *you* of any scheme? Would any one ever suppose you'd think up anything?"

"I am, I suppose," admitted Marcia, "a rather dull person."

"Not where children are concerned," responded Crewe, judicially. "Youngsters that snarled even Jean's wit you seem to disentangle without even the bother of thinking about it."

"Children seem easier to me than——"

"Than a man?" His eyes twinkled.

"Perhaps, yes, than a man."

"You seem to understand enough to make him feel mighty peaceful when you are around." Crewe could generously allow Marcia that much. "But I don't intend," he added gently, "ever to ask you to understand—a man."

She was very quiet.

"I don't intend to ask you to love me, Marcia."

She was as still as if she had been a silent, sheltering tree.

"We both loved Jean," he said.

There was color on Marcia's cool cheeks, two round crimson spots.

"You love the children, Marcia."

Her breath broke on her whisper: "Oh, no one can understand—that part!"

"Will you marry me, Marcia, and be their mother?"

For half a moment she did not move, then she turned. The tone of her voice throbbed strange, but the words were quite what one would have expected of good old Marcia.

"Crewe, you are as honest a child as Junior!"

It was best to take the morning this way, squarely. It had been coming on them so slowly, so inevitably, for three years. Doubtless everybody had seen it coming. They were both aware of what eyes had probably foreseen it most clearly of all, eyes flickering with amusement, sweet, keen eyes, gold-brown or else mysteriously shadowed. The croquet-balls clicked, children shouted, scolded, insistent. It would have been pretty rough on both of them, Crewe meditated, to take the thing too romantically. For himself, romance belonged to a beautiful dead day. For three years the hurly-burly of reality had been pounding away at him and the children until there was only one thing to do.

"You will marry me, Marcia, and be their mother?"

"No!" she cried, risen and shivering. "No!"

She stood before him, not plodding old Marcia at all, but a strange woman, blazing, beautiful, and tremulous.

He sprang up, staring, arraigning. "But I thought you were all mother!"

She turned. He saw her plunge blindly from him through the hedge, but he had caught her vibrant whisper: "Perhaps I am a woman!"

She was gone, leaving him bewildered, helpless, to the endless rumpus of a Satur-

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day alone with the children. All day they teased and fretted. Desperate, Crewe dashed over to Marcia once, but her mother was in the room and would not go away. Never had life seemed so petulant, never had the children seemed so unescapable. Oh, to drop it all, as in the old, exquisite years he had dropped it all, and run off for a tramp with Jean! Slowly the sultry day wore itself out.

There was one spot where the children never came. Silvia, who remembered, had impressed its inviolability on the other two. The circle about "Mother's Seat" remained, as in Jean's lifetime, cut off, as if by necromancy. The great pine had spreading, flat branches like the pines of a Japanese picture. It stood on the hill crest, a stone's throw from the dusky, shingled house. On one of the middle boughs a rude seat had been built, unobtrusive as a bird's nest. There Jean, free as a squirrel with all trees and trails, used to climb and sit, gazing with her glowing eyes out upon the mountains. Not even Crewe had ever followed to "Mother's Seat" in the old days. Now he often climbed to it in the late afternoon. From a window the children used sometimes to watch him there, silently, never sharing with each other their thoughts about "Mother's Seat." Beulah, if she came on them, would drive them sharply from the window back to playing.

Crewe leaned against the pine trunk, motionless. The wind sang its ceaseless murmur through the branches. It was cooler now. Amethyst shades were upon the mountains, lights of faerie. There was not a mountain there that he had not climbed with Jean—Square Top, Barnaby, Piper's Peak, Man Alone. They had known how to scramble up, up the steepest trails, with the clear brown water dripping down mossed walls of gray boulder, up to the sky-line beyond the tallest tree-tops. They had known how to come scrambling down, Jean laughing out melodious as brook water as she caught a sapling to save her from the precipice, and they gazed down, undizzied, at the buzzards wheeling far below them and at lesser mountain-peaks pricking up out of the rich green coves. The taste of mountain springs! The relish of bacon from a pine-cone fire! The flame of azalea flaring out beneath the bare brown branches of the mountain springtide! The big, sleek chestnuts of the autumn-time! And always Jean, laughing, singing, darting, always ahead of him, so that there was exhaustless zest in following her. He had never quite caught up with Jean, with those untamable wild feet of hers in their stout little boots.

Crewe, remembering, caught at a projecting twig and clinched it with a groan, for they should have had more sense, they should have had more sense! Always, in the few months of freedom between her babies, Jean had climbed in the old fashion, more madly, perhaps, in the surging liberty that was reaction from the fitfully conscientious care she gave her children. Their mountain days had grown more rare but more intoxicated through the seven years. June had been a toddler before they realized what he had cost. Jean had been so gay that when she coughed you could not tell whether it was the choke of laughter or of disease. She had climbed until the mountains had brought that thin blood stream to her lips, and then in the few weeks left had seemed to toss away her body in a merry impatience of its brittleness. Crewe seemed always to see her climbing still, mysterious peaks that touched the stars, always ahead of him, farther and farther ahead. If Jean had stayed with him, could he have kept up with her? Sometimes he wondered. Yet how gaily he and she had always run away from dulness, never speaking what each guilty twinkle, each shared chuckle of freedom, confessed, how afraid they were of life and of the children. Life had caught them squarely, tossing Jean out to death, tossing him back to earth, leaving him alone with Jean's children. Out on the mountains Jean and Crewe had never talked about the children, although they had always come back to them for the supper-hour, come back, with the mountain wind still blowing through them, to find small, hungry faces pressed to a darkening pane or small, socked legs dangling in a gate-post vigil.

Jean had always put her children to bed herself. For a while afterward Crewe

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had attempted the task, but, despite the apparent simplicity of their garments, they proved to be done up in so many buttons and strings that he fumbled himself into profanity. They were captious of the prayers he suggested and critical of his stories. He left them to Beulah now. They were always fretful and whimpered a good deal when they went to bed. Were all children like his, he wondered, so uneasy, so underfoot? Or was it simply because his had no mother?

The pearly gray came softly stealing over the clear gold of the twilight sky, slowly blurring the outlines of the mountains. One after another, as Crewe watched, the stars came pricking forth. Still he did not go back to the house. It was so still there in the pine! Crewe had been fiercely jealous of Jean's way of meeting death. He knew how she had tried to veil from him her zest for freedom, her insatiable curiosity for new adventure. Had Jean ever truly belonged to him? Sometimes his marriage seemed to him like the stories of men wedded to pixie-maidens or wood-fays. How strange sometimes to think that they should have had children—he and Jean—those three small, terrible facts to be dealt with!

And now the end of his romance was that he must find a mother for his youngsters, and marry her. Grim humor pulled at his lips. He was not the first man who had had to do that. All the world expected, encouraged, enjoined the man with little children to marry again. He must, that was all. Probably he'd get used to it somehow, worry along, as he had got used to all the rest of it.

Of course, Marcia was the one. If he were going to plunge into the thing it behooved him to be pretty sure of the woman. And he was sure of Marcia, as good a woman as ever the Lord made. A little dull, perhaps, in daily conversation, but a mother from head to heel of her. Why had she balked so unexpectedly that morning? He had supposed that for a year she had been ready for what she surely knew was coming, that word he had kept postponing. She could not have meant that "no." She had too much sense and too much sweetness. She was probably more like other women than he had realized, and wanted a little more pleading; he'd go about it next time a bit more gingerly. Then there flashed across his vision Marcia's face of that morning, burning, beautiful, wholly new. What if she had really meant it? What man knew any woman? What if Marcia would not marry him?

Suddenly, across the whispering stillness of the pine-tree a scream tore, and another, and another, each in a different key, one the roar of a prince outraged, another the shriek of utter abandon to noise and grief, and the last the fine, teasing wail that was Silvia's own. The Holton children could sometimes shriek like that steadily for half an hour and audibly for half a mile. Crewe groaned, but he did not swing himself down. He knew what was the trouble. Beulah wanted to get to town, and was putting them to bed early, hence protests. But he could not go in. To-day his children made him feel old and hunted. But all peace, all thought were gone. Cry after cry fell like a lash across his nerves. Did any children on earth ever yell like his? The noise kept on and on. Now he knew he must not go in, for he might murder the whole lot of them.

Then in a sudden exquisite flash of silence the shrieking ceased, dying to a few whimpers like the twitterings of sleepy nestlings beneath warm mother wings. At last Crewe dared to peep through the branches to the wide, lighted nursery windows. Marcia must have heard the racket and run across to stop it. She had come to the window; at each side, breast high above the sill, a little girl appeared, night-clad, hair in comic top-knot. In Marcia's arms lay Crewe's little boy, tight-clasping her neck, his head at peace upon her shoulder. The children had begged, perhaps, for one last look out to Daddy in "Mother's Seat," alone.

Then a strange thing happened to Marcia, to Crewe, such a thing as may happen to taut nerves after a day of tension. It seemed to Marcia as if Jean stood there, in the air, just outside the open window, like a floating fairy. The breath came and went between her parted, laughing lips, in the old, quick-panting way. Her eyes looked clear into Marcia's, twinkling like soft stars, yet with a glint of malice. She lifted her hand and the

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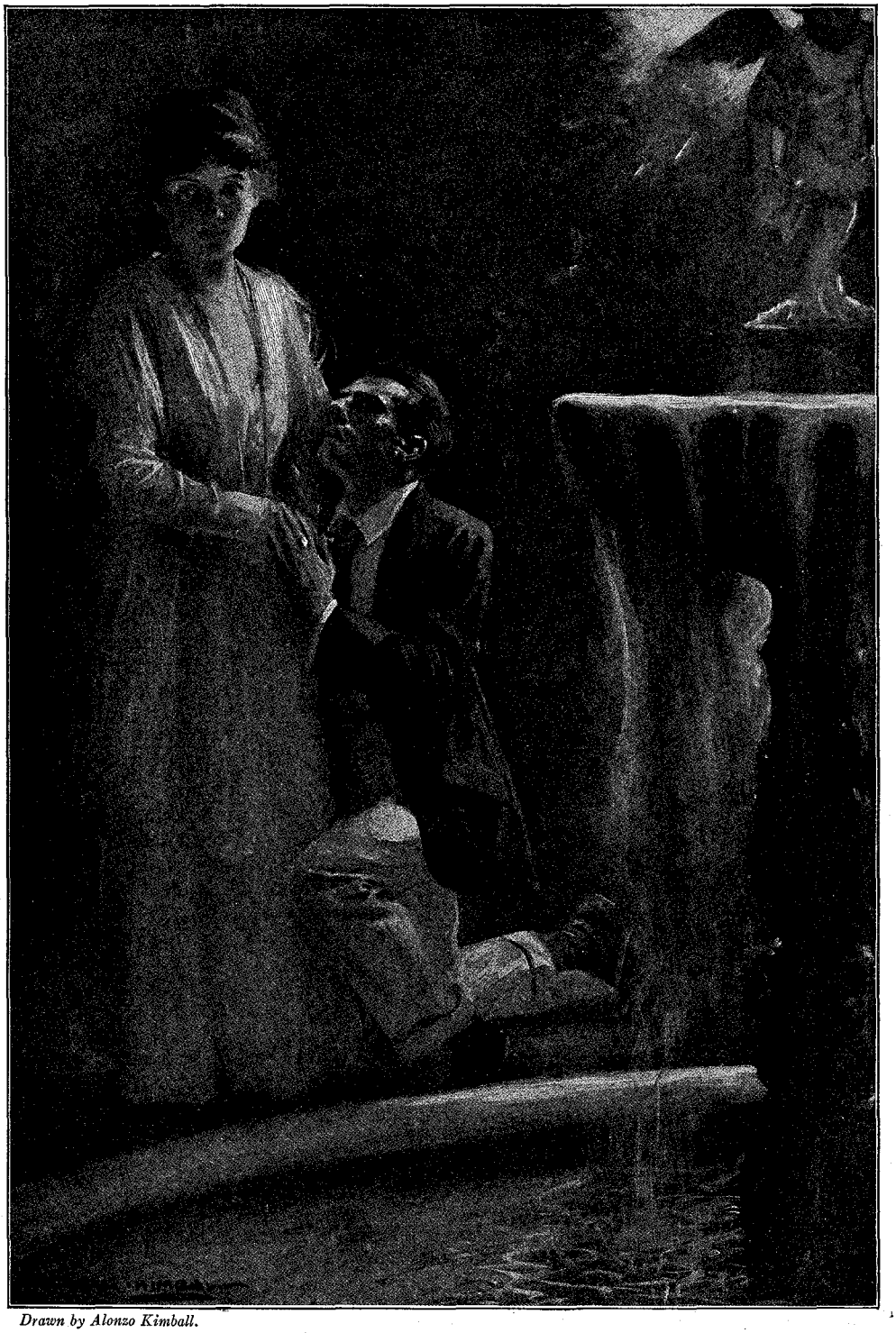

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"You need never stop loving Jean, Crewe, because I understand."—Page 612.

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tips of her fingers touched Junior's shoulders, forever Jean's baby, not Marcia's. And Jean's form blurred all the pine-tree so that Marcia could no longer see June's father.

For Crewe, against that picture of the Madonna painted in the nursery window, upon the background of dusk, there also flashed Jean's face. He saw its thin, clear contours, the sweep of her tendrilled hair to the great mass at her neck, the sweet mockery of her eyes. He felt the brushing of her hand upon his shoulder. Once again, as throughout all the years of that fairy wooing and wedding it had never failed to do, the touch of Jean's light, urgent little hand quickened his pulse feverishly. Blinded and groping, Crewe plunged down from the pine and away from "Mother's Seat."

After a long while the tired children fell asleep, to the tune of Marcia's voice crooning "Mother Goose" in the darkened nursery. At last Marcia rose and turned the gas-jet altogether off. She left the warm, regular breathing from the three little beds and stole along down the stairs out into the night, alone. There was no inky shape in the pine-tree now, and she was glad. Next week she would go away, for the reasons her mother had given, and for her own reasons, infinitely stronger. How strange that, after all, she could not do it! Shaken with sickening yearning, yet she could not do it. It seemed as if she felt Junior's arms about her neck strangling her with their need, yet she could not do it. She was not an analytical woman; she knew only two things to-night about herself, that she could not marry a man who did not love her, and the other thing she knew pressed in a whisper to her lips as she went along the gravel path down the hill, "I could marry him, if I did not love him!"

It was all so sad that it made life seem hollow and old and dead, but it was true. She could not do it, that was all. Crewe must be lonely, and the children must be lonely, and she must be lonely, always, but it could not be helped. Probably everybody in the world was lonely. They must somehow manage to live on, all of them, alone.

There was something there by the fountain, a form that slowly took shape in the soft starlight. It was Crewe flung face down upon the ground. A man was crying, crying like a child, like Junior! And it was Crewe!

She forgot.

It might have been the fall of a leaf upon his shoulder, so soft was the touch and so self-less. Her voice might have been the crooning of the wind, kindly nurse stooping from the tree-tops to comfort some tumbled human baby. He heard the words, iterant as the sweet lapping of the fountain: "I'm so sorry, so sorry, so sorry!"

He caught blindly at the comfort of her hand, not lifting his head. Marcia stroked his hair, understanding. Tired to death, Crewe moved a little, resting his head upon her knee as if it had been his mother's. Through the night stillness the fountain went tinkling, tinkling, soft, persistent. They were silent a long time, and unafraid of silence.

Suddenly Crewe opened wide eyes, looking up. Who was this strange woman bending over him, restful as the sky? With such a woman a man need never be afraid of anything, not even of his children. That touch upon his forehead, had he not been hungry for it all his life? In one infinite second, realization crashed the truth through his soul.

But Marcia, gazing into the blue mystery that encompassed them, did not see Crewe's eyes. To Crewe her words came as if she thought herself calling to him in another world, unwitting that he was close beside her.

"You need never stop loving Jean, Crewe, because I understand." And after a moment: "You need never love me, Crewe, but I will marry you and be a mother to the children."

"The children?" he questioned dreamily, having utterly forgotten them. "The children?"

"It is for them"—Marcia's voice was solemn with sacrament—"that we marry." Then her hand strove to become comfortably rhythmic, as though she were patting a child to rest. "I will take care of you all. You need never worry any more about anything, laddie."

He rose, at last fearless and full-statured. Quietly he drew her up to stand facing him beneath the stars. Then at last she saw. Swaying, white, she lifted her face to his love.

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CONFESSIONS OF A MUSIC CRITIC

By W. J. Henderson

Author of "The Art of the Singer," "What Is Good Music," etc.

HAVING practised the ungentle and generously hated art of music criticism for something more than half a lifetime, I have been somewhat comforted by the daily appearance of proof that it occupies a position unique and piquant. Writers of comment on art, drama, and literature are deprived of certain honors reserved for the critic of music and musicians. These honors are bestowed upon him by the opinion of society and may be summed up as follows:

First. The music critic is the only human being entirely ignorant about music.

Second. If he does display any information, he obtained it from a book. (This book, of course, could not have been written by some other music critic, for such an one could produce only a compendious volume of ignorance.)

Third. He does not hear the whole of every concert or recital about which he writes, and is therefore guilty of deliberately misinforming himself.

Fourth. He writes his article before the performance instead of after it.

Fifth. When writing about the art of singers or instrumental players, conductors, orchestras, or opera companies, he is invariably dishonest. When writing about compositions, he is merely incompetent. He has no comprehension of compositions and can only plagiarize what some one else has already written about them.

This is a moderate statement of the view of music critics taken by the majority of those who give any consideration at all to their existence. I have been much refreshed on my journey through the world by the insistent reiteration of the assertion that the little company of scribes who have dwelt in the midst of music, saturated their souls with it, studied everything about it they could ferret out in all the byways as well as along the highways, and even spent thought upon it in the waking hours of the night, ever since they were boys, were the only persons who knew nothing about it and who must be always mistaken in their views. The self-evident justice of this charge is such that it would be futile to combat it.

Touching the second article of the indictment, the critic must confess that he does obtain much of his information from books. Possibly he might disclose greater originality by inventing it. He could stir up some very pretty discussion by contradicting Berlioz or Strauss on the subject of instrumentation, or Spitta on the biography of Bach. An incident of experience, however, is worth a whole history of speculation. A cultivated amateur of music, much addicted to the opera habit, once pointed at Grove's "Dictionary of Music" and said: "That is where our music critics get all their information about operas." It seemed a pity that he had not peeped into the work himself, since it contains just seven lines about "Aïda" and nine and one-half about "Carmen." I can aver unhesitatingly that, when the music critics go forth to obtain their information from books, they know in which works to seek for it. This in itself is an achievement worthy of respect, as any librarian will tell you.

The critics of music do not remain through the concerts. This is undeniable. They sit to the end of some, but not of others. The "others" are in the majority. Nor is this because the reviewers have to attend so many of them. The musical editor of a daily newspaper in New York seldom "covers" more than two performances in a day. Occasionally circumstances may compel him to do more, but his rule nominates two. He selects those two which offer the most pregnant matter for consideration and turns over the others to his assistant. It is the unfortunate assistant who has to rush to five or six entertainments between 3 and 9 P. M.

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These assistants deserve highly honorable mention. They work hard and under relentless pressure. The afternoon performances are not their chief source of difficulty. It is the singer, the violinist, the cellist, that passes in a night. By 10 P. M. the assistant, always going from hall to hall in high speed, must be ready to finish up, for early "copy" is the rule of the office. Of course the assistant does not stay through a concert except on some halcyon afternoon when he has only one to cover, and then he follows the principle which guides the action of the first critic.

The principle is elementary. The late William Winter, the distinguished dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, was censured for not sitting through a certain play. "It is not necessary," he calmly replied, "to eat the whole of an egg in order to find out that it is bad." The same proposition can be laid down in regard to musical performance and to music itself. Upon one occasion a distinguished music critic from a learned city to the east of New York was visiting us. He was present at the first appearance of a Metropolitan Opera Company soprano in the rôle of Juliette. After the chamber scene he found the leading critics in the press room writing their reports. He said to the writer of this article:

"Is that the way you men do your work here? Why, in our town we sit till the end of the opera and then work till two in the morning."

"Really?" I answered. "Do you mean to tell me that it takes you three hours to find out that a woman cannot sing Juliette?"

The whole matter rests on one foundation. Does the person under observation know how to do the thing he or she is trying to do? If he does not know how, he will not learn before the concert is over. Now a real critic can tell you in five minutes after a recital begins whether the performer knows how to do the thing he is trying to do. If he does not, there is no use in sitting through the entertainment. If he shows any evidence of ability, the critic must wait till absolutely certain that he has the musician's measure. Two incidents may serve to illustrate. Once upon a time a young woman possessed of an insatiable desire to sing in "grand opera" also had a wealthy father. So she came to New York, hired an opera company and an opera-house, and burst forth as Carmen. I sat through two acts, although I knew before half of the first was ended that she was a lamentable failure. When I reached the lobby on my way out, I was buttonholed by the prima donna's manager, who adduced his most potent arguments to persuade me to stay. When I had exhausted my patience, I said unto him:

"Jimmie, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you twenty-five dollars she can't learn to sing before the next act."

Now for the other side of the medal. An unknown pianist was to give his first recital in Æolian Hall. None of the critics had ever heard of him. Pianist after pianist had passed across that stage, each a supreme exponent of the ancient doctrine "ex nihilo nihil fit." What mattered one more or less? Entering the hall, I found that the youth was already on the stage at the piano. It was too late to go to my seat. Overcoat still on and hat in hand, I stood behind the rail at the rear, ready to fly after the first or second number. One of my confrères arrived and joined me. The unknown pianist, palpably nervous but not overcome, played his first number. There was no mistaking the quality of the performance. I looked at my confrère and he looked at me.

"Richard," I said, "I think we'll have to sit down and listen to this boy."

We went to our seats, remained through the whole recital, and turned out half a column each the next morning. The boy was Mischa Levitzki. When we heard him play his first number we both perceived not only that he knew how to play the piano but that he was thoroughly musical. The questions remaining to be settled were those of his breadth of vision, his knowledge of styles, and his command of his clearly manifested powers in various fields. What has been said about the critical examination of performance applies equally to that of composition. It is not necessary to hear the whole of a badly conceived and feebly written piece of music in order to know that it is worthless. But music critics make it a rule to

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listen to new compositions, for they hold that the creative artist deserves more searching investigation than the passing performer. When the professional listener, tired and bored, hears a new note in the vast and confused chorus of conventionalists, he sits suddenly erect in his chair, and his heart beats with fresh vigor. There is more joy in criticdom over one composer discovered than over a hundred new chanters or manipulators of keys.

Many excellent persons, whose food brings to them the chief joy of living, are wont, when they read a few curt statements in regard to an insignificant performance, to declare that the critic was suffering from indigestion. It must be conceded that critics, being people, do sometimes suffer some of the ills to which the flesh is heir; but after a long and arduous experience in the business of listening to musicians, I am prepared to assert that, when I am "indisposed," as the opera-singers call it, I do not hear people singing out of tune who are singing in tune, nor pianists pounding the instrument mercilessly when they are actually playing as gently as sucking doves. Probably a bilious commentator might phrase the record less politely than a man who had just fallen heir to a fortune. Personally I am unable to speak with authority, since I have not suffered from biliousness in many years.

But the truth is that the majority of casual readers of criticism are under a misconception as to its real character, and, therefore, as to the methods by which its duties are discharged. Four-fifths of the work of a so-called music critic are plain news reporting. The most cursory examination of the review of a concert in a morning paper will show that it is chiefly not an expression of opinion but a statement of facts. It is not a matter of opinion whether a singer has a good voice, an equalized scale, a just intonation, a good legato, a fluent delivery of florid passages, a correct trill, a clear-cut staccato, or distinct enunciation. Neither is it a matter of opinion whether she sings Handel or Bach in the right style or shows a comprehension of Brahms's "Nightingale." Similar conditions surround the determination of the merits of a pianist, a cellist, or other solo performer.

The question to be asked is "Does the critic know these things? Can he recognize the facts which are presented to his hearing by the performer?" If he can, he is able to tell in ten minutes whether a singer or instrumental performer is worth listening to for an hour. In nine cases out of every ten he will know as much about the musician in a quarter of an hour as he can learn in an hour and a half. The critic who cannot tell within five minutes after a singer begins a recital whether she knows how to sing ought to be in some other business. He is surely not qualified for that which he is pursuing.

The objection will be raised that singers and performers are frequently so nervous at the beginning of a recital that they cannot do themselves justice. This is incontestable. But the critic ought to know just what sort of shortcomings result from nervousness and what do not. Furthermore, when he perceives that the performer is partly incapacitated by nervousness, it is his duty to wait till composure is acquired. But no degree of nervousness deprives a musician of his knowledge of his art; and if the beginning of the concert reveals radical ignorance, even the disappearance of nervousness will not uncover wisdom.

Of all the jests concerning music critics which enshrine a fundamental belief, the oldest and most honored is that the critics write their articles before the performance and not afterward. This merry gibe is applied principally to the long articles which appear after operatic productions. No one is more astonished than the jester when he is told that his assertion is true.

If there is somewhere a man of such supreme intellect that he can walk into an opera-house, a perfect stranger to a new opera then and there to be performed, sit through it, and write a column and a half or two columns of analytical comment, he is not in the music-critic business. Men with intellects of that caliber are commanding armies in the field or managing the foremost commercial and financial enterprises of this world, and some of them are paid more in a year than the profits of any newspaper except, perhaps, half a dozen.

The method of the music critic in pre-

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paring his two thousand or two thousand five hundred words about a new opera may be worthy of passing consideration. The first thing he does is to buy a score, and the next thing is to absorb the libretto. The newspaper critic is not at liberty merely to read the libretto and tell its story. He is expected to give some account of its literary origins. This is sometimes easy to do and sometimes not. This matter of literary sources and inspirations pursues the music critic far beyond the borders of opera. Three titles will suffice to suggest to the reader the possibilities: Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, D'Indy's "Istar" variations, and Strauss's "Don Juan." Who was Sakuntala and what was the Oriental tale which aroused the imagination of Carl Goldmark? Who was Istar, what was her descent into the nether world? What was the dance of the seven veils which was derived from her history, and how did Oscar Wilde associate it with the dancing of the daughter of Herodias before Herod? Who was Don Juan and what resemblances are there among the hero of Strauss, the chief actor in Mozart's opera, and the irresponsible philanderer of Byron's poem?

When Wagner wrote "Tannhäuser," he imposed upon music critics the task of tracing all the versions of the legend, of pointing out in what way the composer had altered or added to the tales, and, above all, of defining clearly the strongly developed ethical lesson of the drama, which rests largely upon the fact that Tannhäuser's deadly sin is not carnal but religious, in that he associated with one of the heathen deities who were the mortal enemies of Christianity. The study of the literary side of an opera is captivating. Also, it is almost endless, as the writer of this paper could easily illustrate by producing the mass of matter accumulated in the preparation of commentary on the "Salome" of Richard Strauss. When the composer's theme is historical, or associated with historical topics, questions innumerable may arise. Even so lately as the time of the production of "The Polish Jew" at the Metropolitan Opera House, when the red-robed hangman appeared in the last act, one of the younger critics instantly asked: "Did they have hanging in Alsace in 1833, when it was a French province?" Some of the young persons who wish to become music critics, and who believe themselves qualified because they have studied harmony and can play upon some instrument, might do well to ponder these matters.

But to proceed with the newspaper man's preparation for his account of the production of a new opera. After he has thoroughly studied the libretto as a play and acquired all the necessary information about its literary sources, he begins to examine the music. The more ambitious the critic the more searching the examination. If any aid can be had, he naturally avails himself of it. If some amiable Italian has already written a careful analysis of this music, the American commentator does not say to himself: "I will not read that lest some amateur accuse me of stealing my ideas." But, unfortunately, assistance as a rule is scarce. Sometimes the American commentator is obliged to originate all the ideas about a new opera, as in the case of "The Girl of the Golden West," which was first heard at the Metropolitan Opera House. Diligent study of Puccini's score revealed to me fourteen leading motives. I confess it would have been easier to have them discovered for me by a previous writer.

In the case of that particular opera I borrowed David Belasco's prompt-book of the original play and carefully compared it with the opera libretto, in order to show precisely what changes had been made by the librettists. The next step was that which all the musical writers take, namely, to attend rehearsals. At several rehearsals of that particular work I sat with Mr. Belasco and had the benefit of his incomparable judgment of stage values. One day, however, I found that certain details of the music baffled me. I needed an orchestral score in order to grasp them, but the American representative of the Ricordis, Mr. George Maxwell, informed me that I could neither buy nor borrow the score because there were only two in the country, one on the desk of Arturo Toscanini, the conductor, and the other in the hands of Puccini, who was sitting on the opposite side of the house.

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"Very well," said I, "then you go and tell Puccini that I want it."

And Mr. Maxwell, being a gentleman of fine discrimination, did so with gratifying result. Five rehearsals of "The Girl of the Golden West," including the final full-dress rehearsal, furnished the recorder with the information about the actual stage presentation of the work upon which he based his review. Naturally, some space was reserved for the last words about the first performance, its effect with an audience, and other details. And it is in this way that criticisms of new operas are invariably written before the productions. Mr. Gatti-Casazza never reveals a new work to the public without giving it at least one complete private performance, exactly as it is to be done before an audience. Sometimes two such dress rehearsals take place. The daily newspaper recorders are accorded every possible privilege by the impresario, to the end that they may assimilate a novelty before they turn out an article about it. No results at all comparable with those now attained by this process could be reached by an attempt to write the article after the performance.

But what about the new symphonic composition in a concert which does not terminate till after 10 P. M.? The layman's mind pictures the music reporter as boarding a subway train and entering his office down-town with a rush, seating himself at a desk and writing at top speed till some ghostly hour in the early morning. The task is neither easy nor comfortable as it stands, but it need not be quite so unpleasant as that. The new symphonic composition is not likely to be the last number on the list. The reporter may go away after it is played. Again he must commit that grave sin of departing before the concert is over. The critics of the critics, who never give any good reason why he should stay, hold that he should not go, but his business compels him to do so. If he desires to get anything into his paper, whose first edition is closed up at midnight, he must have his article written and in the office by 11.30. He usually goes home to write and sends the article by messenger.

And what about the hastily prepared article after a first hearing? Well, the conditions surrounding the duties of a daily newspaper writer on music are far from ideal. He ought to saturate himself with the symphony as he does with the opera; but the same opportunities are not offered. The best he can do is to train himself to analyze musical works while listening to them. He must content himself with a more or less impressionistic review, knowing full well that, if the work is good, he will hear it again and again, and be permitted to write more about it. Why, then, would it not be better to wait till he does hear it again and again before writing anything at all about it? That, indeed, would be supreme happiness to the hurried music reporter, were it not for one difficulty. If his review were not printed in a daily newspaper the day after the performance of the work to be discussed, it would never be printed at all. Daily newspapers have a singular lack of appreciation of all news more than twenty-four hours old. In fact, they do not accept it as news at all and hence will not publish it.

But these so-called music critics all concoct weekly articles, generally "released" on Saturday or Sunday. Why not reserve the critical consideration of important music till then? In a limited way this is now done, but the quantity of music calling for comment in the course of a week is far too great to be held for Sunday consideration. The Sunday article would occupy a page, and no one reads page articles. Furthermore, as already shown, the bulk of the critic's work is pure reporting, and this can be done quite as well immediately after the performance as three days later. The chief requirement of the daily paper is news, and unless music and the drama are treated as news they will assuredly receive very little consideration of any kind.

After so many years in the harness of the daily newspaper chronicler of musical small beer, the writer of this article is amazed at receiving so many communications from young persons of both sexes who are ambitious to become music critics. "What should we study? How prepare ourselves?" they ask. What should be studied has already been partly told, but emphasis may be laid now on the value of linguistic acquirements. A mu-

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sic critic ought to know Latin (the language of the Catholic Church), French, German, and Italian. If he should acquire some knowledge of other tongues, he would find it useful. But the four which have been named are really necessary.

One of the duties of a commentator on the making of operas is to determine whether the musician has shown consideration for the genius of the language in which his libretto is written. To be sure, the public cares nothing about this; but the critic should invite attention to it. Once he sets out on the quest after correct "declamation," as it is called, much will be his amazement at the sins of the great. From Puccini to Wagner and from Wagner to Henry Hadley he will find all of them distorting words in such a manner that no audience can identify them. The same offense is committed in songs and in Roman church music. The less-informed commentators will blame the singers for the unintelligibility. The linguist will lay the censure where it belongs.

A second reason for learning languages is that many valuable books written in foreign tongues have not been translated. A serious student of musical art would hardly wish to be shut out from the "Encyclopédie de la Musique et Dictionnaire du Conservatoire" because he knew no French, or from Alessandro D'Ancona's monumental "Origini del Teatro in Italiano" or Johannes Wolf's "Geschichte der Mensural Notation," for want of linguistic acquirements. Fetis's "Biographie Universelle" and Clement and Larousse's "Dictionnaire des Opéras" may be cited as two works very frequently consulted. If the amateur who charged critics with getting information from Grove's "Dictionary of Music" had known of the existence of the French work on operas, he would have made a much better shot. Possibly he might have been interested to learn that books very often referred to by critics are Mr. Krehbiel's "Book of Operas" (there are two of them), W. F. Apthorp's "Opera Past and Present," and Gustave Kobbe's "Complete Opera Book." But, alas! all three of the authors were daily newspaper critics, and hence must have been entirely ignorant of the matters about which they wrote.

The final confession of all, and perhaps the most significant, is that no one of the daily newspaper commentators on music knows all that he ought to know. True, the same thing may be said of all doctors, lawyers, and ministers; but that is not our affair. The temptation, while disclosing some of the secrets of the music critic's methods, to point out also what he ought to be able to do, could not be resisted. And so in the end the penitent, making his confession, admits that he has left undone those things which he ought to have done, and therefore there is no health in him.

TO A POET IN THE SUMMER OF LIFE

By Maurice Francis Egan

Come, come, my boy, you've played enough
  In the fair fields of Arcady,
You've loved the flashing of the fluff
  That from the thistle top is free;
You've gathered gold from daffodils,
You've loved the sound of silver rills,
You've played with Syrinx in the reeds
And rode upon the wingèd seeds,
You've followed Daphne, until she
Sought refuge in the laurel tree,—
Come! Come!

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Come, come, my boy, the May is past,
  And June is walking down the street,
The joy of spring is gone at last,
  An older lady you must meet,—
Your Muse has ceased to be a maid,
She'll have no lyrics in the shade,
No dalliance 'mid primroses,
A settled matron her pose is,
No trifling lays will please her now,
A full-blown wreath is on her brow,
Come! Come!

Well, take your lyre,—a song of spring
  Bursts from your throat,—
"Of early lily bells I sing,
  The melting ice around the boat—"
It will not do,—it will not do!
The lady yawns,—polite, 'tis true,—
Behind her fan,—the May is gone,
The grass is dry upon the lawn,
No young lambs play about her feet,
Mutton's only good to eat,—
Come! Come!

Ah, Poet, throw away the lyre,
  And take you up the larger harp,
Burn oak, not beech-buds, in your fire,—
  Your youthful tenor, clear and sharp,
A mellow barytone's become;
Discard the songs you used to hum,
Your hands that touched the dainty strings
Are now too strong for little things;
No longer delve into the earth
In search of long-dead writers' worth,
Come! Come!

You have the head, you have the heart,
  You have the poet's soul of flame,—
The right is yours to play your part
  And take the bardic crown of fame;
Let Shelley whisper in the night,
And Herrick cheer you as he may;
But from our ever-moving life
Learn to quell the world's wild strife,—
To cheer the old, inspire the young,
To sing the songs that might be sung.
Come! Come!

COPENHAGEN, 1917.

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ELMS AND FAIR OAKS

By James Boyd
Author of "The Sound of a Voice"

HE always struck me as a futile old man, my grandfather. Nice and kindly and all that sort of thing, but somehow he just didn't seem to have the stuff. I don't know how to put it, but I'd been to one of the big schools where they teach the fellows to make good, and I could see that there was something missing in him. When I was a little kid at home I thought he was fine, but after I'd been at school long enough to learn some of the things that count I found out that the old man didn't have them. Everybody liked him, but that was all. They called him "Gramper"; everybody. Still when I was ready to leave for college it seemed like the only decent thing to go and say good-by. Especially as he'd gone to Princeton himself, some time before the Civil War. And anyway I'd noticed that the really big men at school were always nice to an older man, even when you could see they knew he hadn't the stuff.

He was sitting in his living-room before the fire. The place had been the same for years; lots of books, an old globe of the world, and a picture of Lincoln. He turned slowly as I came in. He looked like an old lion. That was the funny thing about him; you would think if you saw him that he was a great man.

"Well, Gramper," I said, "I'm going off to college to-morrow. Thought I'd come and say good-by."

The old man raised his big gray head and then looked into the fire.

"Going off to college, eh? Going to Princeton." He stroked his neat, short beard.

"Princeton," he murmured. "It's a queer sort of a place unless it's changed, and I don't suppose it has, really. It gets hold of a man in a way none of the others do—gets hold of him whether for good or bad. Princeton made a lot of difference to me. I suppose you're busy getting ready?"

"No," I said. "I'll sit here for a little while."

Gramper nodded slowly toward a chair and looked at the bowl of his pipe.

"I went down to Princeton in the fall of '58," he said, "with a hair trunk and a new beaver hat. I suppose you knew?"

"I knew it was just before the war," I said. "But I didn't know about the hat."

Gramper smiled. "The hat," he said, "was the main thing. At least I thought so then. My father gave it to me the day before I left. It came from Philadelphia."

"I know," I said, "all hats come from Philadelphia."

"No, you don't know. Not at all. All the hats come from Philadelphia now, but then every town had its own hatter. No one my age ever had a hat from Philadelphia before."

"I expect you were pretty well stuck on yourself, Gramper," I said.

"Well, I might have been," he answered, nodding, "if I hadn't been so scared. You see it was a big thing in those days—to go away to college. A kind of scaring adventure. I was the only one from the academy here."

"I suppose it was quite a journey," I said. "Did you go by stage-coach or did they have the canal-boats then?"

"Oh, I'm not quite as old as all that; the railroad was running; only, the engines were wood-burners. It went to Philadelphia and from there to New York along the canal. I remember I kept looking out after we left Philadelphia to see if I could make out the college buildings. But I could only see flat fields and sloping woods. Suddenly the conductor roared out 'Princeton!' in my ear. His voice lifted me right to my feet. I was very red and thought every one in the car knew he meant me.

"The next minute I was standing in a ring of hack-drivers, a small ring, but very noisy. I picked out an old darkey

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in the background who looked comparatively respectable in a bleary way.

"On the way up the long hill I found out that the driver's reserve, which I'd thought came from delicacy of feeling, was really due to intoxication. But the horse seemed to know the way and we got along slowly.

"My room was in East College and the driver carried up my trunk. I gave him a quarter and he took off his hat and scraped a foot behind him.

" 'Ah thanks you, misto, Ah profoun'ly does,' he said, and then he looked to make sure no one was around.

" 'An don' fo'get Eustace,' he said, 'Frien' alle young gempmum.'

"He rolled his eyes like a stage conspirator. 'Any li'l thing,' he said, 'any li'l thing,' and tiptoed out. Of course, I didn't know what he meant.

"That night I sat in my little room looking at my hair trunk. It was hard to believe that very trunk had stood the day before in my own room at home. It seemed as though I had gone such a long way since then.

"I could hear some one moving in the next room. It was another freshman, the janitor had told me. He began to sing a song about 'Eliza Jane.' I remember how funny it seemed the way he pronounced the words. I'd never heard a Southern accent before. But he could sing like anything, with a little kind of shuffle in the time that made my feet tap on the floor. There were a lot of verses and I began feeling better all the time.

"At last he stopped. That singing had given me a kind of bold, adventurous feeling. I wasn't that way by nature. But before I knew it I was pounding on the wall and calling out to him: 'Go on—sing some more.'

"That doesn't sound particularly bold, I suppose, but it really was for me.

"He hollered right back as if it was the most natural thing.

" 'Yankee!' he hollered, 'come on in here and I'll show you how to sing—and dance.'

"Well, then I felt a little awkward for having so much brass, but I got up and went into the room.

"There stood a tall, slim young man, with reddish hair." Gramper mused.

"Tall and slim," he went on, "with a lean, reckless face. He was standing, elegantly dressed, in a pile of belongings that he'd thrown everywhere. He bowed and held out his hand with a sort of mixture of formality and impudence.

" 'La Rue is my name, seh,' he said; 'from New Orleans!'

"I gave him mine and he asked me to sit down. We talked for a while. He was very much at ease and I was bashful and lumbering, I suppose. I told him I had enjoyed his song. When I said that he began to sing again:

> 'Li'l David, play on yo' harp—
> Hallelu! Hallelu!
> Li'l David, play on yo' harp—
> Hallelu!'

"Then he whistled it, doing funny little gliding steps right there in the pile of clothes." Gramper hummed a bar, moving his square hands in rhythm on the arms of his chair.

"There wasn't much to it, but it made me tingle all over. It was so new and strange.

"Well, sir, that was the man, Larry La Rue. French and Irish—and imp of Satan.

"We stuck to each other from that time on. He was just the kind of fellow I wanted to be and couldn't. At first he kept me from getting too homesick. I asked him if he ever felt homesick himself.

" 'Well, if I do,' he said, 'd'yeh reckon I'm going to let on to these Yankees? No seh, I've got my tail over the dashboard and I'm bound to keep it there.'

"Later on things changed and I used to help him sometimes. I got him home once when he was pretty full—he'd started to shoot out the light on the president's porch with a horse-pistol—and several other times.

"He was always like that. Right to the end whenever I saw Prexy Maclean sprinting across the campus in his galoshes and cloak, I knew that Larry was probably a few yards in front of him—but gaining.

"After the first year we had a room together. He called me Achates and let me get him out of scrapes with a sort of good-humored tolerance. One day,

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though, when another fellow tried to call me that, he turned on him like a flash.

"'What do you mean, seh?' he said, 'by insulting my friend?'

"It was ridiculous, of course, but he had a small, cold voice when he was angry, and the fellow got red and apologized.

"He was just like a child," said Gramper gravely, "just like a child—he was wonderful.

"They were great days. In the spring we played town-ball and rounders. But the winter was the time for Larry. It was a cold, dull term, and he became one of a crowd who were bent on bringing conviviality into life by fair means or foul. They were mostly Southerners, and belonged to a secret society that had been forbidden by the faculty like all the others.

"I first noticed that Eustace was hanging 'round a good deal. Larry used to call him a 'free nigger' in a way that made it sound as if that were as low as a human being could sink. And Eustace worshipped him. Larry made him confess that Eustace wasn't his real name—he'd just heard it in a play. His real name was Henry, but Larry said that was too high-toned and christened him 'Gomorrah' instead.

"Well, Eustace was always shuffling back and forth with messages, and in the end Larry told me what it was all about. He and his friends were to have a dinner the next night at the tavern in town. That was against the rules of course, but when the time came they slipped out. The tavern was just across Nassau Street, so it was easy. But about ten o'clock I could hear the noise of their cheering in my room. I knew that couldn't last long, so I went out to see how things stood. I sneaked along by the church and across the street. There, sure enough, was a tutor coming toward the inn. I just had time to duck into the coach-yard and up the back way to where they were. I could hear Larry's voice as I came up the stair. He was saying, 'Gentlemen, I give you the sacred rights of each sovereign state and each sovereign individual.' They started to look at me very coldly as I burst in. But I just said, 'Old Noggs—out front,' and the sovereign individuals were out the back door, climbing fences in all directions, and me with them helping Larry, who would start to climb every fence six feet before he got to it.

"None of them was caught, but there was no chance of another party at the tavern after that.

"You know," said Gramper with an uncertain smile, "I've always regretted that I didn't have the sense to say, 'Gentlemen, I give you Old Noggs—on the front pavement.' That would have been good. It's just the sort of thing Larry would have done.

"What was I telling about? Oh, the next thing was a party in one of their rooms. It really didn't amount to much, but they had got Eustace to smuggle in quite a lot of port, and this time the tutors caught them all.

"Prexy Maclean let them know that it would go a good deal easier with them if they told him who smuggled the port. There was always something of the sort going on, and he wanted to stop it.

"They came back to our room to talk it over. Some were in favor of telling, on the grounds that it would save their skins and at the same time rid the college of a pernicious influence. But Larry was indignant. 'I resent that suggestion!' he said, 'most vehemently. I consider it beneath our dignity to save ourselves at the expense of a free nigger.' So they didn't tell and were rusticated for four months.

"The fall of junior year was '60 and we began to hear of trouble between the North and the South. It worried us all a little, because nearly half the men were Southerners, of course, and our friendships were all mixed up together. The place was so beautiful—the old buildings and elms and green country—a great place to make friends. We were worried, though, when we read the papers and heard from home, but we never thought war would really come. We thought every one was like us. But toward spring some of the Southern men began to leave, and then all of a sudden one morning in April '61 we got the news that Sumter had been fired on. It was incredible. It still is—the most incredible day of my life. In other places they were full of excitement and patriotism—getting ready to

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fight. But in Princeton there was nothing but a kind of dumb sadness.

"That night Larry and I walked away off together. The elms were dark and soft in the starlight. The road was soft and dusty. We didn't say anything. Far away we heard the bell strike nine.

"I stopped and whispered, 'Larry, I hope it won't come. I hope it won't.' "

" 'Won't come!' he said, 'Don't be a fool. It has come.'

" 'I'm not,' I said, 'but you know.'

" 'I know,' he said, 'I'm the fool and always have been. But I'd have been a heap bigger one if it hadn't been for you, Achates. I know that, too. I expect you thought I didn't. But you just always remember—' and before I knew it he put his arms around me and began to cry.

"I was trying to think of something to say to him when he looked up in his old way and started to sing:

> 'You might as well live in union,
> You got to die.'

"We went back to our room.

"Early next week the Southerners all left together. Prexy Maclean made them a great speech, and loaned them money to get home on.

"When it was time for them to go, the rest of us marched down with them to the railroad station. We carried their satchels for them.

"I was carrying Larry's, but, the first thing I knew, old Eustace had appeared from nowhere, the way he always did, and was taking it out of my hand. ' 'Scuse me, misto,' he said, 'but dis yer's ma bin'nes,' and he fell in at Larry's heels and never took his eyes off him. It was a busy day for the hacks, but he let some one else drive his.

"We straggled along in little groups; some of them were making a good deal of noise, some were very quiet. A few of the Southern men had negro body-servants, slaves they had brought to college with them. We knew these old darkies, of course, and had lots of fun with them, blaming all the trouble on them and getting them mixed up and indignant.

"But when the train came in the fooling stopped. We shook hands awkwardly as if we were ashamed of what was separating us. Larry turned to Eustace and handed him a dollar bill, one of Prexy Maclean's. But the old negro drew back.

" ''Scuse me, no suh,' he said, ''scuse me, no. You is de highes' gempmum das been to dis yer college since Ah come; de highes' gempmum. Ah des tote de bag down fo' de honor, dassall.' His voice broke and he bundled the satchel up the steps of the car.

"We just stood there watching the others get on board. As the train began to move, we gave three straggling cheers. They waved from the car windows.

"We were turning away when we heard a long high yell. There was Larry on the rear platform. His hat was off and he was laughing. I can hear him now. He was shouting,

" 'Good-by—you damn Yankees!'

"Well, after that college was just a sort of pretense. Men kept leaving to join the Union Army, and the next year, when people saw what the war really meant, most of the fellows who were of age went. We were seniors then. I'd hung back on one excuse and another, but, in my heart, it was because I didn't want to fight against Larry. In the end, though, I had to go. I joined the 300th Pennsylvania from home.

"I'd had military drill at the academy and they were short of officers then, so in four or five months I got my commission. I wasn't properly qualified, of course, but things were in a bad mess in those days and if I didn't take it, it would go to some political hanger-on. We were swamped with bad officers then. There was no system. As the war went on we got rid of them. Some were shot by firing squads, some by their own men, and a few by the Confederates—by mistake. That's a part of war you don't hear much about. Others were given small jobs where they could do no harm."

Gramper slowly knocked out his pipe.

"I was one," he said.

"At first, though, I got on well enough, and by '62 I was a captain—captain of Company E.

"We were fighting in the Peninsula, though there wasn't much fighting to it.

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We were always changing position and digging fortifications with nothing much to show for it so far as we could see. But our brigade was well officered and well disciplined by that time, and we didn't lose heart as much as some of the others. When we got to Fair Oaks, they put us in the centre of the line and told us we were going to be attacked. The men made bitter jokes about the honor, but they were proud, in a way, and we knew they would stay there. I was proud, too, until I heard that one of the regiments against us was the Louisiana Tigers.

"When morning came we were behind a stone wall and the enemy were in the woods on the opposite slope of the little swampy valley. My orders were to hold our fire till they struck the soft ground in the bottom and then to give a volley and fire at will.

"The day was still and bright and though we couldn't see them, we could hear their officers forming them up to charge.

"My men were biting their cartridge-caps and spitting. I remember one new recruit about your age, near me, who tried to spit like the older men. But he couldn't. His face was gray and he couldn't spit at all.

"Then from the woods there came that wild shivery cheer. We knew it well by then, but we never liked it.

"There was a crackling of branches and the tattered, muddy lines broke out of the woods on the run. They were a tough-looking crowd. We could see the white of their cheek-bones against their scrubby beards.

"We were well equipped and turned out like regulars, but I wished we looked rougher than we did when I saw them coming.

"Then as they hit the swamp, I saw an officer in the front rank take off his hat and jump ahead. It was Larry."

Gramper breathed hard.

"I couldn't give the order to fire.

"Our troops had opened on both sides of me and as the Confederates floundered through, I could see my lieutenants—looking at me. The men had sighted their rifles, but they were trained soldiers and there wasn't a shot.

"I kept staring at Larry. My God, would he never get out of the way?

"As they came out of the swamp, some of his own men passed him. He was covered for an instant and I gave the order. But it was too late—the next minute they were through the smoke of our volley, clubbing at our heads. We fell back.

"As we went down the hill I saw Larry standing on the stone wall. He was making a little bow and yelling:

"'Good-by—you damn Yankees!'"

Gramper stared for a long while into the fire.

At last I asked, "Did you never see him again, Gramper?"

He raised his big head with a start and gave a short laugh.

"Larry? Oh no. I was sent to the rear in charge of army stores. After the war I looked for him. He was missing—missing since the battle of Fair Oaks."

He burnished the bowl of his pipe in the palm of his hand and cleared his throat. Then he looked at me with a smile.

"Those were great days," he said in a strong, clear voice, "at Princeton."

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CHINESE SKETCHES

By Nora Waln

BEHIND THE WALLS

GRAY walls, of stone and mortar built, stretch out a dull expanse along the city street, enclosing in strong protective arms the life within, making of each compound a citadel secure.

Now that Spring has come, gates still guarded close against unwonted entrance are here and there left ajar and admit of glimpses of stone-flagged courts with many colored flowers set in stiff array and passing peeps at the life of the world within.

A pair of great red doorways, decorated with carved designs, painted in green and gold and blue, are flung wide, revealing a clean-swept court wherein a small boy sits mending his broken kite.

Farther down the hutung, an amah holds back two silk-clad children, who peer through the gateway and beg to buy of sweets from a vender just outside.

And still a little farther on, a broken door hangs unevenly on rusty hinges and within half a dozen miserable beggars squat.

Beyond the gates of a government school, a group of boys pass back and forth in drill.

A coolie crosses the courtyard before one entrance-way, bearing great buckets of water suspended from a bamboo pole across his shoulder.

A flash of color is caught as a girl clad in trousers and coat of soft green and heliotrope silk sways over a flower-filled courtyard on her small bound feet, lifting her dark eyes as she passes the gate for one swift glance at the mysterious world without.

Before one door, a tethered donkey waits his master's return, pushing his nose against the crack in a vain attempt to force it wider.

And so as spring comes, the gray dusty hutungs are no longer dull dirty passageways, but winding paths along the edge of many worlds.

MY TEACHER

HE sits across the table from me, repeating in a monotonous voice the sounds with which his people make known their thoughts to each other.
I repeat after him tone for tone.
While we drone on I wonder about him, how he lives and what he thinks in the brain beneath his tight-fitting velvet cap.
His voice is even and clear, his eyes contemplative with what seems like the wisdom of ages.
He is good to look at in his long-skirted garment of green silk, lined with

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tan-colored fur; his trousers are bound neatly at the ankle with strips of purple satin, and his feet disappear into shoes of black velvet like his cap.
His hands are slender; the long supple fingers end in carefully kept pinked nails.

He turns a page and repeats a new proverb.
We drone on.
The clock strikes and the hour is done.
He rises to go, the passive calm of his face still unbroken.
Just at the door, he pauses—for a moment the barrier is down. His face is aglow with pride, and his eyes are lit with a new wisdom as he says, "This morning my *first son* was born."

BABY'S BATH

My teacher's little son had his first bath to-day, as he is three days old.
The custom is that a friend shall stand by while it is done, and I was asked to come.
They took me through two inner courts to a room where there was a rosewood bed carved in quaint design and hung with curtains all about.
On a quilt-covered chair beside the bed the young mother sat.
Her hair was oiled and smoothed a glossy black, her eyes shone like jewels, and a faint pink glowed in her olive cheeks.
She was supremely happy, for she had borne a son and won the place of honor next to her mother-in-law in the home.
Her rosebud mouth was sweet with smiles as she held her baby close and shyly looked at me, the stranger who had come.
The amah brought a small white basin, and in the water I was asked to place the egg and coin, for food and wealth.
The mother unfolded the baby's blanket and held his little olive body on her knee, while with her hand she put the water over him.
He did not like it a bit, but kicked and began to cry.
She let me hold his rosy crumpled hand, and before the bath was done, she of the East and I of the West, with so much of difference between, knew that just being women made us kin.

GOLDEN LILIES

This morning they bound the feet of little Su Leng.
She was five years old to-day, and I went with a birthday gift in the late afternoon, taking a bouncing ball because I liked to watch her run and skip in play.
Then I did not know that she would never dance in glee again across the sunlit places.

The mother and I drank tea in the flower-filled inner court, and exchanged the courtesies of the day.
Su Leng's brothers of four and six, foot-free, tossed the new ball back and forth.
A gaily colored butterfly flitted from blossom to blossom.

On former days the little girl had fluttered in laughing pursuit of butterflies from over the wall.
To-day she sat quietly beside her mother, save for one pitiful attempt to play, made when the ball fell near her.
Her cheeks were stained with traces of tears of the day's earlier pain.

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She kept her eyes intently on mine and when I looked at her she smiled the saddest, sweetest smile.
The round contour of her baby face was already marked with the passive patience of the women of her race.

All the while I stayed the mother chattered on.
She showed me with pride her small feet clad in richly embroidered slippers, and told me they measured but four inches.
I thought of the shapeless mass of dead white flesh beneath the outer silken coverings; and how they thumped when she walked.
"Golden Lilies," she called them.
The mother smoothed the little girl's hair as she said to me, "Yes, they will hurt for a few years, but they may be only three inches long, because they were bound so young."

It is late.
Outside the moon floods my compound with white light.
I cannot sleep.
On the other side of the wall in my neighbor's compound, a little girl moans and moves on her k'ang.
"Golden Lilies"—
"Three-inch shoes"—
That is what the mother said.

SHACKLES

Six o'clock.
End of the day's work, rest and the evening meal.
The coals glow cosily on my fire and I draw the curtains close;
To-night I cannot bear to see them pass.
And yet I know they go.

Bent shadows in the gathering twilight their bodies are, as they trudge wearily by my door.
Some are only six and seven years old;
But they work the twelve-hour night shift.
Wrapped in cloth they carry a cold midnight lunch.

How small their hands are!
But they are trained to be swift and there is work that tiny fingers can do best.
They are little children but there is no play in them.
Their bodies droop like flowers that never see the sun.

A block away the great new factories belch forth the day shift ready for the night turn.
The wooden structures house shining new machinery, intricate, and wonderful, the first ever seen in this Oriental city.
The buildings are quickly and cheaply made with no thought for light and air.
They are newly come and there is no law to question how they are made.

The factories and I are of the West;
We represent the new—increased production, progress.
We make our profits and depart,
Having taught a few Orientals how to fasten shackles on the lives of little children.

Oh God, is this to be our gift?

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THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY

ALL day long, from early dawn till late at night, men in silken robes went by; but we, who were not Manchu, were made to stay without and so we could not hear them bid him joy.

The magnificent spaces of the Imperial City through which they passed were lit with sunlight that matched the golden roofs.

All of those who went within wore coats of wondrous silk, spun in patterns that had been an artist's dream.
On their feet were velvet shoes; and on their heads were hats with crowns of cloth of gold, with brims embroidered, like the squares on front and back of each of their robes, with gossamer threads of lovely hues in designs of angels and curves and flowers and dragons and butterflies.
From the neck folds of their robes, and sometimes caught up and held in their slender hands, long chains of bright colored beads hung down.

There was quite a host of those who passed.
We heard not what they said within, for the guards would not let us go.
But we saw the limits of the grounds and the roof 'neath which the little Emperor had grown to be fifteen.
With three more years added in the Chinese count, one given by court, and one by earth, and one by heaven, because he is the birthright king.

And I wondered why they kept him there, and if he would not like to come out and have a real place in the ranks of boys and men.
And why, in the days of the Republic, they hire a tutor to teach him the ways of ruling a limited Monarchy.
And why, just once in twelve months, the Manchus wear their ceremonial robes and go to bid him joy in the growth of another year.

The Middle Kingdom is no more, and in its place a Republic has come;
And yet they seem to fear him, a little boy just fifteen years, while they teach him to be an emperor.

I wonder why.

HATAMEN STREET

A NEVER-ENDING tide of life flows up and down Hatamen.
The street is made in generous length and breadth as Peking spaces are.
All along its three-mile way, from the south gate under the four pilos to the north wall, it has on either side a fascinating line of shops.

At any hour it is a wondrous place to walk, but the street is at its best when the day is almost done.
As the sun goes to rest behind the western hills, the coals 'neath the steaming pots of the street cook brighten, and from the ruddy forges the sparks dance like fireflies.

There is a rhyme of home even in the fall of the camels' heavy feet as their master leads them to the place of the night's rest.
It tinkles merrily in the donkey's bells as he trots by with his fat rider.
It is heard in the springless rattle of the blue Peking carts.

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It is in the song on the lips of folks and the blind musician gives it voice on his quavering violin.

Street venders pack their wares and neatly put away the rattles and the drums they use by day to call their trade.

The toy man, knowing that the children are near to sleep, makes ready to go home.
The street sprinklers cease their work.
Men who have heavy loads to carry swing them carefully balanced from bamboo poles across their shoulders, ere they join the home-bound throng.

Some of those who hurry along have houses all their own;
They disappear into hutungs and through gates.
And some, like the fortune-teller yonder, have only a shelter in which they sleep.
But those who have no place to call their own seem to satisfy the longing in their hearts by calling Hatamen—Home.

There is a friendly feeling all about at eventide, when folk talk with folk as they do here.
As night draws near the policemen assist each other to light the lamps, and passers-by stop and make a ceremony of the lighting.
All up and down Hatamen, the cooks serve steaming food to those who have no stoves at home.

Overhead the brilliant stars hang low.
And in the street, the friendly lights glow for the folk who tarry there.

A WEDDING DRESS

Four years artists of the thread took to make ready Mai Sung's Wedding Dress.
A thing almost alive it seemed to the girl as it lay there in the moonlit room drawing unto itself the silver rays that came through the paper windows and reflecting a quivering radiance.
Mai Sung moved cautiously lest she disturb her slumbering household, for this was not quite a modest thing she did—to slip into the room alone at night and show curiosity about the morrow.
The dress with magnetic force drew her toward it. She had had small part in its making but she knew the symbolism of its every pattern stitched as they had been on the wedding dresses of all the women of her family before her.
The heavy golden threads almost hid the rich scarlet satin on which they were embroidered.

The girl ran her fingers caressingly over the dress. She liked its beauty and she tried to realize that it was hers.
She slipped it over her shoulders, patting its folds into place, fastening each of the little buttons, thrilled with the magic of its golden threads.
And then as she lifted up the wedding head-dress to slip it over her dark hair, all the light in the room seemed to be drawn to the long band of heavy red satin that lay beneath it. She drew back trembling with fear; it was the band which her mother would wind round and round her head to-morrow, the symbol that her own family bound her to her new life, to the unseen man who was to be her husband, and to the will of his family.

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She tried to take her eyes and thoughts away from it, turning them to the boxes of clothing, the rosewood furniture and the lovely linens that her parents had prepared to make more sure her welcome into her new home.

Her parents were kind, they loved her, she need not fear. She thought of the pretty patterns of the dresses, of the dainty little shoes of many colors, of the soft squirrel lining in the long blue wrap; there were more than she could count from memory. They filled thirty-seven cedar boxes.
Early in the morning she knew that gifts of fruit would go to her new mother, a little later the long procession of thirty-seven chests, and then in the afternoon she would follow, leaving her father's compound for the first time since she was fifteen. Her heart beat rapidly with the thought of the adventure—a whole new unknown world opening to-morrow.

She smoothed the wondrous dress again; it glowed pure gold, reassuring her, but each time she raised her eyes they were drawn to the band of plain red satin, and each time she was shaken with fear. Who were these people to whom she was to go? Would this man she was to marry be kind to her and how would she please him?
Five of these years of preparation he had spent studying in America. She could read a little, but to her, America was a far-away somewhere—she did not understand about it.

To-morrow the wedding chair would come early so that the guests might examine it. Lost in thought, she turned the engagement bracelets around on her wrists. She recalled the day that her mother had slipped them over her hands and told her that three years before arrangements had been made for her marriage. It seemed a long time ago now.
Only a few hours more and she would go to the new home. The chair would be of red satin; it too would be embroidered with golden threads. There would be a fine procession; there would be banner carriers and music men, but she would be sealed in utter darkness and would not see the streets through which she passed; and they would leave her at the threshold of her new life with the band of red satin wound round and round her head.
It lay before her glowing with a frightening brilliancy. She would have thrust it away but she was afraid to touch it—it seemed some evil spirit about to spring to life.
Fascinated she could not take her eyes from it.

The bell on the drum tower sounded the hours as they passed.
There was a stir in the kitchen court; servants were up early putting the finishing touches to the wedding-feast.

The day had come.

AT THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN

Cool groves of quiet trees
A distant line of blue domed temples.
Bronze urns for sacrifice built with infinite care by the hand of man.
Great open spaces where new grasses climb up through the brown stubble.
An altar laid of pure white marble by a people whose Emperors came with pomp and pageantry to wait in silence for the voice of God.
Yellowed and softened by time the altar is no longer used when affairs of state are troublesome.
Relics of a day that is gone are the spirit steps, the mute white pillars that

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lift their arms beside the groves, the bronze urns, the crumbling oven in which the sacrificial beasts were burned.

Relics too of a day that is gone are the creeds and cants with which I sought to find God in earlier times and in the maze of which I lost Him in a world torn asunder with war and distrust and suffering.

Here in the quiet peace at a discarded altar built for another creed and another people I have rested, and a voice that has been speaking in all the tongues of all the ages, with wondrous patience and tenderness, has spoken again to me, saying; "Be still and know that I am God."

PEKING.

FOR people to live a life which has the appearance of being blameless, bland, and innocent is certainly becoming more difficult all the time. A man who casts languishing glances at a glass of lemonade is suspected of knowing something of the mysteries of copper kettles and stone crocks. A woman who wears her skirts below her knees is considered to have been treated unfairly by nature. The idea of the ulterior motive is becoming irritatingly prevelant. There's an opinion that every one has something to sell—or, at least, is using all his wit to make a trade or deal of some kind. This one may be shrewd in disguising his design; that one's motive may be immediately apparent. But every one is considered as "handling a line." Lately I heard a business man, laden with golf clubs of a Sabbath morning, remark that he didn't care to go to church that day because he had "heard the preacher's line" before. A graduate of a great university has been heard to mention "Tennyson's line." The implication in all this lies deeper than we suppose; it does not describe a mood or a trend. It means that every one is a trader, and that each one has a special method of displaying his wares.

The Difficulty of Being Unsuspected

Because of this commercialized view of life, all of us have become suspicious characters. When we receive a kindly invitation, we wonder what social game is afoot; when your old and tried family physician suddenly discovers that you have appendicitis, you cannot avoid speculating meanly that his car is badly in need of a set of cord tires now so alluringly advertised. And the moment we meet a new acquaintance this process of appraisal begins. In very short order we try to have every one ticketed, docketed. I suppose that this feverish "lining" is a form of self-defense; we are forearming ourselves because we are suspicious. We fully expect something to be offered us in the way of a bargain. For example, the ornate catalogue of one of America's proudest colleges is called by the undergraduates "Our Little Song and Dance." The gravest of our public officials are sufferers from the levity of the attitude of those who should do them honor. A senator who has made a great speech—Do senators make great speeches in these days?—is said to "have the goods." Imagine any one daring to say, in 1850, that Daniel Webster "had the goods!" We are losing our reverence because we have become a suspicious people.

But the chief sufferers from this trouble are the great men and women of the ancient world. Opening a magazine, we see a most fetching Antony and Cleopatra scene, and we imagine that we are viewing an historical pageant. But, as we read the description of the magical scene, we learn that the real purpose of the picture is to enamour the eye until it is trapped into the discovery that Mutimas, of the purest Turkish, can be had in week-end boxes of one hundred, with or without cork tips. Or perhaps the scene is of the Queen of Sheba, for whom all men and most women have a secret mysterious regard. We are pleased to have the great

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biblical character drawn for us in so altogether charming a fashion. But the inevitable "line" is to follow. We come to the exciting and delicate discovery that Sheba must have known the salubrious effect, on the epidermis, of Olivene soap. But we are disappointed at this neatly arranged climax; for soap and romance do not cohere very satisfactorily. Vaguely dissatisfied, we turn to a page showing vignettes of eighteenth-century coffee-houses, with artistic inserts of Johnson, Addison, Goldsmith, and other worthies of their day. This page has a decidedly literary aspect; but its flavor is to prove commercial: we are told with much enthusiasm that Dingo Coffee will make any table as vivacious and intellectual as the Great Cham's at the Mitre! Perhaps, we see a picture of blind Homer, pathetically begging his bread in an Attic village; then we are dramatically reminded that if he had been able to take advantage of a course in the National Condensed Correspondence College, he never would have been a beggar!

I do not know that there's anything new about all this. King Charles II, who had a most urbane knowledge of life, used to claim that every man had himself to sell, and every woman, herself; and that the device whereby the man kept up the price of his product was the word "honor"; women, he claimed, used the word "virtue" for the selfsame purpose. Naturally we dissent from such arrant cynicism. But it is a fact that a suspicion of the ulterior motive is robbing us of many of the simple enjoyments of life. . . . If, on a cool autumn day, a wife kisses her husband with gratifying zeal, we begin to wonder if her last year's set of furs is not just a little too shabby to go through another winter; and if a husband phones in a most serious tone that he is detained at the office, his wife's mind instanter sniffs the approach, at midnight, of a clove-alloyed breath. . . . The fact is, we are terribly suspicious of our loved ones, of our neighbors, and perhaps of ourselves. I wish it were easier to be unsuspected. Even a man who writes a little paper for a magazine is suspected of coveting rewards other than those purely æsthetic and artistic. Base suspicion! Yet this game is one that all of us are playing; and the pain we experience from being suspected is perhaps compensated by our pleasure in suspecting.

The Bath in 1832

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER came across the mountains to Indiana from the Old North State more than eighty years ago, with nine children and such few household goods as the caravan of covered wagons could accommodate. In some corner she tucked away a book with stout brown-leather covers; medicine-stained and water-marked, but speaking as of old with a voice of final authority, "Gunn's Domestic Medicine" is with the family yet.

It was printed in 1832 with the intention of furnishing medical advice to those inhabitants of Tennessee and the "Southern and Western country" who had no physicians and who desired to know the proper time and method to bleed the patient or administer sassafras tea. It remains in this later age to give strange thoughts to those who are venturing to build post-war houses and are undecided whether one bath on second floor for the family and another on third for the maid are enough, or whether a guest-room bath is also a necessity.

For Doctor Gunn was a bath enthusiast, and he gloried in his eccentricity. Not even feather-beds nor "dispepsia" could rouse in him the scorn that he felt for those "who imagine that when they have furnished their mansions with splendid mirrors, Turkey carpets and sophas that all things are complete."

"I say," he thunders, "that unless they have a small room appropriated to bathing in which the necessary apparatus can be fitted up for use, their houses want one of the most necessary appendages for health."

Noble! we say; and we applaud loudly when he turns with many italics and rather uncertain spelling to the demolition of some of the contemporary medical brethren: "I do ascert without fear of contradiction, save by the *ninnyhammers* of the profesion, that if the warm bath were more frequently used with proper abstinence from food on the approach of fever and many other diseases, medical assistance would *not be required.*"

We remember our own debates on tile floors *vs.* linoleum, and built-in bathtubs *vs.* the kind that stand on legs and are aggravating to scrub under, and we follow Doctor Gunn with anxious interest into his ideal small room appropriated to bathing to survey the "necessary apparatus."

Our unaccustomed eyes rest upon a "bath-

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ing-machine, improperly called a tub." Says Doctor Gunn proudly: "It is easy of construction and very simple, being in shape like a child's cradle without the rockers, about six feet in length and of width sufficient easily to admit the body, with a hole in the bottom near the foot to let the water pass off after being used.

"It may be constructed of wood or tin, and if of the latter, ought to be painted to prevent rust. Where it is made of wood plank the cracks ought to be filled with boiling tar or pitch to prevent leaking.

"Rocks properly cleansed previously to being heated in the fire afford a very easy means of heating the water to any temperature."

This was the "warm bath." One might safely indulge once a week in winter and two or three times a week in summer; and this, on the whole, does not seem too frequent unless one objects to the labor of heating the water with hot stones fished from an equally hot fireplace.

There was also the cold bath, and this in its simplest form required only a convenient river or creek, free from "cold springs in its branches."

Only the time of day and year was considered here, although it is better to "enter the bath on an empty stomach," and, having first wet the head, "to dive in head foremost, so as to make the impression uniform. The morning is the best time for bathing, or two hours before sunset, as the water has by the rays of the sun acquired an agreeable warmth." As autumn draws on, the cold bath should last only a minute and should be replaced by that novelty, the shower-bath.

"The shower-bath means the falling of water from a height of seven or eight feet in a shower similar to rain," Doctor Gunn proceeds happily. "The construction of this bath is very simple. Fix a box that will hold water, or a large tub will answer; bore the bottom full of holes made with a large gimblet—let the box or tub be placed above your head the distance above mentioned and let the water be thrown in, you being underneath."

Or, preferring the bath without assistance, we may exercise a little ingenuity. "Have a box made with a trap door underneath so that by pulling a string the trap door will fall a hinge and permit the water to fall on your body." A less social occasion but with more "delicacy to the exposure of your person"!

This form of cold bath, we are assured, produces the most electrifying and delightful sensations, and it is obviously free "from the injuries to which bathing in creeks and rivers expose us."

Confidentially speaking, I doubt if any of great-grandmother's flock ever forsook the wooden wash-tub for the "bathing-machine," or the shower-bath, and when they went swimming in the creek, probably they never considered the medicinal advantages of their splashings. I never saw great-grandmother, but I gather that she was a busy person with little time to try or tendency to encourage new-fangled notions. Her "Dr. Gunn" opens most readily to *Measles* and the section on common herbs.

But somewhere in its many editions the "Domestic Medicine" must have reached an adventurous soul who was brave enough to astonish the neighborhood with a bathroom and the "necessary apparatus."

There our modern bathrooms had their beginning and there, when weary of plumbers and the high cost of building, we might return, with the aid of a few boards, some asphalt to fill the cracks, borrowed, let us say, from the nearest road-making machine, and a half-dozen cobblestones heated in the furnace.

The guest-bath? Certainly, we will have that, too. The easiest solution would lie in building on the banks of a creek, but, failing that, why not a trap-door shower in the garage?

At the Apothecary's

OF all the changes that have come about in commercial life probably none are more striking or significant than that which has taken place in the shop of the apothecary.

The long, ill-lighted "drug store" of forty years ago or less, lined below with row after row of mysterious drawers filled with roots and herbs from every land, and with shelf above shelf of Latinized-labelled jars containing gallon after gallon of extract and tincture, has given place to a gay saloon, housing a giant bar of polished marble and glittering metal, flowing with carbonated drinks, ice-cream, cakes, pies, sandwiches, and candy. The containers for healing liquids have shrunk in size, and slunk to the rear, while the drawers of drugs have been displaced by displays

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of perfumes, powders, stationery, vacuum-bottles, toilet articles, china, bric-à-brac, and what-not. The composite odor from the world congress of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms has given place to another from scented soaps, perfumes for my lady's handkerchief and for my master's breath.

The house of the servant of Æsculapius has certainly undergone a most marvellous transformation. The substitution of vegetable and mineral substances for powdered snail-shells, extracted frogs' eyes, and desiccated deer dung was a process of centuries, and their place of residence still remained the house of healing, but with the revolution of the past few years the drug store is no more except in name. It still caters to the inner man, but is more a heavenly annex to the grocery store than a dispensary of cures for human ills. The mixer of drinks has become a far more important person than the pharmacist. Even the globes of colored fluids, which, in nights gone by, directed the seeker after relief from bodily ills to the harbor of hope, are fast disappearing. The lights have lost their significance, are extinguished at an early hour, the key is turned, and the proprietor retires for an all night's rest, while poor humanity must put up with its pains as best it may, until long after the break of the succeeding day.

Oh yes, the proprietary preparations, coquetting as formerly in containers of every contour and wrappers of every hue, still have a place, though they huddle together in fear of extinction since their alcoholic content has been exposed and reduced.

The factors which have worked this extraordinary change are not apparent on the surface, but, in general, are: better sanitation and, so, less sickness; better medical knowledge, and more ready cash. The drugs which, in a generation past, were employed for the "treatment" (not cure) of typhoid fever would, alone, have kept one of the old-time apothecaries busy in any community. So desperate and so long an illness makes it difficult, even now, not to employ many medicines to bolster the courage of the well, even when they seem of doubtful value to the sick.

The actual laboratory testing of drugs, with the failure of most of them to live up to their reputation, has, of course, greatly reduced the writing of elaborate prescriptions, and sent a whole host of drugs into oblivion, though their names and histories and suggestion of their supposed magical virtues are still preserved in that monument of medical ignorance—the pharmacopœia.

This accounts for the shrinking of the business; the expansion of the carbonated and saccharine side is certainly due to the fact that people have more money to spend. The business has passed from one dealing with nauseous necessities for preserving life to one dispensing the most elaborate of luxuries for pleasing the palate. The business is on the same foundation, for most medicines, nowadays, are taken to conciliate and restore an abused stomach, or to quiet the outcry of organs sympathetically injured, and now the drug store lures to the overworking of that same indispensable receptacle for that which passes the palate. The apothecary was more worthy in furnishing hope to the unhealthy than in making the healthy less hopeful.

Will the results of this commercial revolution be reflected in the physique and longevity of the rising generation? If they can withstand, without damage, the deluge of iced drinks and the avalanche of sweetmeats to which their alimentary organs are exposed, the human machine is more adjustable than we know it to be.

It is interesting to note that, as the drug store changes to café, the eating-house is exhibiting a reverse metamorphosis; for, in a large establishment, devoted otherwise exclusively to meats and drinks, we read, at the bottom of the menu:

Aspirin..... 5 cents
Bromo-Seltzer.... ...15 cents

Superfeed and swallow an antidote for discomfort, this seems to say. The Romans were wiser in prophylactically poking their fingers into their fauces. The physician as an adviser, if not as a prescriber, is more necessary than ever, for humanity's main business and pleasure in life is ever that of pleasing its palate at all costs.

Where our ancestors of a century or so since swallowed tons of liquor and mountains of meat, we imbibe fountains of fizzing water and consume freezers of cream and counters of confection. We are certainly more æsthetic in our choice, and perhaps we are wiser; but equally with the men of former time we work our bodily laboratories to the limit, and usually beyond.

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THE FIELD OF ART

WOOD-BLOCK PRINTING TO-DAY

By Frank Weitenkampf
Author of "How to Appreciate Prints"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RECENT EXAMPLES

From a book-plate by G. W. Plank.

IN these days there are many demands on our appreciation of art in many forms. Wood-engraving should not be lost sight of through a possible contempt bred of a familiarity of centuries. The wood-block is of a possible pliability, a potential response to individual touch, quite apt to be overlooked or insufficiently realized.

Forty years ago, wood-engraving in the United States entered on a brilliant period of achievement in reproductive work, with remarkable virtuosity, an almost incredible refinement of technic. It was the natural final outcome of the development of the method practised by Thomas Bewick in England in the late eighteenth century. That was based on the employment of wood cut across the grain instead of with the grain, and the utilization of the "white line." The latter was cut *into* the block instead of being thrown into relief by cutting away the surface around it, thus offering a more economical and more effective method of producing variety of tone by utilizing the gamut of grays between black and white. Timothy Cole, active veteran of those golden days of America's "New School" of wood-engraving, W. G. Watt, and a few others, are yet exercising the witchery of this craft, transmuting the painter's art into the monochrome of the wood-block.

But to-day, overwhelmingly, our production in wood-block printing, and its near relative, linoleum printing, lies in the direction of "original" or "painter" engraving. That implies artist and engraver in one person, the block being used, as is the etching plate or the lithographic stone, as a direct medium of expression for the artist, an autographic art. Thus the artist's design is transmitted directly to his public, without the intervention of a professional engraver.

In this use of the wood-block the tendency is toward simplicity in execution, few lines, flat tones of black or color, the use of the plank cut with the grain instead of the block cut across the grain. And there is

Sleigh Ride. By J. J. Lankes.

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Wounded. By John J. A. Murphy.

felt the influence of the early facsimile cuts and of the Japanese color print. Whatever reflection there may be found of the spirit of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is usually not shown in a dull copying of manner. Pure, unadulterated archaizing is rarely more than a sport, a stunt, the artist projecting himself backward into a time which is not his own living, pulsating present. More than one of our artists evince a sympathetic and profitable study of the spirit and craftsmanship of other days, assimilated and placed at the service of the expression of their own time and place. With this there comes also an understanding of the characteristics of the medium—the woodblock and knife or burin—with both its possibilities and its limits.

A striking feature in all this modern work, viewed collectively, as in the recent comprehensive exhibition of American prints at the New York Public Library, is its variety in handling and expression. That aspect is naturally intensified if we consider foreign production as well, with its added racial and personal outlook. European artists such as Blake, Calvert, Shannon, Sleigh, Brangwyn, Sturge Moore, Nicholson, Ricketts, F. Morley Fletcher, Vallotton, Lepère, Colin, Rivière, Calrègle, Orlik, Laage, Klemm, R. Leclercq,

Washington Market. By Adolph Treidler.

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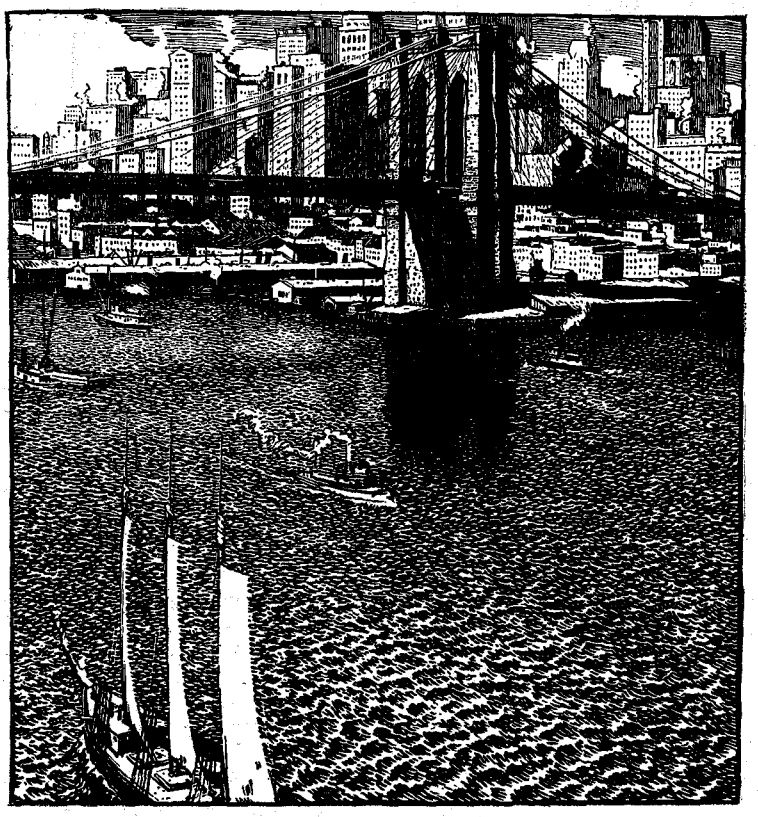
Jan Claessens, Adolfo de Karolis, Emilio Mantelli, offer rich proof of the response of the evidently pliable wood to the evoking touch of individual intent.

In the increasing use of the wood-block by American artists there appears not only the individual note but also the reflection of modern points of view, ideas, ideals, which integrate the spots of individuality into groups of approximately common aims. It's a loose classification, however, for the spirit of individualism shines forth in differences subtly expressed here, vigorously there. The clean-cut blacks of Mildred McMillen contrast with the rolling, rough-hewn, scumbled lines of Birger Sandzen, the precision and reticent delicacy of Rudolph Ruzicka with the bold cutting of Tod Lindenmuth, the sculpturesque realism of J. J. A. Murphy with the decorativeness of Horace Brodsky, the light tints of A. W. Dow with the complete color effects of Gustave Baumann.



New York from the Manhattan Bridge. By Rudolph Ruzicka.

Certain artists, while differing in style and aims, may conveniently be considered together because of a general tendency toward realism. Most of them have some connection with deep-rooted traditions in wood-engraving, traditions of the old days of facsimile cutting on the plank. One, indeed, Howard McCormick, with a rugged insistence on pictorial completeness, recalls our American school of the eighteen-eighties, but only at a distance; no trained line here, but a vigorous yet sane variation of handling to suit the passing need. Drawing with the graver, brushing almost. Tod Lindenmuth also works for distance, and gets effects of detail by suggestion of detail which is not there. With Sandzen the rugged line turns into a sweeping gesture which at times rolls gnarled trees and clouds into convolutions like those of a finger print. Robustness, likewise, is the outstanding quality of J. J. Lankes, with a muffled undertone of sympathetic human interest in his bits of rural life. More suave is the vigor, changing in manner with the purpose, of W. A. Dwiggins, always direct, happy, and sufficient. Vigor is still the word for J. J. A. Murphy. Quite personal and natural, with thoughtful entry into his subjects, and with a fine sense of omission and of balanced composition, he guides his technic in terms of the mind to produce results of a sculpturesque effect.

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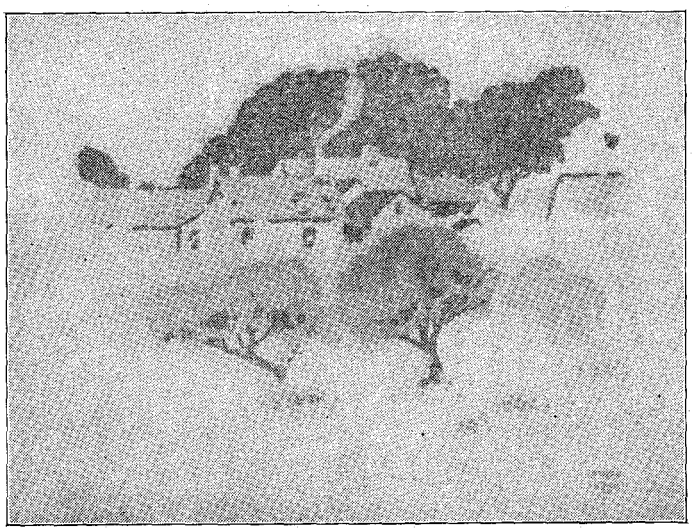

Village Roofs. By Arthur W. Dow.

His wife, Cecil Buller Murphy, has a similar bigness in execution. In her nudes there is no attempt to go beyond the simplest outline to indicate the soft firmness of flesh, yet it is indicated. Childe Hassam, again, uses a tint block with white cross-hatching to arrive at results similar to those in his paintings and etchings of the human body. Sanity, directness, restraint, and honest craftsmanship mark the work of Rudolph Ruzicka. He has observed and reproduced the beauties and interests of urban aspect with a delicate taste, a contemplative attitude, and quiet humor.

The reality of every-day life is thrown out of focus in figures such as those by John Storrs, of a monumental quality that stamps a group of soldiers, for example, as a type of the warrior rather than a picture of present-day "doughboys." This feeling of an alignment of the world into linear arrangements to express mental attitudes is also Rockwell Kent's. His nudes stride this world of problems and tragedies and ecstasies with a gesture that recalls Blake, without calling for further comparison; Kent needs no such crutch.

Thence the step is natural to the decorative effect which is the key-note of cuts by Hunt Diederich, George Biddle, Horace Brodsky, William and Marguerite Zorach. A matter of conventionalities and swirling lines, going from a certain central impulse to divergent individualities. Where Brodsky offers strong juxtaposition of absolute black and white, which at times becomes silhouette, Diederich remodels men and animals into proper shape for the measured cavortings that fit into his decorative scheme. And with the Zorachs form is schematized even more into a matter of design, of balance, of intertwining patterns almost geometrical.

A frank and humorous archaizing is

Landscape. By Mildred McMillen.

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indulged in by John Held, Jr., borrowing from early nineteenth-century chapbooks or similar popular printings. In his "Mate of the Lille-Elena" he moves toward the methods of the old-time theatre-poster carvers, well utilized by James Britton in some posters done years ago. Harry Townsend has announced the Painter Gravers' exhibition with the directness which the mural advertisement demands, and Adolph Treidler, his poster-making abilities evident, digs out form with an almost tactile effect. In all this black-and-white work the wood-block remains in evidence, the grain shows.

The mention of posters recalls other uses to which the wood-block has been put. Book-plates form an interesting specialty, cultivated by Ruzicka, George W. Plank, A. Allen Lewis, and W. F. Hopson, the art of the last-named long since clarified into a sure and calm taste and craftsmanship. An easy change of manner, according to the subject in hand, is shown by Plank, while Lewis has a direct and simple vigor that recalls the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in a vague and attractive way. Holiday cards for individuals embody happy conceits by Ruzicka, Lewis, and F. T. Chapman, and the art has been felicitously applied to commercial purposes by Murphy, Chapman, Percy A. Grassby, and Ruzicka.

The service rendered to the people by wood-engraving through five centuries came to a very large extent in the form of book illustration. And to-day, now and then, some of our "painter-engravers" get an opportunity to exercise their craft in the adornment of a book. In such cases—for instance Mrs. Charles MacVeagh's "Fountains of Papal Rome" and "Journeys to Bagdad," by Charles S. Brooks, Ruzicka the illustrator of the former, Lewis of the latter—even though the artists have not had opportunity to direct in the wedding of type and decoration, there is yet the impetus toward harmony between the two. Wood-engraving, a relief process as is type-cutting, is a peculiarly effective and proper element in the realization of this fundamental factor in the making of decorated books. The example of the finest illustrated books of those early days of printing, whose productions we have not surpassed to-day, shows that clearly.

In the course of the tendency to get beyond straight black and white, Lewis, Ruzicka, Grassby, and Childe Hassam have used, with modifications, the old chiaroscuro method, employed centuries ago to reproduce wash-drawings with white high lights. The process consists in adding to the black design a tint printed from a separate block, with the lights cut out in white. Ruzicka sometimes employs several tints to suggest color effect. From this, one steps on naturally to color printing, in which the influence of the Japanese has been very strong.

French Hillside. By Harry De Maine.

The question of color or no color is one to be settled by individual taste. If you are in an affirmative attitude, there is a very notable variety to choose from. The Japanese tradition is expressed with grace

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and delicacy by the late Helen Hyde and Mrs. Bertha Lum, more robustly by B. J. O. Nordfeldt. Arthur W. Dow, long since, with a facile and sure touch, showed the possibilities of flat tints without black outline, in his "Ipswich Prints." Since then, that method has been applied in ways that reflected changing tendencies, general and individual, in a variety of manners, ranging from merest color suggestion to a chromatic vehemence that ends in practically ignoring the character of the medium. Hugh M. Eaton, Elizabeth Gardner, Harry De Maine, Mildred Fritz, Juliette S. Nichols exemplify as many different ways of color printing, which in some cases turns into a reduction into juxtaposed tints of the artist's seeking rather than nature's. An avowedly decorative use of color and form in combination appears in the studies of birds by H. M. Baer and in the Russian dancers by Mrs. W. M. Ivins, Jr., graceful weldings of tint and form, some with a touch of Bakst, others with a faint suggestion of children's books of the Greenaway period. Gustave Baumann strives for a completeness of realistic color effect, without losing sight of the wood-block, while the color prints of Margaret Patterson, Edna Boies Hopkins, Elizabeth Colwell, and others almost suggest actual work in oil or body color rather than printing. The fact that most of the women artists in this field work in color may be noted.

In all this contemporary work, here as abroad, there is, quite apart from the question of quality, a variety of an extensiveness and richness not dreamed of in other days. And it reflects its time, our time, a period of many minds, ideas and ideals, and some aberrations.

Clearly, here is an art which, with all its characteristic of vigorous simplicity, can be moulded, without loss of its nature, to the manner of each individual artist. A medium as much worth our attention, in its way, and within its limitations,—limitations are always to be understood in any medium—as is etching. Clearly, too, the amateur or collector, in this garden of latent delights, must attend to some weeding. We cannot escape here, any more than we do in etching or any other art, the entrance of the glib one. It's so tempting to be able to perpetuate one's drawing by putting it down on a plate or block or stone from which impressions can be taken,—and perhaps sold! It's comparatively easy to make prints, but much more difficult to make good ones. After all, part of the pleasure of the game lies in the hunt, the comparison, the choice. And the exercise of those prerogatives, the activities of sorting, will help also to keep up the good name of wood-engraving. And to keep the block print, that buxom maid now being introduced to so many would-be practitioners, from the indignities which, in Whistler's metaphorical pleasantry, the more elegant etching had to endure when, with easy familiarity, the passing gallant chucked her under the chin.

Head-piece from "Journeys to Bagdad" by Charles S. Brooks.
By J. Allen Lewis.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

A SEASON OF INTERESTING EVENTS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THIS present autumn season has in some respects fulfilled expectations of judicious financial observers; in others, it has been a chapter of surprises. Of one thing we may be certain: that this autumn will be remembered in the traditions of financial history as the first grasp at recovery from the long after-war depression, and yet as a season marked by events so conflicting and anomalous as to illustrate by themselves the confusion into which the world has been thrown by the war and its inevitable economic sequel.

A Confusion of Incidents

The events of the past few weeks have been disconnected and yet connected; some of them were spectacular in the extreme. They comprised the continued inpour of gold on a prodigious scale into the United States, until the treasure vaults of our Federal Reserve were believed to hold 30 to 40 per cent of the whole world's monetary stock of gold. With this came reduction of the official bank rate for money, on the very eve of the usual active autumn business season, to the lowest level since January, 1920; sudden release of stored-up grain which farmers had refused to sell at the lower prices, in such quantity as to cause during July the largest shipment of wheat ever made in a single month from American farms to American markets, and in August the largest export of American wheat of any month on record.

At the very beginning of autumn, the discovery was made that not only had the acreage planted to cotton suffered the largest reduction in the history of the cotton industry, but that this curtailment had been followed by the most disastrous cotton-growing season in our history, possibly cutting down the yield one-half from 1920. Such a rise in the cotton market had resulted that, while the lately insolvent South was busy paying its debts by selling its cotton at the doubled price, the cotton merchants and manufacturers were withdrawing from the market because of their absolute doubt if the consuming public would pay the necessary higher cost for goods. Yet along with all this confusion of events an atmosphere of increasing hope and confidence, reflected in the strong recovery on the Stock Exchange, was plainly discernible.

WHILE these perplexing occurrences were visible at home, the financial public's attention was attracted forcibly to the rapid and spectacular fall in the foreign value of the German currency and to the spread through Bolshevik Russia of a famine which foreshadowed one of the great calamities of history. It is doubtful whether an economic situation has ever arisen with any country in which, as in the present situation of Germany, the concrete economic facts were so plainly visible to every one yet in which the outside world's deductions from those facts were so diametrically conflicting. The three outstanding facts, which any reader of the news could learn, were these: First, Germany's export trade was increasing steadily. Statements published at Berlin have valued such shipments at 10,057,000,000 paper marks in the calendar year 1919, an immense shrinkage from 1913, but at 69,524,000,000 in 1920, and even allowing for the depreciation of 50 to 75 per cent in the average value of the German currency for 1920 as compared with 1919, the larger figure would indicate more than the doubling of the actual exports.

Fall of the German Mark

Second, the German Government was duly providing the stipulated instalments

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on its war reparations; payment of one billion gold marks, arranged to be made in the three months beginning May 31, was completed by transfer of the actual cash on the Paris, London, and New York markets before the 31st of August. Third, the inflation of Germany's paper currency was proceeding at an extremely rapid rate, with resultant fall in value of the mark in foreign countries to the lowest level in history. Between the last week of May and the middle of September the outstanding German paper, as reported by the Reichsbank, increased 11,000,000,000 marks, making a total increase of nearly 40 per cent, as compared with twelve months before, and meantime the mark, which, as against its nominal value of 23⅞ cents, had sold in foreign exchange transactions for 2 cents in September, 1920, and for 1¾ cents when reparations payments began at the end of last May, had fallen in September of the present year to seven-eighths of a cent.

Germany's Economic Problems

SUCH were the visible economic changes in the German situation. From these undisputed facts our own financial markets at the beginning of the present autumn were drawing alternately two highly conflicting inferences. One was that Germany, being able, because of her low labor costs and the low foreign value of her currency, to sell goods on foreign markets for less than the cost of foreign products, was about to invade the markets of the world with German merchandise and ruin foreign competitors. The other inference was that the fall in value of the paper currency, to a discount of no less than 96 per cent from parity, foreshadowed wreck of the whole financial and industrial organism of Germany.

The first prediction was heard most insistently while the "American valuation plan" for imports under the Fordney Tariff Bill was being urged at Washington, but it appeared and re-appeared in subsequent trade reviews and despatches, and in the talk of American merchants. The second prediction began to have its day when the wild and extravagant speculation on the German markets, caused by the violent change in paper values which followed the increasing depreciation of the mark, had led to the temporary closing of the German stock exchanges through absolute inability to handle the prodigious mass of speculative orders crowded into brokers' hands. In particular, it was then very commonly asserted that when the date for the next instalment on the reparations payment should arrive, Germany would default.

Now these deductions as to the indicated strength or weakness of financial Germany could not possibly both be correct. One or the other of them must have been wholly wrong, or else the actual probabilities of the situation must have rested on some middle ground. Let us, if we can, discover what is the truth of the matter. We shall find many facts apparently conflicting and some information curiously contradictory. But a cool survey of the situation, in the light of past experience and of the actual present status of the markets, ought to provide at least some basis for intelligent conclusion.

Financing the Reparations

THAT the billion-mark instalment, due before August 31 on the German reparations, was paid in gold or its equivalent at the stipulated date, nobody questions. I have previously explained the machinery by which this $238,000,000 payment was effected. The money was raised partly by sale of old German securities on foreign markets; partly by sale of actual paper marks to foreigners; partly by use of foreign credits arising from German exports of merchandise, those credits having been bought by the government from the German exporters in exchange for German bank balances or new German paper marks; partly by its purchase of American currency sent by German-Americans in the United States to friends in Germany, such currency being then returned by the government to America to establish a credit balance; partly through export of silver to the United States, and partly, at the very last of the billion-mark payment, through shipment of something like $20,000,000 gold.

This gold was obtained by the German Government in two ways. Most of it (67,000,000 gold marks, or $15,900,000)

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was taken from the German Reichsbank's gold reserve, which was drawn upon then for the first time since the autumn of 1919 and which was reduced by such withdrawal from the 1,091,000,000 marks at which it had remained during nearly two years, to 1,023,000,000, the lowest point since 1912. But part of the gold was also obtained through purchase at a premium by the government on the open German market. Probably some considerable sums of gold from the old Russian Imperial Bank had been sent into Germany by the Soviet to buy food. At all events, the German treasury made a bid of 340 marks in paper currency for 20 marks in gold—which meant, it will be observed, a home price of 1,700 for gold in German paper, if the normal value of the paper mark were to be assumed as par. Some idea of what this gold premium meant may be had from the fact that at the extreme point of our own country's currency inflation during the Civil War, the price of gold in July, 1864, reached 285.

The Paper Currency

THIS brief summary of the process by which the German Government collected the foreign gold credits necessary for the billion-mark payment, forcibly proves one fact—that the payment was in the main achieved, directly or indirectly, through a much more than equivalent disbursement by the German treasury of paper currency. Since the government's home expenses were far greater than its receipts, it was inevitable that the foreign credits bought from German exporters, the American currency bought from German beneficiaries, and the gold and silver bought on the German market, should have been obtained through issue of new paper marks of a nominal value many times greater than the amount of the reparations payment. In other words, the German Government has thus far been paying its indemnity through constant and very rapid increase of its irredeemable paper.

But that is a process which cannot go on indefinitely without some striking consequences. We have hitherto seen that when France paid its five billion francs indemnity to Prussia after 1871, it procured the requisite foreign balances partly through exporting moderate amounts of gold, silver, and French bank-notes, partly through buying from its own citizens, by issue of new domestic bonds at very low prices, such foreign credits as were owned by those citizens, but mostly through selling to foreign investors a great part of the four-billion-francs government loan and transferring the cash proceeds to Berlin. The bank-note circulation of France, it is true, nearly doubled in the two years following 1870, rising from $298,000,000 in American values to upward of $500,000,000. But the country was able to command an excess of gold imports on foreign trade account, and although gold redemption of its paper currency was suspended during two or three years, the depreciation of that paper was never greater than 2 per cent, and before the end of 1872 the currency was back at par.

Home Results of German Inflation

ONE may readily see the diametrical contrasts of this process with the present machinery of the German payment. Whether through choice or necessity, but largely because of inability to float a great loan abroad and unwillingness to float one at home, Germany has embarked on an outright programme of foreign-reparations payment based upon inflation of the currency. That recourse was bound to bring a train of special consequences. The fall in the foreign value of the mark from 17 cents when we went to war with Germany in 1917 to 8 cents when international dealings were resumed in 1919 and to less than 1 cent in September, 1921, was only the outward sign of what was happening. Germany's home prices necessarily advanced along with this depreciation of the currency.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, after reducing the general average of German commodity prices at the beginning of 1920 to 100, has estimated that the average just before the war was about 9¼, and that the average last July was 156. In other words, prices had increased 15 times over since the war began, as against prices increased at their highest point 1¼ times in the United States, 3 times in England, and

(Financial Situation, continued on page 59)

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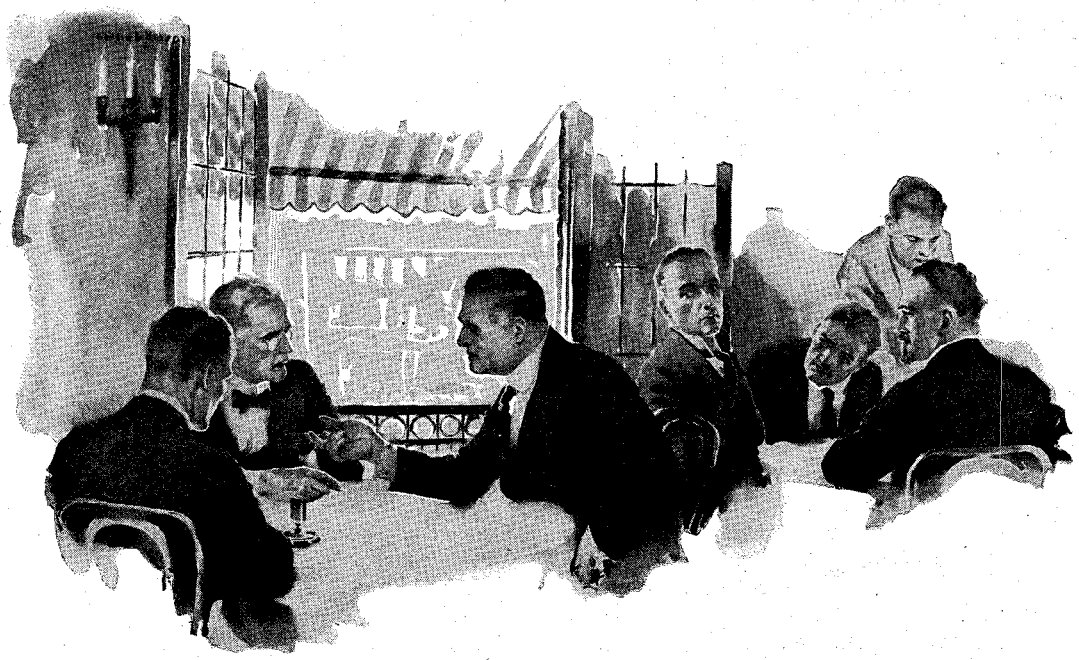

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 57)

5⅞ times in France. But these high home prices necessarily counterbalance on the export market the low exchange rate. Furthermore, whereas prices in England, France, and the United States decreased in each case more than 40 per cent from the highest during the violent trade reaction which began in May of 1920, the German average, after an irregular decline in the first half of 1920, has this season reached unprecedented heights.

On the Berlin Stock Exchange the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* average for last July showed prices even of securities to have then been double what they were in January, 1920. This represented not only the measure of currency depreciation, but eagerness of German people to get rid of their paper marks in exchange for something else of tangible value. As an inevitable result, not only did the wildest kind of speculation prevail in commodity values, but such an avalanche of speculative buying orders came to the German stock market that in August and September, when the buying mania was stimulated to its highest point by the sudden collapse of the mark to its lowest level, the Boerse had to shut down repeatedly, first for a day and then for several successive days, with the purpose both of enabling brokers to put their accounts with customers in order and of getting some kind of control over the speculative hysteria.

Elsewhere in Central Europe

So far as there was any evidence at the opening of autumn, this programme was bound to be continuous. No doubt, so long as paper marks could be sold to German citizens or to foreign markets, money could be raised for the next reparations payments, of which further large instalments are to fall due in the middle of this November and next February. But it is wholly inconceivable that such a process could be repeated without in the end reducing the value of the mark to a purely nominal figure. The possibilities in that regard have already been shown by the experience in other parts of Central Europe.

The paper currency of Poland, before her experiment of war with Soviet Russia, had fallen to 1 cent per mark, or about the value at which German currency was quoted last August. But between September of 1920 and August of 1921 this paper currency increased from 33,200,000,000 marks to 115,200,000,000, and the value of the Polish mark had shrunk to two one-hundredths of a cent, or less than

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)

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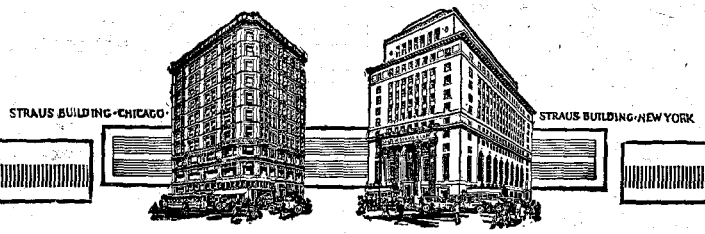

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 59)

one nine-hundredth part of its nominal value. It was said at London this past summer that whereas about 20⅜ marks should normally exchange for a pound sterling, 14,000 Polish paper marks were now required to buy a British sovereign. It is surely not surprising that the further comment of financial London should have been that English trade with Poland had become impossible.

NOR was Poland alone in this experience; Hungary, with her paper valued on exchange at nineteen one-hundredths of a cent, and Austria with her currency rated at nine one-hundredths (the unit being in each case normally worth 20⅓ cents) pointed the same unpleasant moral; the Central European currencies as a group had fallen to no very different value from that of a Confederate dollar in 1864 or a French assignat in 1796; and, to emphasize the possible situation, one had to consider also the case of Russia, where the paper inflation experiment seemed to have reached outright burlesque, where the cost of the actual paper on which the government printed its ruble currency became a serious item in the public expenses, and where it was not the imagination of an extravagant humorist but the report of official American agents crossing Russia that such a traveller had to provide a suitcase to carry the paper money for the expenses of the journey.

The Scope of Depreciation

With any such progressive depreciation, the doing of business except on the basis of barter must eventually become virtually impossible. Meantime, the cost of necessaries of life would have to go on rising with the depreciation of the mark. The struggle for adjustment of wages and salaries to the impossible cost of living would disorganize industrial and social mechanism; contracts and business projects would become mere gambles; the government itself would find its expenditures reaching such a scale of magnitude as could not be approached by the slow upward readjustment of taxation. At the same time, the extravagant speculation called into being by the depreciated money would necessarily subject the German financial structure to the constant chance of collapse in prices and a credit panic.

THESE were the formidable facts on which was based the inference of a ruined Germany. How, it was asked, could the country's economic organism possibly survive? But, on

(Financial Situation, continued on page 65)

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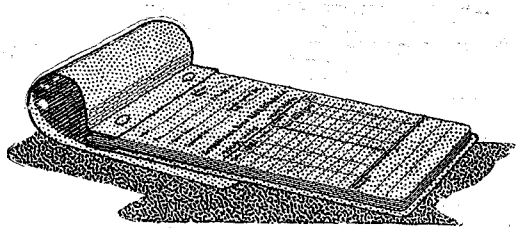

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 61)

the other hand, it was set forth by another body of insistent opinion that the low and constantly depreciating value of the mark was enabling Germany to sell goods on foreign markets at such abnormally low prices in the currency of those other countries that no competitor could meet her exporters' prices. Wages in Germany, it was pointed out, had not risen in proportion to depreciation of the currency, and long working hours were the rule for the German laborer. How, then, could the rest of the world compete with Germany in cost of production? Why should her government itself not deliberately keep the mark at its depreciated value and thereby capture the trade of the world?

Two Opposing Inferences

There is an answer to each of these despairing questions. To take the second of them first, it is pertinent to inquire why, if Germany has possessed ever since the armistice such indisputable and increasing power of invading outside markets through her own depreciated values, her merchants are not doing it. That the German merchant has begun to regain some of the markets lost to Germany in war-time is entirely true. That would have happened had the mark remained at par. German goods are troubling competitors in Spain, in some parts of South America, even in the Far Eastern markets. But the picture of a disastrous and destructive competition is hardly borne out by the facts.

During the first six months of 1921 England imported £11,794,000 worth of goods from Germany, undoubtedly more in quantity than the £11,896,000 of the similar period in 1920, but a poor enough showing, at the more than doubled average prices, when compared with the £39,531,000 of the first half of 1914. In the seven months ending last July the United States imported $45,274,000 worth of merchandise from Germany, which was about the same as in 1920. But this compared with $102,430,000 in the same seven months of 1913, when the average of American prices was 40 to 50 per cent lower than in the present year. Yet England and the United States were by far the richest markets in which to sell. They were, moreover, the markets in which the relative depreciation of the German currency was greatest and in which, therefore, the theoretical opportunity for competitive sales was largest.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 67)

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THIRTY-SEVEN years ago a man whom we shall call Mr. B. died. He left a will in which he made certain trust provisions for his daughter. In the will he appointed four individuals to carry out these provisions.

Mr. B.'s daughter is still living. But not one of the trustees originally named is serving today.

One of these persons never qualified; a second resigned; a third was removed; the fourth died a number of years ago.

Meantime the husband of Mr. B.'s daughter had been appointed as the trustee. A short time ago he, too, died.

Following this, Mr. B.'s daughter, through her attorney, applied to the court to have a *trust company* appointed as trustee.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 65)

HOW is this slowness of Germany to use her advantages to be accounted for? First, by the obvious fact that Germany's own home prices had risen in reasonable proportion to the fall in the value of the mark. On August 1, when the German mark was worth in New York one-nineteenth of its value of 1913, German statistical tables calculated that average prices on the German commodity markets were 17⅛ times as high as in the same pre-war year. But the price of German-made goods in Germany must largely fix the price of the same goods when offered on foreign markets.

The Truth about Germany

The question of cheap German labor is itself subject to certain substantial qualifications. Recent German calculations have shown that, even last July, average wages paid in Germany were more than eleven times as high as what was paid in 1914. The efficiency of that working community has been openly declared by German manufacturing associations, in a formal report, to be only 60 per cent per capita of what it was before the war. The theory of a ten-hour German working-day has been conclusively proved to be a myth, and German wages have been at least advanced in full proportion to the rise in the German cost of living. One extremely well-informed and practical observer of the international trade problems with which it is his official duty nowadays to grapple, Secretary Hoover, has said in a public statement that, with the burden of her taxes and her economic confusion, aggressive competition by Germany even in such markets as those of South America cannot possibly be more than temporary.

The reasonable inference from the whole situation is that whereas in the long run Germany must pay in exported goods the interest, if not the principal, of the international debt incurred by her government's actions in the war, she is far more likely to make such payment effective if her home finances have been brought out of their present chaos. This was distinctly the experience of the United States after the depreciated money period of the Civil War and the subsequent resumption of specie payments. The reasons for it in our own case were reasons which apply to Germany to-day. But there remains the other and opposite popular deduction from Germany's present disordered national finances and, in particular, from the fall of the paper mark to less than one twenty-fifth of its normal value. It was not only in the outside world but in Germany it-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 69)

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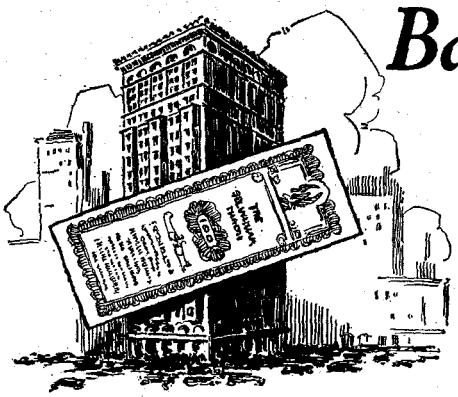

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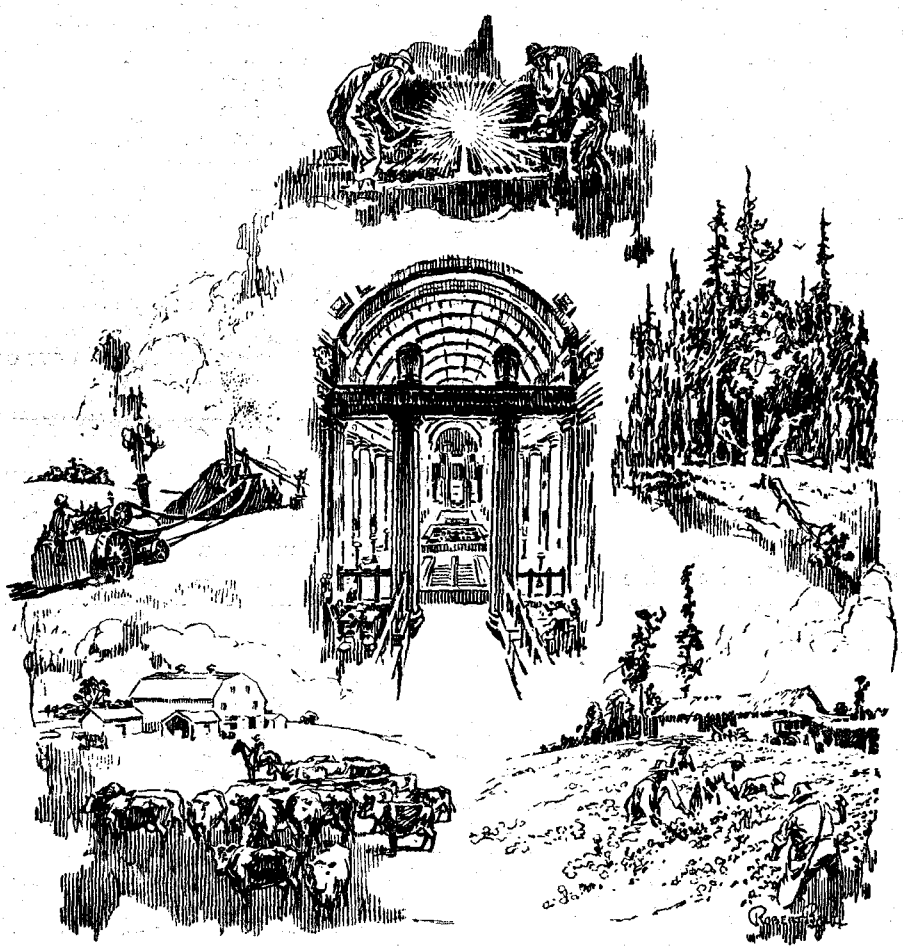

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 67)

self that prophecies of a country threatened with permanent economic ruin became recently familiar.

The Question of "Economic Ruin"

NO one, after the world's repeated chapters of experience in the past century and a half, can reasonably question the certainty of weakened credit, financial disturbances of an increasingly serious sort, ultimate extreme distress among its people and ultimate paralysis of its foreign trade, in the case of a country whose government persists indefinitely in putting out irredeemable paper currency on any such scale. That much is beyond dispute. Poland and Austria have already reached the point of currency depreciation at which it is difficult for outside nations to trade with them at all; Russia long ago reached a condition in which it was impossible. But to recognize these unavoidable results of unlimited inflation and depreciation is a very different thing from proving economic ruin.

"Economic ruin," indeed, is a term which people who use it would find trouble in defining. The assets which insure to any country the prospect of economic power and prestige are its natural resources, the efficiency of its working classes, and the energy of its financial and industrial managers. A country may possess all of these qualities and still be reduced to a negligible place in the economic world if it is saddled with an insane government or a worthless currency. Yet even in such case the potentialities remain. Russia of to-day is crushed under both sorts of incubus; notwithstanding which, the outside commercial world is absolutely in agreement as to the enormous tangible wealth and economic power which are latent in that country. I have hitherto pointed out, but it is worth pointing out again, the manner in which the seemingly hopeless industrial and financial paralysis which had seized on the American States under the worthless paper currencies just betore the formation of the Union and on France in the riot of her revolutionary paper money, was followed—in each case almost within a decade—by return of great prosperity under a sound money system. Such was the outcome in those two historic cases, even though the paper-inflation experiment had to be ended in both by outright repudiation of the fiat money.

IT will doubtless be replied that Germany's present case is out of line with all precedent and reason because of the crushing war in-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 71)

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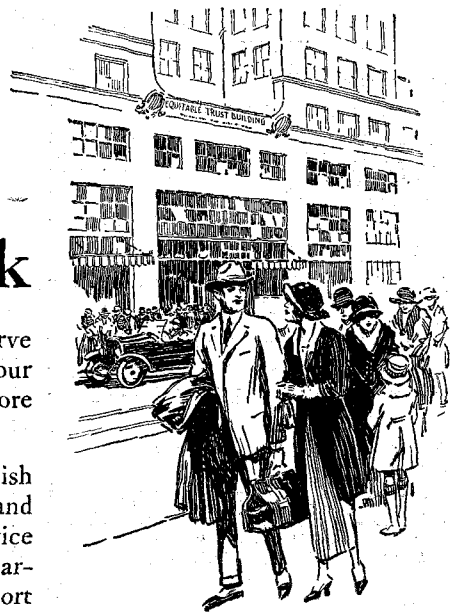

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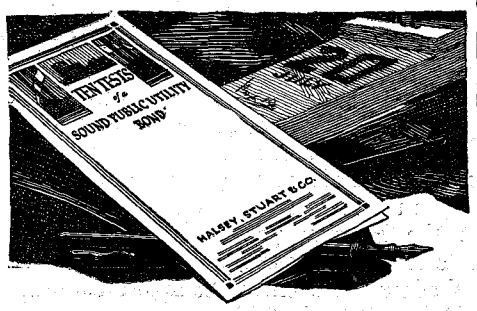

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 69)

demnity and that, in particular, her experience with the first reparations payment has proved that no recourse exists for laying down the stipulated cash except through sale of constantly depreciating issues of government paper. To this familiar contention, however, there are two somewhat obvious answers. One is the fact that the Reparations Commission has full power to relax the terms of payment when they are proved to be impracticable. Even now negotiations between two thoroughly practical financiers, Rathenau in behalf of Germany and Loucheur in behalf of France, have gone a long distance toward outlining a plan for payment of German reparations in material and services, and not in cash.

As to the Indemnity

The other equally obvious answer is that the policy thus far pursued by Germany in financing the reparations, involving, as it has done, the rapidly increasing discredit of German finance, German currency, and German securities, has cut off her government from the one recourse through which such international cash payments have always hitherto been made—the placing of government loans with prosperous foreign markets and the drawing on the proceeds. But Germany will never achieve that solution of the problem until her government takes the currency in hand, with the courage displayed by France in recently cutting down the French paper circulation 2,700,000,000 francs from its maximum of last November. Thus far the German Government's plan of financing its reparation payments has been as hopelessly unsound in principle, as sure of bringing economic retribution, as the Imperial government's deliberate policy, under the Helfferich finance ministry, of paying for the war in bonds and refusing to raise the taxes.

IT is probably true that return to world-wide economic equilibrium will have to await the solution of this problem by Germany. It will probably also have to be preceded by some kind of rehabilitation of their public finances, some kind of reform in their currencies, and some return to sane procedure in political and economic relations with their neighbors on the part of the other states in Central Europe. Whether we can expect to see an economically reconstructed Europe until the ending of the political nightmare in Russia is also a consideration which may make the hopeful hesitate.

The Russian Famine

(Financial Situation, continued on page 72)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 71)

Prediction has gone wrong too many times in the four years of Bolshevik dictatorship to encourage acceptance of prediction now as to the time or manner of its downfall. All that any experienced reader of the news from Russia can say with assurance is that the Soviet's abandonment of its hope for a Communist uprising in the rest of Europe, its failure to convert the Russian peasants, and its clumsy efforts to make terms with foreign capitalism, foreshadow the eventual complete collapse of the Bolshevik undertaking as surely as the retreat from the Marne in September, 1914, foreshadowed defeat of Germany in the war. Whether the political change will come in connection with the catastrophe which has overtaken agricultural Russia is pure matter of conjecture.

Famines, even of the most devastating sort, are not new in Russian history. Three times in the first half of the nineteenth century and four times in its second half the failure of a harvest has brought whole provinces to the verge of starvation. As recently as 1891, central and eastern Russia was reduced to a state of suffering whose only alleviation was the prompt and generous forwarding of grain in quantity by the American people—so forcibly, though under such curiously altered circumstances, does history repeat itself. Yet the Russian famine of 1921, which many signs have seemed to indicate as the worst in Russian history and whose victims, by the official calculation of the American Food Relief directors, may in the end be numbered by millions, stands in a class apart from all the others.

The Soviet and the Harvests

IT is a sequel as logical as it is mournful to the practices of the political fanatics who, governing at Moscow, have forced the farmer to give up in exchange for virtually worthless paper rubles the little grain he had been able to produce, or else have flatly confiscated his surplus. A calm and dispassionate survey of the situation by our own Department of Commerce, based on a mass of expert reports received by it, informs the reader that in one of the richest grain-growing provinces of Russia the peasants, faced with the law against selling their surplus grain on the open market, planted last spring only 58 per cent even of the meagre acreage harvested a year ago.

In another fertile province "95,000 acres usually cultivated were not sown at all." In yet another, such had been the government's

(Financial Situation, continued on page 73)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 72)

requisitions on the grain growers of the previous season that "only 20 to 35 per cent of the necessary seed for sowing this year was available." Under the paralyzing hand of the Soviet "the urban population has produced little goods to offer in exchange, and the currency depreciation, through the increase of currency issues to over one thousand billions of rubles, has rendered their accumulation no attraction."

As for the possibilities of transportation, "out of a total of 19,106 locomotives in good condition before the war, there are at present only from 5,500 to 7,650 reported in working order by different authorities, or a decrease of motive power by 60 to 75 per cent. Even of that number approximately 1,000 are idle, owing to lack of fuel. Serviceable cars are reported at a decrease of from 48 to 70 per cent of the pre-war number." Eighty per cent decrease of coal production under the Bolsheviki has, in fact, forced the railways to use wood for fuel; but "such wood must come from the forests of northern Russia, and the haul is too long for supply to southern Russia railways." Even if it were a question of exchanging manufactured goods for grain, "it is estimated that industry in general has decreased over 90 per cent."

A Nemesis of Bolshevism

BUT the peasant has not the grain to sell. It is the Nemesis of this wicked tyranny that, until the present season, it was the Russian provinces far away from Moscow, and, therefore, free from compulsion of the Bolshevik armies, which raised such grain as was produced in Russia, whereas the provinces within easy grasp of the Soviet had in despair practically ceased producing. What has happened now is that the great drought of the past summer has blighted the crops of the Volga Valley, where the Soviet emissaries had been kept at arm's length, and has spared the northern grain fields, where, as a consequence of the Soviet's plundering policy, nothing had this season been planted.

The social and economic results of this appalling disaster are too plain to need prediction. What its political results will be no one can guess. It is often said that history does not tell us of governments overturned because of destructive famines. In a measure this is true, probably because a famine-stricken people is apt to lose all hope and all initiative, except for the desperate struggle to escape starvation. Yet, on the other hand, famine has often

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had a part historically in some of the greatest political reversals. The French Revolution of 1789 would probably have occurred in any case; but it was indisputably the grinding famine of that year and the armies of hungry men which crowded from the provinces into the capital, that made the political downfall so complete. Too little importance has been given to the part played, even in Russia, by the harvest shortage of 1905 in bringing about the political revolution of that year. But as for Russia of to-day, we shall have to wait to see; knowing only this—that the ghastly picture of the results from a Communist régime in full control of the life and industries of a great productive country will at least put an end, once and for all, to Bolshevist propaganda in the outside world.

INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained without cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

Two folders of timely interest are being distributed gratis by Halsey, Stuart and Company. One, entitled "Ten Tests of a Sound Public Utility Bond," will serve as a guide in the selection of such bonds, and the other, "How to Judge a Municipal Bond," will be of equal value to intending purchasers of municipal issues.

"Tomorrow's Bond Prices," "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities," and "Municipal Bonds Defined" are a series of booklets recently published by William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. The first explains the significance of the present investment situation and the opportunity to obtain high returns over a period of years. The other two describe the various kinds of municipal bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

The Guaranty Company of New York has published a new booklet, "Investment Recommendations," which will be sent to investors on request.

"Who Buys Bonds," an analysis recently published by Wells-Dickey Company, of Minneapolis, shows a surprisingly wide-spread interest in sound securities. Write for your copy.

BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, aiding the investor to determine the gross yield he must get on a taxable bond to correspond to the yield on a tax-free municipal, is being distributed by Stacy and Braun, 5 Nassau Street, New York.

"Income Building on the Byllesby Ten Payment Plan" is the title of a new attractively illustrated booklet which is being distributed by H. M. Byllesby and Company, 208 S. La Salle Street, Chicago, and 111 Broadway, New York.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has published for free distribution a booklet entitled "Trust Service for Corporations."

"The Giant Energy—Electricity," a booklet in popular form, which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by the National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

The Continental and Commercial Banks, Chicago, will send on request booklets on the general condition of business and "Capital—Shall We Export It or Use It for American Business."

"A Booklet Describing Equitable Service." The Equitable Trust Company of New York.

Bankers Trust Company of New York will send on request its booklet, "Why a Trust Company," an informative little pamphlet explaining the advantages of appointing a trust company instead of an individual as executor and trustee under wills.

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

"Greenebaum Safeguarded Bonds" is a new booklet just published by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago. It shows how First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds offered by this old institution are protected by a positive, time-tested system of safeguards.

"$100 per month makes over $20,000 in twelve years," says the booklet published by The Prudence Company, Inc., 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

The Title Guaranty and Trust Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus and Company, Fifth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of First Mortgage 6% Serial Bonds offered by this house.

The American Bond and Mortgage Company, Chicago and New York, has just published a book entitled "Building With Bonds," beautifully illustrated, handsomely bound, and dealing comprehensively with the familiar forms of investment, especially First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. Copy on request.

"The True Story of Plain Tom Hodge" describes in detail a new partial-payment plan for selling farm mortgage securities. Write George M. Forman and Company, 105C West Monroe Street, Chicago.

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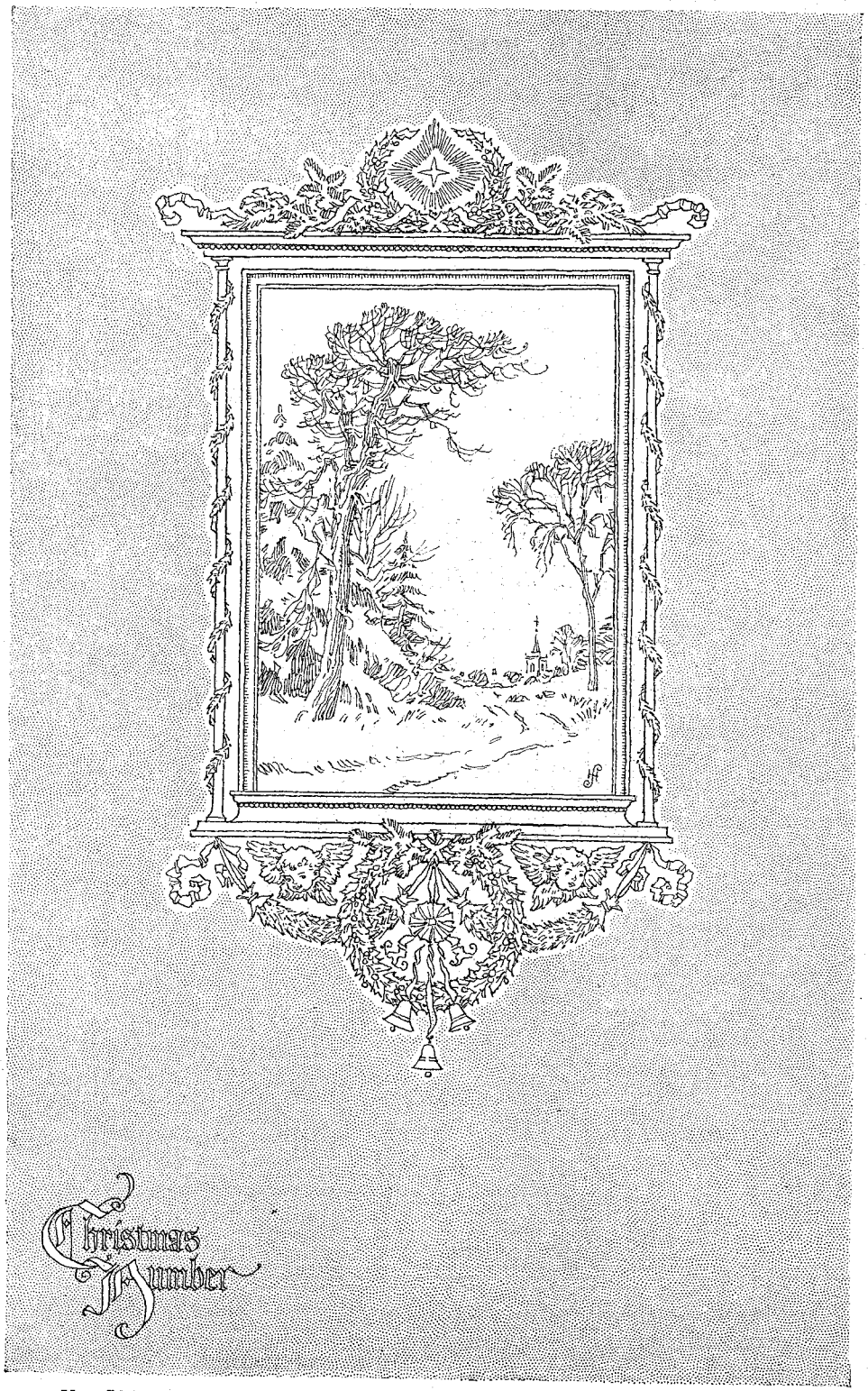

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From a drawing by Florence Minard.

IT WAS A DREAM, SURELY, BUT NOT SUCH AS HAD VISITED HIM OF LATE.

—"To Avernus and Out," page 659.

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